

# California revisited. 1858-1897. By T.S. Kenderdine

TEMPLE SQUARE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SHOWING MORMON TEMPLE,  
TABERNACLE AND ASSEMBLY HALL.

CALIFORNIA REVISITED.

1858==1897.

BY

T. S. KENDERDINE,

Author of a "California Tramp."

ILLUSTRATED. Westward the Star of Empire took its way— Vainly we raced; eight hundred miles a day,— o'er struggling nations its effulgence shed, Like Britain's "drum beat round the world" it led. Back forty years, by unseen forces tied, It halted o'er the Kansas prairies wide, So that by ox-train, in that long ago, We passed the Star—the race was to the slow!

NEWTOWN, PENNA.

1898.

## **Preface.**

AS he who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before is proverbially, at least, a benefactor; so should the author who grows the second book have the same title.

But there are sour grasses, and books which sour on the public, and reflectively on the author, so that the survivors of the fittest are few.

That this is my second venture readers of my "California Tramp" will know. Those who do not will find by reading the coming pages that the author visited the Pacific Coast in 1858; so this is his second experience of Western travel.

To the tens of thousands who went on the Christian Endeavor excursion the late tour to California was of interest from that single journey; mine was of double interest. To cross the continent in six days instead of six months; to see towns and cities, and gardens and orchards where I once saw sage-brush covered plains, and herds of cattle where the prairies had been black with buffaloes, were indeed things to note.

While my last journey was mainly one of pleasure there were disappointments mingled with it in my search for the acquaintances and land-marks of my former stay in California, not one did I find of the former, and of my old home I saw but its charred ruins from a recent fire, and much of that journey meant work to get through with my sight-seeing before my fifty-day 2 excursion limit was ended. A "weariness of the flesh" was a good term for my condition, when after journeys by foot, stage or rail, I traveled until after night-fall, then to work till midnight elaborating my notes. My vain searches in my old neighborhoods, and consequent losses of valuable time, were disappointments hardly to be realized. I had not taken into account the length of four decades, and the changes they might bring. Besides much of the time I was traveling alone. My experience was that congenial companionship is a great factor in the enjoyment of travel.

A good portion of my California space is devoted to the old Spanish missions. There was a fascination about them which held me, and I did my best with my limited time to gratify my bent. The crumbling ruins of these old-time centers of Indian civilization are haloed with history and romance, and as you approach them a mirage is created through which tower and dome and red-tiled roof arise perfected; the fountains play, the orchards blossom and the gardens bloom, and priests and neophyte move amid their old-time haunts. Through the same imaginative process we hear in the mission's inception the ring of bough-hung bells, and call of friar to the unseen gentiles in the wilderness, and later on the Angelus-ring from the new-built belfry.

The efforts made by antiquarians and lovers of the picturesque to gain title to these missions, so as to rebuild and stay destruction, or even to put them to practical use, as at Santa Barbara, where extensive additions are being made, are gratifying; but modern civilization, the same which started them on their disintegration, hangs around them with arresting power, 3 and these seem but spasmodic attempts to revive the past. There are no congregations to practically aid these promoters, so, at best, the results of their unselfish effort will be but monuments of the pastoral age of California; but even for this let us thank them.

My first Crossing of the Plains was a rude reality; my second, made towards the Psalmists life-limit from its brevity and long lines traversed, seems a dream. May my awakening recollections of it amuse and instruct my readers as the repetition of my overland travels gratified me.

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California Revisited.

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**I.**

To Chicago. With Youth's elastic step I paced The Western broad divide; With Youth's effusive words I traced My wanderings far and wide, And now, as Age's dimming sun Veers past the zenith line, Again my traveling suit I don, And pen to hand assign.

“A setting hen never gets fat,” But then there's a prospect of chickens. “A rolling stone gathers no moss”— If it did there's no sale for its lichens!

SO ran the old sayings and so now run my check-mates; but, taking them “by and large,” I agree with an old-time critic in the wisdom of the latter saw; that it is better to roll around or even be knocked about, and have the rough corners polished off by attrition with the jostling world than to lie in a damp, secluded spot; a cover for the slimy lizard or a roost for the warty toad!

I sometimes think we are born travelers. Our first parents set us the example when they wandered from Eden, and succeeding generations followed their restless example. As soon as we learn to creep our desires take a centrifugal turn; to go from the family centre, and return only on compulsion. To halt these, in my childhood's time, “baby-boards” thwarted the door-ways, to the detriment of parental shins; a barrier no longer seen; from some unknown reason; as they are the same sort of babies; but perhaps because something equally as potent has come up, that we old-timers haven't noticed. There were then, as now, ties of more or less strength binding these strugglers for infantile liberty to uncertain chair legs, or certain bureau feet; to say nothing of corporal or lingual punishments, more or less severe. It was not that our lots weren't cast in pleasant places; the most restless cattle are those having the best pasture: it was our inherited instincts from ancestors before the flood. Time and circumstances modify these inclinations, but the rule is none the less seen in childhood, and the travelers who have blazed pathways through unknown lands show that it was in evidence through maturer years. Had they been influenced by the “setting-hen” maxim, Pike Lewis, Clark and Fremont might have been moss-backed stones, if such a simile is admissable, instead of the shining lights of travel and exploration they were. They opened paths through our western domain for succeeding generations to follow, and spread civilization over the Middle and Far West, until it lighted up the Pacific coast line!

Forty years ago, endowed with youth, a spirit of adventure and the Western fever, and with few of the belongings of my predecessors afore mentioned, I started on a journey whose successive stages, and springless ones they were, took me to the western verge of California. I need not tell my readers how different was the situation of the country between the Missouri river and the Western ocean at that time, and the present; but still I will do it. The railway system had not reached farther west than Jefferson City, and there was but forty miles of track in California—between Marysville, at the head of uncertain, 9 light draft navigation on the Sacramento, and Oroville. The scant settlements in Kansas were seething with border warfare, brought about by efforts of the pro-slavery party to fasten human chattel-hood on our Western territories, and among them murder, arson and robbery were common. Leavenworth, where I first halted, was under periodical excitement from the coming in of outraged settlers. Some of these were eloquent over their misuse, and that town, being generally in sympathy with the Free-soilers, gave them aid and comfort. Two hundred miles back the Indian roamed free, and these were “really-truly” Indians; none of your Carlisle brand in blue; but clad in skins of wild animals, when not in exclusively their own, and mounted on active horses, when on their travels, and armed with spear or rifle. The prairies were in places black with Buffalo. At frequent intervals the long vertebrated lines of the white-roofed wagons of emigrant and transportation trains, drawn by weary oxen, rose and fell on the undulations of the plains. Beyond these arose the Rocky Mountains, amid which, on Cherry creek, the finding of gold and silver was just taking place, which was to make Denver the great City of the Plains, but, though within a hundred and fifty miles of it, I did not hear of the strike for months after. During the six months of my journey there were many important events transpiring of which I was ignorant. I did not hear from home for ten months, from my having no abiding place permanent enough to be reached. Brigham Young and his Mormon followers were making all the trouble they could for James Buchanan; then having enough of his own in connection with Kansas. Far away, on the Pacific the Californians were delving for gold, as now, but they were isolated from the East, whose news was three or four weeks old. A journey from New York to San Francisco involved that time by sea, and one of six weeks by land, via railroad to Jefferson City, steamer to Leavenworth, stage to Sacramento and by river again to the journey's end, and the traveler thanked his 10 good angel if, between steamboat blow-ups, and wild Indians, he got safely through. Bearing

this in mind and the fact that I started alone, and knew no one at the different destinations made by successive journeys, my feelings were very different from these I experienced when, on the 28th day of June, 1897, I made my second overland start to the Pacific; for now I had congenial friends for company and traveled surrounded by comforts with which modern ingenuity had provided us. Our starting place in 1858, was from Eleventh and Market streets; although the emigrant cars came from Dock street to Market, and then out. The freight depot was where the store of Wanamaker now is; in fact he did business for years in that building. We were drawn to West Philadelphia by mules, when locomotives replaced them. Where now are the Public Buildings was Penn's Square; or rather squares; as the Broad and Market street sections divided it in four parts. Beyond here the city was not solidly built and we crossed the Schuylkill on a wooden bridge. Cobble-stone pavements; no electric lights; north or south-bound passengers going through the city in carriages or on foot to meet steam lines on the outskirts; omnibusses still running; such was the Philadelphia of that period.

I will never forget the time when I started on what seemed to me an adventurous journey; although to the best of my knowledge the county papers did not notice it; but then the local reporter was not abroad much at that time. He was too busy running the hand-press, setting type, or doing menial duty for the editor. Twice in a life-time a common man "got his name in the paper;" when he was married, and died; but the last announcement brought but little satisfaction to him. Now the visit of Tom-Dick to his aunt in the next village is a matter of public interest, and the local Jenkins so records it. I was unused to the world's ways, and, as I said, had youth and its adjuncts as companions, but I had my heart well up my throat as I wended my lonely way to the old depot. I remember stopping at a cake shop on 6th street, kept by a nice old woman Friend, and the interest she took in me when I told her of my proposed journey. It was night, but her kindly talk was as a ray of sunlight to my clouded spirits. Those were not the days of dining cars, so thoughtful travelers took their lunch along. Neither were those the times of Pullman sleepers. The tourist curled up in his seat and fought wakefulness the best he could.

Our train was composed of fourteen cars, well filled with the average style of passenger. The time of the observant traveler need not be confined to the passing scenery. Human nature, as it is found

in the whirling car, can have its portion. Nearing Lancaster I got in conversation with a man whose fads were the greed of corporations and the corruption of the State Legislature. In his pocket he held a pass from the railroad he was passing over for both himself and wife, which he had coaxed from a legislator who held them with others for services rendered. From another source he expected to get sleeping-car tickets on to Chicago. He was apparently an intelligent, well-to-do man. Generally we have sense enough to keep silent when the recipient of favors we condemn others for holding, but this honest man seemed dazed with his good luck.

Another instance, on similar lines, I will narrate, although occurring on another part of the route. The geniality of these lapsers from the moral code is such, and their over confidence in their listeners so prominent, that I hesitate, even remotely, to expose them, so I mention no locality. One of these told me he was a contractor on certain lines of municipal work, and was now on his road home from a "letting." Did he get the job? No, but he had done better. How could that be? Oh! the bidders got together the night before the meeting of the Commissioners; "fixed" things so a certain firm would get the contract, arranged the pro rata and went home. The joke of it was, a responsible party, who had sent a certified check as collateral, 12 in case he was the fortunate bidder, was away below the rest. But, you see, he was not there, and therefore "not in it."

The Rocky Mountains, "rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun," shadowed the scene of this transaction and should have overawed the easy-virtued Commissioners and the tempting contractors into shame for their doings. The snow, mantling the summits of these "temples of the Lord," should have suggested the judicial ermine, before which they might sometime have to account for their actions. But the mountains glowered and gleamed in vain. Greed, not sentiment, was the prevailing factor in the minds of the actors in this farce, and it takes more than smiles or frowns to dispel that.

This party, like the first, was down on Trusts, Monopolies, Corruption in Politics, the National Banking system, and the Gold-bugs, and other Capitalized Bug-a-boos—in short was a Populist; and only lacked opportunity to do all he condemned others for doing. When I criticized his methods he said he started out to do a straight business; but finding that those who acted to the contrary came out ahead of him he abandoned that plan.

Beyond Lancaster the country improved, and the large painted barns showed the thrift of the descendants of the early Dutch settlers. We were paralleling the turnpike, named from that town, and I thought of the strings of Conestoga wagons, that in ante-railroad times passed over it on the way to Philadelphia, and the great improvements in freighting from these to canals and thence to steam transit. At Harrisburg quite a delegation of Dunkards boarded the train from a World's Conference of that sect just held in Frederick, Maryland. Clad in their plain garb they were distinctly outlined from the rest of the passengers. The women seemed to take an inferior position before the men; speaking deferentially, if at all. Barring their indifference to education and the exercise of the ballot, they are a good class of citizens—sober, honest and industrious.

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As we passed through Harrisburg, with its Capital in ashes and some of its legislators accused of making merry at its burning, at thoughts of the jobbery and corruption, consequent on the building of a new one, I wondered if the new halls, now being planned, would be the abiding places of an improved race of counselors; or still be disgraced with the class hitherto sent to the City on the Susquehanna. A few were true to their trusts; but the many; well, the less said about them the better.

Soon we were rattling and screeching up the river of the hue cerulian; the former home of “bright Alfaratta,” and her twin rhyme. Between hills and then mountains the Juniata winds and the railroad follows, until, forced to leave it, the iron highway winds about the flanks of the Alleghenies, tunnels through them and descends their western slopes to Pittsburg. Along the Juniata we see the remains of the canal which succeeded the Lancaster pike, and its continuations as a freight and passenger route to the far West. The sight of this water-way reminded me of a sketch from “American Notes,” where Dickens portrays the infelicity of travel, as exemplified in a journey on this canal on his westward way. His conveyance was a packet boat. It rained all the way up the canal, so that the passengers were “cabined, cribbed, confined” in the hold: a combination of kitchen, dining-room and bed-chamber. The graphic description of the victuals; the gourmandizing; the social expectoration around the sizzling stove; the arranging of the sleeping accommodations, then tentatively working their way towards the luxuries of the Standard Pullmans; the drawing of

lots as to who should have the choice berths, if any there could be in such a Calcuttan hole; the nocturnal hawking and continuance of what the stove had hitherto been the recipient; the added infliction of snoring; the morning awakening; the bath, through the media of tin-basin, brown-soap, dipper and canal water; with the mutual hair-brush and comb as an appetizer for the heavy breakfast to follow; all these you have read who have gone 14 through the "American Notes," with the lanky "Brown Forester" thrown in for good measurement. Up this canal, besides the passengers, there went on slower boats merchandize for the Far West. At Hollidaysburg arose the mountains with their silent warning to the canal, "thus far shalt thou come and no farther." But this did not apply to the boats. Cars slid under these amphibians, and by the aid of hempen cables, wire ropes were unknown, attached to slowly revolving drums at the heads of numerous "planes" they were drawn out and over a primitive tramway; the fore-runner of the splendid mountain system which takes the Pennsylvania railroad through the Alleghenies, and let down to the waters flowing to the Ohio. By this means went thousands of passengers and thousands of tons of freight to populate and comfort the great West. During the Mexican War soldiers, their arms and other belongings, took this route from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, where they descended the Ohio and the Mississippi to New Orleans. Even yet you can see the remains of the Portage railroad marking the mountain side as you cross the summit, and you naturally get to comparing the old ways of traveling with the new—the fast moving passenger train, with its various luxuries, and Dickens' canal packet with its disappetizing horrors.

Almost forty years ago I followed my present route to Pittsburg, and before leaving it I cannot help giving my feelings on the two journeys. On my present I was reasonably sure of a satisfactory ending. On the other, taken in a spirit of youthful adventure, I was full of doubt as to the outcome, and I remember, as I passed from river to river and from mountain to mountain, as valleys verged and peaks blended, their grandeur and beauties paled in the uncertainties clouding the future; still I was young, and normal youth don't stay long in the dumps.

It might be interesting to know what was in my mind when on my original journey; merely as a sample of the feelings of other youthful travelers. A school-mate had left for the far 15 Pacific a year before. The picturesqueness of his going forth; with his hair, let grown for a year in

anticipation, on his shoulders, even as Absalom's; his rough hunting suit; his rifle and pistols, with ammunition, graded for animals, from buffalo down, for he went armed as if Oregon swarmed with game the most varied, impressed me; and him I saw ahead as a prominent figure. Then as a surrounding of this Nimrodic hero I beheld wild game, daring hunters and Indians *ad libitum*. I saw myself mingling with these in the regulation way, and the emergence, in the usual manner of adventures, with an acquired competence; whether from the sale of furs, gold finding, or the acquiring of land, it did not matter how; and a settling down in a patronizing way about my old home; unless official honors detained me, after growing up with the country.” That was a dream; the reality was a series of hardships, the most prosaic, from the Missouri to the Pacific; of which hunting, Indian fighting and mining formed an infinitesimal part, and I returned in a year satisfied with my experiment, and ready to try my fortunes in the usual hum-drum way at my old home. As to my school mate, my then heroic ideal, he was a disappointed man after a few months' experience in the Oregon wilderness, and leaving it started for home alone by way of Southern California and Texas. After many hardships he reached Galveston, where, stricken with yellow fever, he died and his bones now lie on the shores of the Mexican Gulf. This was happening while I was on my travels and I did not hear of it until I arrived home.

At Pittsburg my routes of '58 and '97 parted. Then I went around by Detroit to Chicago; now on the direct road. At the Smoky City, a name at one time likely to be a misnomer, on account of the discovery of natural gas in the neighborhood, and the probability of its taking the place of coal for manufacturing purposes, but now fully appropriate on account of the partial failure of the former fuel, we changed our news center, as time 16 is changed farther west. Philadelphia had been this point until we crossed the mountains; now it was Pittsburg whose papers were bought for the news. When our long train left here it was through darkness and we were in Indiana before daylight showed. Much of the land was low and wet and as I saw the broad stretches of water-logged prairie I thought of Hosea Biglow's quatrain: “I'd rather live on Camel's Hump, And be a Yankee Doodle beggar, Than where they never see a stump, And shake to death with fever and ague.”

Camel's Hump is a New England mountain peak. The farm buildings were low, unwhitewashed, and many leaning over and ready to fall; the fences poor, and the country generally unprepossessing.

By 8 o'clock we were in Chicago; that marvel of modern cities. To compare it with the town of one hundred thousand people I saw on my early visit would be like using the sun and moon for comparisons; though even then its people were showing the restless, dissatisfied spirit betokening greatness. To overcome the disadvantages of its swampy site whole streets were being raised for drainage from four to six feet and confusion abounded. Temporary wooden roadways and sidewalks, and thousands of jack-screws slowly raising houses, in which people were living and busily pursuing their daily avocations, were objects of interest. The suburbs were but a short distance from the Lake front and some of these disreputable; among these "The Sands" on the North river. My inability to procure work there might have prejudiced me against Chicago on my former visit. Now everything was pleasant and interesting. My short time there was spent in the "wheat-pit," riding through the Lake residence and Park sections, where I again revolved in my old acquaintance, the Ferris Wheel, of World's Fair fame; this rotary wonder having been moved to the north side of the city.

Earth Cutting, Chicago Drainage Canal, showing existing appliances.

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Of two great enterprises inaugurated since my first visit to Chicago one, the great water "in-take" from the Lake, was successfully finished; the other, the great Drainage Canal, designed to make pure the water supply, no-matter which way the wind blew over the Lake, was nearly completed. This was almost as important towards Chicago's health as that draining the Valley of Mexico. A visit thereto was one of the most interesting events on my westward journey. After the raising of the streets the sewerage was complete; but the pollution of the water supply was increased. The extension of the main under the Lake and the re-extension was only a temporary relief. Then the canal extending to the Illinois river was made use of; the sewage being raised to its level by pumps and water-wheels. But the growth of the city was too great for this expedient; so the Mammoth

Drainage Cut was inaugurated. This was not a deepening of the old canal, but making a new one paralleling its line. The City of Chicago was unable to cope with such an undertaking; nor was Illinois; at least their people said so; so the National Government was called on with the plea that it would be invaluable in war time, as a ship canal for inland transit from the Lakes to the Gulf. Its aid was all that was wanted, and, being obtained, the work proceeded. When completed its cost will equal two-thirds of a water way from Chicago to New Orleans which will float vessels of twenty-two feet. That the railroads centering in Chicago, with their great influence, will ever allow the canal to interfere with their traffic is very doubtful. More than a huge sewer it is not likely to be. Even for this purpose St. Louis revolts against it. That city feels that the filth from Chicago, flowing past its borders, is adding fresh trouble to those caused by the Windy City's rapid strides in its advance beyond it, and will still more prevent its prosperity in comparison. The ditch is now about twenty miles long; the surface width is 260 feet, the bottom 160 and the depth from 38 to 44 feet. Much of the western portion is through hard rock, 18 which was cut by channelling machines until it looks like a smooth wall. Nearing Chicago two-thirds of the depth is adobe clay, similar to the California variety, which makes good sundried bricks; it is so tough and hard. The adobe portion the contractors are into now and they will be about two years finishing it. A huge dredger on a railroad track is doing the work, and in spite of the hardness of the clay, which comes out like rocks, it advances two feet per hour, on an average, the whole width. The clay excavation amounts to 180 cubic feet per minute; the sand and gravel, above the formation, two or three times as fast. The adobe is so tenacious a pick can hardly be forced into it, and yet the huge, pronged steam-shovel surges into it, disintegrates it, and loads it on to cars, at the foot of an extension railway, which rises to an elevation seventy feet above the bed of the channel. This tramway, sloping to an angle of forty degrees, moves back and forth on a cross track, as the dredger advances or recedes in making its cuts. On the rock section a huge cantilever derrick was used, pivoted on a truck running on a tramway on top of the dump. This was 640 feet long and swung to the height of 60 feet above the cut. Twelve million cubic yards of solid rock were removed by this. As this expands 80 per cent. when broken up it amounted to twenty-two millions on the "spoils" dump; a new term for the removals being "spoils." There were "side issues" connected with the Drainage immense in conception. What is known as the River Division, to change the flow of the

drainage of the Desplaines river, is thirteen miles long and two hundred feet wide at bottom. The work has been in progress since 1892 and the huge "wind-row" of earth and rock, with the ditch below, extending mile after mile across the prairie, is a marvelous sight, and yet there are plenty of Chicago's grown up citizens who have not had the curiosity to go see it. The old canal near by is a ditch in comparison; full of slow moving slime, and rare is the vessel that ripples its stygian blackness, though once a

Rock Cutting in Chicago Drainage Canal, showing Cantilever Derrick, 640 feet long.

19 means of active commerce connecting Lake Michigan with the Gulf of Mexico. No wonder the jealous City of St. Louis shudders at thoughts of the huge stream of filth that will flow through the enlarged canal and whose terrors will be commensurate with its capacity; and all this unwelcome tribute to pass by its city front, and from a conscienceless rival!

When the enterprise is completed, and it will cost \$15,000,000, a new sewerage system must be adopted by Chicago which involves new lines and the abandonment of old ones now entering the Lake. Then with the water of this inland sea turning the current of the Chicago river backward and into the Mississippi, and its sewage by St. Louis, will be inaugurated an event which will make the people of the Second City of America happy.

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## II.

Across the Plains. Oh! land of quartz and placer mine, Of grain and fruit and oil and wine And climate, which the "tender feet" Are told is same as bread and meat! With load-stone draft thy metallised hills Drew on the East in "forty-nine," And now again with added will Thou'rt working on another line!

When the Society of Christian Endeavor decided that their 1897 gathering should be held in San Francisco there was no idea that the western exodus would be so great. That possibly ten thousand might go was thought; but that fifty thousand, some claim seventy thousand, would brave the fatigues and expenses of a trans-continental journey would have been deemed improbable; but it

was even so. The central starting point was Chicago. There was one railroad sent out forty-two train loads. The low rate agreed on by the railroad companies and the stop-off privileges allowed of course were prominent figures in the matter. From the city named to San Francisco and return, inside of seven weeks, the fare was but fifty dollars; while the rate thence from the East was but one cent a mile. From California the tourists could come back on any road, by either New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago, St. Paul or Canada Pacific route. The congestion of travel was of 21 course great. Delegations were cut up into sections of twelve to fifteen cars each, and went stringing, one after another, on the various continental lines. As these were all single-tracked, accidents followed causing the loss of several lives; when it was decided to withdraw all freight trains until the rush was over; after which there was no trouble. The class of travel was of a high order and much impressed the people of the far West where towns were traversed. Religious services were held on some trains twice a day; there being many clergymen along who alternated in leading; although not more than half the tourists were Christian Endeavorers. All must leave Chicago between the 29th of June and 2d of July and be back there by the 15th of August. A great portion, however, went on the contract, or "personally conducted" system; meals, sleeping accommodations and certain side excursions included; among which was a tour through the Yellowstone Park. The limit of this was thirty days, and the cost \$178. The fare from Philadelphia to San Francisco, for those who wanted to stop there and return inside the fifty-day limit, and which included meals and sleeping accommodations and an excursion up Pike's Peak, to Salt Lake and a trip from San Francisco to Monterey, was about \$100. To this must be added \$43 for the return journey and such extra excursions as might be made. Including Yosemite, Yellowstone Park, Southern California and its places of interest; with daily expenses added, the cost of a fifty-day trip ran up to \$300, or more, according to the economy of the tourist. Leaving out the Yosemite, and replacing it with other excursions of equal interest to many, a fifty-day trip was made for \$260. As the common cost had hitherto been \$400 to \$500, the cheapness of the present rates can be understood.

On seeing such immense delegations of Christian Endeavor people going their way to the convention the question was often asked "What good?" I think the consensus of opinion among those acquainted with the condition of society in 22 California will say "A great deal!" That is

called the "Golden State," although the large addition to its products since it got that name makes it somewhat of a misnomer. But I don't think its most atheistic enemy would call it a religious State. Nevertheless there is a strong sentiment holding sway there, gaining ground and getting more and more able to overcome the indifference to certain old-fashioned notions on religion and morality; the effects of which indifference, or worse, have a tendency to prejudice the average tourist against certain sections, and make him think society conditions worse there than what they are. When the invitation was extended to the Endeavorers to come among their comrades of the farthest West to hold their convention, fears were entertained that the accommodations would not be equal to the emergency; but they were, and the strangers within their Golden Gate went away satisfied; while their hosts were doubly so in the strength which had been given them to go on with their laborious work. Much concern was felt about the financial part of the undertaking; but that was a success. This was to a large extent in the hands of the business community, hence, many who gave did so with little knowledge of the animus behind the great flood of Christian tourists. They seemed to think them a sort of "Sængerfest," or "Turnverien," and it was "business" to subscribe money for the entertainment; so the sight of saloons and theatres, and low resorts decked with the Endeavor colors, yellow and purple, was common.

On the 29th of June, at 10 o'clock at night, we rolled out of the town whose Indian name was "Wild Onion;" perhaps with the odor of its sewage river, of the same name, in perspective. My lines of travel of the past and present converged here, and here they separated. Comparisons are odious, they say; but it depends on which way you look. To me it was pleasant to think how different were the surroundings now from then, when in a dimly lighted emigrant car with a couple of armed, half, 23 drunk ruffians for company, I started westward. In the morning we found we had crossed Illinois and were well over Iowa. At Boone we stopped for breakfast, a meal in which were premonitions of the grease which, farther along, was to float our potatoes. We found here the crowd, so common afterward, to see how we ate. The dullness of the times was apparent and many people were out of work. The bronze button, denoting the war veteran, was in evidence among these, and the sight was saddening and suggestive. As we resumed our journey blizzards were brought to mind in the sections of snow fences, now and then manifest; while Summer's fruitfulness was shown in

the growing crops; among which the most prominent was white clover; suggestive of milk and honey, with which the pasturage gleamed. The huge corn cribs, full of last year's crops, were a sight which would have been pleasanter if we had not known their contents were in the hands of speculators at a nominal price to the farmer. At noon we came to Council Bluffs, so named from the Indian gatherings here in the long ago. There isolated steeps are peculiar; rising, as they do, in fluted conformations from base to summit. Soon the Missouri, broad and yellow with mud, came in sight. Of course I thought of the old times spent on its shores and steamboats; the last gaining prominence from hearing that two days before one of them had passed up the river; an event which once had been a common occurrence. In 1858 the St. Louis levee was lined with steamers, whose cruising grounds were the large rivers centering there. I had several acquaintances with them, as they "rocked and raved" up and down the Missouri and knew their "tricks and manners" from steerage to cabin; so different from their Eastern forerunners in build. Their hospitable captains, swearing mates, gambling passengers and piratical deck hands were impressive; to say nothing of the night travel; the "roundingto," at the down stream stops, and the "wooding-up," with its rushing file of billet-laden "roustabouts," black and white, and 24 cursing, urging mates. Then there was the heaving of the lead in the glare of the "fat-wood" torch light and the plaintive cries of the leadsman as he gave forth his "six-feet," "quarter less twain," "by the mark twain;" from which last measurement, two fathoms, or twelve feet, Samuel Clemmens got his pen-name. Those who traveled on western rivers forty years ago will well remember these scenes and sounds. Considerable comment, this, from hearing of a back-number steamer going up the river; but it was of a class like the Great Awk and Dodo, soon to be a vanished vision.

Across the turbid Missouri and we were in Omaha. In no States, as in the Western, do the people so stand up for their towns. When it comes to locating State Capitals they fight. Nowhere else is there such jealousy of rivals and exaggeration of population and resources. To induce the coming of commercial enterprises the citizens coax, threaten and sometimes involve themselves to financial ruin in raising money to aid them. While we were there the Omaha folks were exulting over the fact that the Armour Packing Company was about erecting a million-dollar plant and the Union Pacific lessees a depot to cost the same amount.

At 2 o'clock we were again on our way across the plains of Nebraska. We traversed a rich farming region which showed over-production; judging by full cribs and rotting hay stacks. In fifty miles we came in sight of the Platte river, which I had followed up, with my six-yoked ox-wagon, from its mile-wide waters to where it showed a width of but fifty feet; a brawling mountain stream in the heart of the Rockies. From what our conductor said we would not near the river for so long after night that we could not see it. The sight of this stream brought up memories which shadowed the thoughts of my present journey, for with my patient oxen I had toiled up its valley for four months; while the rains of springs merged to Autumn droughts and the warmth of Summer to the cold of late 25 October, and suffered privations I did not think so much of then, for I was young and tough and became schooled to them; but which I often think of now. If familiarity breeds the contempt the proverb credits it with I should certainly despise the Platte, for I was extremely familiar with it in my hundreds of miles acquaintance. It is a varied river in its length of 1250 miles. The main stem is 300 miles to the Forks. The South Platte is a shallow, sandy river to Denver, and the most of the water used is for irrigation. The North Fork is larger and has more abrupt banks and at its junction with the Sweet Water turns to a mountain stream. The main river is from three-fourths of a mile to two miles wide; with banks not over four feet high where the breadth is the greatest. The depth does not average over six inches in the Summer; so its Indian name of Nebraska, or Shallow River, is well-fitting. It is full of islands varying from a few square yards to an acre or more in extent, although Grand Island, near Fort Kearney, is an exception, being several miles long. To the early traders and trappers it was a deceitful stream; in their descent promising navigation to their lightdraft, fur-laden boats; then luring them into blind leads. At times they would be a day going two miles, and after all have to abandon the river and pack their loads to the frontiers. The islands are sometimes merely sand-bars; at others covered with trees and thickets of willow, which have a singular appearance, sometimes, as imagination conjures from their outlines familiar objects.

One hundred miles from Omaha we came to Kearney, opposite the old fort of that name, where the emigrant trail struck the river in its northwest course from Fort Leavenworth. These two posts, with Laramie, Bridger and Camp Floyd, made up the series of military stations between civilization and the Pacific Ocean. Fort Kearney is now dismantled and in ruins; although I learned the old trading

post is still standing. Here outside the Fort, but under its protection, quite a trade in furs was done in 26 the old times. When I saw it, the soldiers, music and the flag floating gaily from the pole on the parade ground made a bright spot on my journey.

The country grew interesting as we sped westward, with its wheat, oats and corn in immense fields and promising large harvests. Long lines of trees, planted for wind breaks, sometimes hid the farm buildings, and windmills and water-tanks indicated a desire for labor-saving appliances. It certainly did

#### THE OLD TIME CORRAL.

not look like a bankrupt country. A dinner at Grand Island showed that, while in Nebraska, we were traveling in Grease. Bacon, potatoes and hot biscuit were as islands in melted lard; but for those who are fond of such it tastes good. Grand Island has 12,000 people, railroad shops and a sugar beet factory, where tons of sugar are daily made.

#### 27

In weaving this narrative of my present journey I cannot help introducing some of the rough strands from that one of the far past. In fact an excursion of the “personally conducted” class is a tame affair. Of course it is comfortable and all that, and full of pleasant recollections and anticipations. You know you will have a nice breakfast; a good dinner; and a following of the same kind of supper, —all well lubricated when you get west of the Missouri—and at night the tipped porter will tuck you in your little beds, so to speak, and in the morning you will find your shoes nicely blacked, sometimes. It is also supposed some person will be on hand to tell what is what and which is which; although in our case he was missing; maybe it was because there were too many of us or too few of him. This might easily be; for there were twelve car-loads of passengers, and he could not be in each when an inquirer wanted to put the question. But had we not a porter in each car! We had, and not one of them had been over the road before. The river might be this; the town that and the snow-clad peak the other; but he would not know it. His answer was like the “Quien Sabe!”—who knows?—of the Mexican, for all the good it did us. Square meals, soft beds and good society can be had at home. When traveling you want something more. You need to get in touch with the people

of the country you are traveling through. On my westward journey I paid my money and was served with the best the market afforded; when I returned I patronized neither the Pullman Parlor or Dining Car and I survived to tell the tale. I was no demagogue with an axe to grind; avoiding the classes to mix with the masses. I traveled in a day-coach and had an opportunity to mingle with returning Californians, farmers and miners, who were satisfied to travel outside. Pullman accommodations; also with transient travelers who, as such, were well acquainted with the country.

A peculiarity of the section we were now traversing was the lengthened twilight. The farmers were working sixteen hours 28 a day and wishing the nights were shorter. In my desire to see as much of the Platte Valley and familiar river this prorogued darkness was welcome. Thirty miles from Kearney we were in what was the heart of the Buffalo country forty years ago, a period verging on the time when three pounds of sugar or coffee would buy a buffalo robe of an Indian. Opposite here I had my first buffalo hunt; an experience nearly resulting in the reversal of the usual process. My getting lost that night in the

#### A STRANDED SCHOONER.

mazy sand hills, and my feelings thereat are pretty indelibly fixed on my mind. So are the trials of that part of my journey; the stalling of our teams in miry flats of some parts of the route and our dusty drives in others, when with lolling tongues and bowed heads our cattle plodded their tired way. The dead oxen lining the road-way and the darker objects in the distance, denoting buffalo wantonly slaughtered, are remembered. The sight of the shallow islanded river also brought up one eventful night 29 when, on account of the shoreward guard going to sleep, the herd of oxen clambered down the bank and “pulled for the shore” beyond in a sort of slow stampede. My struggles through water, quicksands and over islands and sandbars, until the mischievous leaders were reached and turned back, with the rest of the oxen following in the star-lit darkness, come vividly back to me as I look through the twilight at the passing river. The other passengers look listlessly at the landscape, and wonder why one of their number takes such an interest in its sameness. He has his reasons for so doing, while they wearily scanned the scenery.

The theory that man is naturally a barbarian and only kept up to the civilized line by his surroundings is well borne out by my frontier experiences and life on the plains, when those who had been used to the advanced ways of the East slid into half savage habits with ease. The nervous strains upon us almost continually from daylight till dark and taking our turns on day herd and night watch told upon the more refined even, so they became hardened to the sights and sounds they met. A newly made, suggestive mound by the road-side, or an occasional dead ox in various stages of corruption, had some effect at first; but afterwards we saw grave after grave, which accident or pestilence had filled, and the trail literally lined with the skeletons and carcasses of cattle without being affected. I confess to having been influenced, myself, by my altered life and it is a question to what extent this change might have gone had I lived a year with such surroundings. My experience that night in the Platte, as well at other times, as we toiled up its valley, bring these thoughts to mind, as we speed by on so differing sort of train.

In connection with this I call to mind an illustrative incident. I must bring it in now for the speed we are making would soon take me beyond the scene. I was on night guard on the Platte hills and the oxen, having eaten their fill, had lain down; 30

#### THE LEAD TEAM—HOW I TRAVELED IN '58.

31 a condition we always looked forward to with satisfaction, as it meant rest for us also. I was reclining, half asleep, half awake, and with dreamy thoughts of my Eastern home and future uncertainties, when I felt a series of blows, mingled with curses, and all especially directed to me. This experience lasted but a few moments, when the cause of it vanished in the darkness. I knew it was "Irish John," a big, wiry fellow, (those who get the best of you, whether armies or individuals are always bigger, or in "overwhelming numbers") with whom I had an altercation of a verbal sort at the noon halt; in fact such things were frequent. I had thought the trouble over, until this midnight engagement. How mortified I was can only be understood by those who have led a frontier life. To let such a matter pass branded you as a coward; to take it up meant trouble of another kind. The time to have squared things was as soon as I got straightened up; but my assailant by that time was at his post on the far side of the herd; besides he was as big as ever. As the rest of the cattle guard

knew of the affair, I brooded over it until the time would come to right myself, which would be the next camp. Then I did what my friends thought the proper caper; called Irish John out. He had had his satisfaction and wanted to be excused; particularly as we were not alone on the hills and he was unpopular with the men. But the more he backed down the bolder I naturally became, and the more names I called him; until, for a while, I was the camp bully and he its scorn, and he finally slunk to his wagon. He was humble enough, afterward, and appeared to forgive me for his public humiliation, but I could hardly reciprocate. We certainly were a tough lot all around.

For a change let me re-cross the Platte; to my Pullman train from an ox-train; from “Irish John,” “Whiskey Bill,” “Kaintuck,” “Babe,” “Dutch Mike” *et id omne genus*; to the company of the Reverend Mr. This and the Reverend Mr. That and their coadjutants, Miss This and Mrs. That, of the 32 Christian Endeavorers. Could there be more difference between any two sets of people than between these 1858 “Bullwhackers” and 1897 representatives of Eastern civilization? Or, to again particularize, more change from our shredded garments, then and the “purple and fine linen” of the tourists, now? from our roaring camp songs to exalted hymns? from our stories around the nightly fire to the sermons on the train? from the ungraded trail, winding around obstructions and the railroad track which tunneled or cut through them? from ox to locomotive? On our particular excursion we were required to show a membership with some Christian organization before being accepted. With that of 1858—well, there were no such questions asked! We did not know when the Sabbath came.

There were some good singers among our drivers. While the songs were not refined they were not objectionable. One of these was the “Darby Ram,” that extravaganza, then, as now, echoed from college halls and “Clover Club” banquets; another “There's Whiskey in the Jar;” now no longer heard; unless in the homes of “Missouri Pikers.” I can hear its chorus yet ringing out on the night air in senseless verbiage—with a buffalo or wolf accompaniment from the distant plain. “O! Ring a jing a jar Whack, thwack, my laddie oh! There's whiskey in the jar.”

But we had sentimental ditties too. "Dutch Joe" would sing one beginning— "My poor old mother and I did part, When I was very young Her memory still clings round my heart— How close to me she clung?"

This is all I can recollect, but I have seen rude men affected at the recital.

Then there was "Kitty Clyde." "Oh! who has not loved Kitty Clyde? That blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass, So trim and so neat and her glances so sweet, And always a smile when she'd pass."

### 33

While Dutch Joe sang the pathetic, or sentimental, an army deserter, Bill Bently, led the roaring songs; three or four taking up the chorus; the rest too tired or too sleepy to do more than listen.

Then there is another song comes to my memory; emphasized on account of its personality; though not from the deceit and mendacity of its leading character, but personal from similarity of names and associations. This ditty referred to a certain Stephen. Now, aware of the rude wit of my new-made comrades, I did not give my first name, on coming among them, thinking they might bury it under some outlandish term, so gave them the last title of the "Great Commoner," of Lancaster; from whom I was called. I had previously announced my residence, in a general way, as Philadelphia. It so happened that some of my associates had heard of that town in connection with the saying, "As smart as a Philadelphia lawyer;" and it was short work for their Pikeish wit to degrade the profession of that synonym of cuteness to that of Ananias and Sapphira, through the "Song of Stephen," a plantation ditty: so they would roar at me,— "O, Lawd Stephen! Stephen so decievin'. Stephen so decievin', that the debble couldn't believe him, Stephen so decievin'; Stephen sich a liar, The debble took a pitch-fork and pitched him in the fire."

I felt real hrt at the upset of my intentions, but the hardships following our stationary camp-life soon took the fun and sensitiveness out of all. I will add that from the time I left the "outfit" on the Missouri, till I came home from California my name was "Steve;" only this and nothing more. I

give this little incident to further emphasize the dissimilarity of my companions on the two trains of '58 and '97.

There was great difference, also, in the sleeping accommodations on the two journeys. Then we slept in our wagons, on hard bags of flour. In one of these for eighteen weeks I lodged, except when on night-herd or driven to the open air by the heat. 34 Why we had not sense enough to gather prairie grass to soften our beds I don't know. The veteran ox-drivers would shock us green-horns, early on, by reminding us that the upper side-boards of our wagons, when they could be spared, were used for coffins for their particular owners when through accident or design they met death; generators of gruesome thoughts, these. We afterwards wondered why such superfluities were thought of. But enough of comparisons and reminiscences of the old journey, or I will never finish the narration of the new.

A part of our journey through Nebraska was what is known as the “abandoned-farm district” and here an occasional dismantled house and tumbling barn with rotting ricks of hay showed a departed owner and a “left” mortgage holder, sighing for worthless “collateral.” Still these deserted homesteads were not the rule and the “wind-breaks” in numerous ranches surrounding farm buildings and fields of rankly growing crops showed hope ahead. The light from these homes had a pleasant look as they gleamed through the darkening twilight. I staid up until after midnight to see the crossings of the two Plattes; the waters of the North Fork having been followed up by our ox-train to near the South Pass, while the other branch was well remembered by me from its ford. The river was then a half mile broad and we were over a day crossing on account of its quicksands. The night was not dark, so I had a pretty satisfactory view of the ford, where, with forty picked oxen to each wagon, we floundered through the river. Then in my dripping clothing I remember going on night herd, when the gnats and mosquitoes and tortured cattle kept us moving at a lively pace until morning. Here our two ways parted: the Endeavorers going West; the ox-drivers to the Northwest and the South Pass.

When day light came we were speeding up the river; now full of exposed sand bars on account of the large amount of water used for irrigation. The banks were only three or four 35 feet high

and the surrounding country not inviting. Ant hills and prairie dog mounds were numerous scattered along the track. Jack rabbits were seen skipping about among the wild sage; reminders of my former journey. Looking north was a range of bleak, rugged hills, beyond which was our companion river; and I regreted our course was not along it, that I might again see those natural wonders; Court House Rock, Chimney

### CROSSING THE PLATTE IN '58.

Rock, Scott's Bluffs, Independence Rock and the Devil's Gate. Irrigating ditches now threaded the fields we were passing, and the land now took on a thriftier look. Soon we came in sight of the Rockies; Long's and Grey's Peaks being the prominent indications. We saw snow on their summits and in the sheltered ravines well down their slopes. Weeds of the cactus and sun-flower kinds began to cumber the ground. The morning 36 air was cold, but the natives we met told us it was not, and they ought to know. Such sticklers for "their own, their native land," I never saw. I asked if it ever rained, "Why yes," said one, "don't you see that grass? That was never watered." I looked; and such grass!

37

### III.

Over the Rockies. The notched Sierras sawed the clouds By Winter's blizzards driven on; The saw-dust flew in blinding drifts, Till deep with snow all Nature shone. Now this neath Summer's melting suns In growing currents reached the plain, When, thrall'd by man in furrowed fields, It rose in flower and fruit and grain.

THE sight of the serrated mountains stretching northward, with their melting snows coursing towards the Platte, and the crops raised from their irrigating waters, suggested the opening lines of this chapter. Although the optimists of this region assert that rich harvests are raised naturally, the facts do not warrant the assertion. Though costly, irrigation pays well.

The phrase "When I was a boy;" so often in the mouths of the garrulous and senile, is not always welcome to listeners; so also may be the words "When I crossed the plains forty years ago;" but

I will again risk them. At that time the City of 38 Denver was not laid out, and the gold finds on Cherry Creek, while known in the East, were unheard of along the California Trail. The oft quoted prairie schooner, with Pike's Peak or Bust," charcoaled on its cover, had been there and returned, with the lettering replaced with "Busted," before we heard of the diggings; as for over four months we were almost oblivious to news. We staid too short a time in the city to see much of it, but were impressed with the public buildings and permanent look of the place generally. In the afternoon we went up Clear Creek Canyon, a distance of sixty miles on an excursion over a Narrow Guage railroad. This is known to tourists as the Loop Trip, from the twists and curves encountered on the way to the Summit at Silver Plume, and is a wild, mountain journey. In the mining towns passed there were 8000 people whose only practical way to a civilized region is over this devious road—a marvel of engineering skill. In thirty-eight miles the rise is 2400 feet; involving grades of 200 feet to the mile, in places, and many sharp curves and loops, as the road goes up and down the narrow valley to make the rise, which cannot be made by direct ascent. The homes of the miners, made of rude frame or logs, and at times of canvas, stretched over poles are scattered along the canyon between the towns. The people are roughly dressed and the children run wild. Blue "overalls" as a substitute for "pants," on boys of four years' old, were common, but universal farther on. As this is a silver-mining country, exclusively, a "gold-bug" got scant courtesy if he expressed himself.

The groups of donkeys about the towns took one back to primitive mining times. They seem a necessity on the narrow mountain trails to camps, as yet unreached by wagon roads, for "packing" ore to the smelting works and provisions back. They can readily carry 200 pounds and when stringing along the trail lend a picturesqueness to the scene. They are worth \$30 to \$40 apiece.

39

We were a long while working our way up to Silver Plume, but the return was made in about half the time; or three hours. We left Denver in the early morning hours and reached Manitou, at the foot of Pike's Peak at 7 o'clock, and at 8 started up the mountain. On account of the heavy grade a cogged track is laid between the rails and in this gears the driving wheel of the engine. The car is pushed up and is not coupled to the engine; a wise plan, for in a ravine on the road was a locomotive which had got away the previous year, flew the track and tumbled over. The car, by

a curious device, was caught by the cog-rail and stopped. A peculiar jerking motion was given the car on the ascent which was quite annoying. On the mountain side we saw miners prospecting for gold and drifts were being bored. Preparations were being made for one of the longest tunnels in the world, through the heart of the mountain, by a great corporation, by which its precious secrets will be laid bare; for it is rich in mineral wealth, as is the regions all around. The main peak, visible at the start, but afterwards shut off from us, was again seen as we struggled towards it. The quaking aspen, named from its easy-moving leaves, and otherwise peculiar from its slender trunk and white bark, was common. This is a hardy wood and grows at a sea elevation of 7000 or 8000 feet and was familiar on my original journey through the South Pass. The grade grew heavier and the engine correspondingly increased its struggles as we ascended by sharp curves. Granite formations, in layers overlapping one another, like Independence Rock, were seen. From Windy Point, appropriately named, we had a view of an artificial lake used as a reservoir for supplying the towns of Manitou and Colorado Springs. As no pipes could stand the pressure—1000 pounds to the square inch, if the water was confined to the foot of the mountain—it is allowed to flow freely until a safe height is reached. We saw another of these miniature lakes, and nestling in deep depressions, with the sunlight on them, they had a pleasing 40

#### ASCENT OF PIKE'S PEAK

41 appearance. The upper lake was 2200 feet above the towns it supplied with water.

Two miles from the summit one of our ladies was overcome with heart trouble on account of the rarefied air and was left at the home of a track-hand until our return. Others were beginning to suffer. As appropriate to the elevation the Endeavorers had intended to sing “Nearer my God to Thee” as they approached the Summit; but they could finish but one verse, when they were forced to stop for want of breath. Snow was all around us now and the track was so obstructed the day before as to require shoveling off. The Summit was reached at last. The adage “There is always room at the top” held good here for the reason that altitudinal conditions prevented a crowd from gathering; for those left could hardly wait for the next car. It was a confused mass of rocks, snow and mud, and the picture of desolation. But the view hence is unsurpassed. The valleys below, with their towns looking like checker-boards; the mountains stretching, range after range, away; the

near-by peaks; the deep gorge dropping sharply from the summit; the sight of all these will be well remembered.

But before all could enjoy the view there were some duties required. These were taking care of those who had succumbed to the effects of rare air. One woman was prostrate, with the usual crowd around, and to her an alleged doctor was giving brandy; the worst “remedy” to apply at this altitude. Others were gasping around with contorted faces; but by resting in the shelter of the “Summit House” all but three or four were in good shape for the next car. Some of the hardiest of the tourists tried snow balling, just so they could tell their gaping friends at home what Pike's Peak was capable of in July; but their sport was short lived, for there was a wind blowing which would take a football player's breath.

The original Government Station is still here; but in ruins 42 and half-full of snow. This was a needed house of refuge years ago; when the ascent of Pike's Peak was an adventure; the

#### LOOKING DOWN FROM TIMBER LINE.

first part on horse back; the last on foot, and a guide was 43 needed. There is now a comfortable building of double the size used as a restaurant, relic store and railroad station. A blazing mid-summer log-fire was comfortable and pleasing if seasonably inconsistent. The cold, thin air made us wish for the next car, which came up in an hour and helping the invalids on board we were soon speeding down the mountain—not forgetting to stop for the sick woman by the way—and in an hour were at Manitou.

#### ON THE RAGGED EDGE OF PIKE'S PEAK.

Pike's Peak was first ascended by Colonel Zebulon M. Pike in 1804, and is one of a group of peaks punctuating the Rocky Mountain range, of which Grey's, Long's and Fremont's Peaks also hold high prominence. Its height is 14,000 feet. Named for what was afterward General Pike it has a local importance; he having been born in my native county, and, in fact, is of personal interest to me, as his home was afterwards owned by my father; but long since torn down.

The railway was finished in 1891 and cost \$1,000,000, as one man says, or \$500,000, as another hath it; it don't matter; it gets there, regardless of cost. It is only operated about three months in the year, or during the tourist season. Thus far no accidents have happened to passengers, as great care is used.

We saw the sights around Pike's Peak, including the Garden of the Gods and then went on our way. For awhile this was southward, until at Puebla, called, from its manufactures, the Pittsburg of the West, we swung around at a sharp angle and again got as far north as Denver; going 200 miles to gain 80. The southern route was uninteresting, after what we had seen; the land poor and growing no timber but the weedy scrub-oak. The mounds of the ants and prairie dog lined the way. Puebla is on the Arkansas, and as intimated above, an important city. Large smelting works are here; ores for which come from Mexico.

Unfortunately the delays caused by the immense passenger travel prevented our going through the Royal Gorge by daylight; but from the headlights of three locomotives drawing as many trains close following one another and the lights of the cars, the depths of the canyon were fairly lighted. Preparations are now being made to illuminate the Gorge by electricity, so that no matter what time the passage is made the wonders of it may be well seen. This gateway is where the Arkansas river breaks through the Sangre de Cristo—Blood of Christ—range of mountains and from its depth and length is noted. At one place the walls approach so close that a bridge swung from the rocks above is required to carry the road over the water until the canyon again widens. After we were through four more trains followed; so that for days the Gorge echoed with the roar of continuous travel.

At last outside the canyon-walls the country opened, but still we were environed by mountains. Some of these were covered with snow half-way down, while others were part hidden with clouds. At one point we saw a snow-storm raging among their peaks. Once in awhile we passed a rude home of some cattle raiser, where cow-boys, unkempt women and barefoot children were seen. A mining camp came in sight occasionally and patches of cultivated land. Sage-brush and cactus

abounded We had now left the Arkansas Valley and at Thompson's Pass came on to the Pacific slope, and at the height of 10,000 feet we passed through a tunnel and began the descent.

45

Children on the track of western travel are taught merchandizing at an early age. At the many stops we were obliged to make on account of the heavy travel, they flocked around us with baskets of fruit and sandwiches and boxes of "specimens," or collections of minerals. When one of our ladies, made hungry from our inability to make connection with our appointed dining place, asked a boy for a sandwich he said he was out of that edible, but he had "specimens." This was literally "asking for bread and getting a stone." Either on the score of economy or because butter was thought to be too rich for our blood, cheese was used as a filler for the Colorado sandwiches offered us.

#### ROYAL GORGE.

At a silver-mining town called Minturn we halted awhile for the usual train-wait and to allow the hungry a chance to skirmish for breakfast. On leaving Chicago we had our places for eating fixed, but as "the best laid schemes of mice and men" don't always hatch out, we met with disappointment after the second meal. The restaurants ahead were sometimes eaten out and the subsequents were obliged to go hungry. At Manitou all had not a chance to dine before the stages started on a mapped out drive, and these must go hungry or miss a train, which, like "time or tide wait for no man," nor woman either, for that matter. To the next chance to eat was over twenty-four hours, so the 46 disappointed ones went hungry. The unprecedented travel was excuse for all this; so no one was to blame.

At Minturn was quite a collection of idlers; made so, they said, by the inhumanity of the Plutocrats of the East and Europe. They had a spokesman and he was ready for questions or arguments when brought before them by tourists. That they were honest in their beliefs went without saying, and that their assertions were superficially logical seemed admissible; but behind all loomed the simple fact that the silver mines had produced more of the white metal than the world needed for money, and it did not pay to dig for it for mechanical purposes alone. Whenever possible I made it a point

to look into the nature of the grievances of our Western brothers towards us; not always a pleasant undertaking, when they honestly thought us their oppressors. William J. Bryan is their God and silver is their profit. His “crown of thorn” style of speeches sown in their responsive hearts has grown to something hard to argue down. I was talking to the leader of three miners out of work, who were seated on a store-goods box in front of a saloon. He had started the subject of the burden laid on the mining and farming regions of the West by the Eastern money power. The idle silver mines; the out-of-work, rough clad miners; the humble homes; the Pullman cars and the well-dressed excursionists made good object lessons for my friends on the store-goods box, which no arguments, as to our well meaning, or our calling attention to the money the tourists were scattering in handsfull along their way, could set aside. “You say you are our friends,” said my *vis-a-vis*; “that what you do is for our good; that if you make money you spend it. That's all very nice. But, see here! I, like my friends here, am out of work. Do you see that canyon there? Well, along it I have three claims. I was working then; they were paying me well and my family were having the comforts of life. My dog, you see by my side, 47 was fat. How is it now? It don't pay to work these mines. Why? You demonitized silver. The consequence is I am out of work and my family unprovided for, my dog poor and all on account of you. You say you are our friends. It tires me to hear such talk.” With one arm around his dog, which seemed to look in his face knowingly, and the other emphasizing his words; while his friends looked eagerly at him as the champion of their rights and the crowd of excursionists gathered around, the scene was interesting. But what could I do to convince him of his financial errors. Continuing his excited talk he tripped up in the pronunciation of the word “statistics,” for though full of forceful talk, he was no scholar. At this one of our party—there are fools in all crowds—mimmicked him, with an added laugh. I thought the miner would have knocked him down; but he restrained himself and went on with his talk. Just then a “kodak fiend” came up and set his trap for the quartette, when dog and all commenced to scatter; but the artist used conciliatory language, promising to send the men pictures—the dog giving the consent of silence—and got his affirmative negatives. By the way how many “snaps” were got that way by our folks; asking for addresses of victims and guaranteeing them pictures by return mail. But about the rest of that arguement? Well, trains don't wait for the conclusion of way-side discussions; the passengers hastened from their dubious coffee, cheese sandwiches and arguments pro and con on

the subjects of gold, silver and monopolies and we soon left Minturn and its unsympathetic people far behind.

FROM THE CAR WINDOW.

48

We were now rapidly descending the Pacific slope. Forty miles through the Eagle and Grand Canyons; deep, tortuous cleavings of the western skirts of the Rocky Mountains. The river is close to the track. You wonder how the obstructions will be passed when rolling over a bridge or through a tunnel we see our way clear. The Grand River with the Green forms the Colorado, which some miles below ploughs a canyon in which might be buried the Yosemite Valley till the Big Trees would look like weeds. An abysmal wonder is the Canyon of the Grand, zigzagging from side to side, by the verge of seething rushing water, until you wonder what the outcome will be. Almost perfect lines of masonry, bastions and towers; side by side, or range above range of sharp-cleft lines of cut stone-work divide our attention from the dizzy heights above them or the swirling stream below. At length we come from darkness to light and the eye is greeted with a pamorama of variegated colored rock-facings—red, green and yellow predominating; to darkness again as we shoot through a tunnel, then light again, when the Springs of Glenwood show themselves, steaming with sulphurous heat.

Here is a fine hotel called the Colorado; built by the excursionist, Raymond. The red stone of its walls, from nearby quarries, are consistent with its name, and are contrasted with white trimmings, but in greater contrast was the original structure, before the railroad came, whose rough lumber was packed by donkeys over the mountain, with the present architectural wonder of the canyon. The health-giving sulphur springs are a great attraction to invalids, their temperature varying from 40 to 140 degrees. The immense swimming pool 600 feet long, 110 feet wide and with a depth of 4 feet; of a suitable warmth and gamey with odor was an object of interest. It is fed from a hot spring that runs 2,500,000 gallons daily. The steaming pool, the adjacent vapor cave, the high mountains abruptly 49

## CANYON OF THE GRAND RIVER.

50 rising, the many attractions about the grounds, floral and artificial, puzzle the mind and make you wonder and admire.

Rich and poor in search of health come here from afar. Among the patients was a man stiff with rheumatism who, with the trust of a faith curist, was making himself believe his joints were loosening. Scant of means he had saved enough money to try these waters, and his painful efforts to appear better, and his words full of hope made him a symbol of Pathos.

As was the custom, when there was a possible chance to advance their objects and to show that they were not Christian Endeavorers merely in name, our people held an open air meeting after dinner at the “Colorado”—a meal, by the way, so appetizing that, when the same was over, we felt that while miles back we had *seen* the Royal Gorge we now had *had* one; in fact were made so forgetful of the many misconceptions at past eating stations, that we experienced a contentment, a continuous feast itself according to the old adage, which brought oblivion to the poverty prevailing about us in the silver camps. Several citizens of the town and mining regions thereabouts fringed our unusual gathering but truth compels me to say they were not obtrusive in taking part in the services. Mingling among these were our friends “Alkali Ike,” “Broncho Bill” and perhaps “Sage Brush Pete”—not having an introduction I can't say positively—big of hat; bulgy of hip-pocket and profusive of straddling swagger. But we should not be too critical. Our Pilgrim Fathers attended religious gatherings with large “guns,”—here a pistol is a gun—and head gear fully as prominent, and passed unscathed by local censors. There, however, the comparison ends. The most hopeful optimist would not call the average Rocky-mountaineer a reverent person. That he keeps his hat on, even during prayer, smokes his pipe and indulges in a running conversation during services, goes without saying. While naturally brave on this occcsion he showed a timidity that kept him seperated from the crowd, as if fearful of being 51 called on for his “experience.” I would like to apply the lines. “The bravest are the tenderest— The loving are the daring”—

## SWIMMING POOL—GLENWOOD SPRINGS.

but concientiously I cannot. They were perhaps brave and daring, but as to being loving and tender, at least toward us, they were not. These Isaacs, Williams and Peters, to 52 Christianize their names, seemed to think themselves another race of beings from ourselves; at least on another plane, to judge them by their views on virtue and religion, for the practice of these and hypocrisy were synonymous in their peculiar view of society.

The day of our stopping at Glenwood was the National holiday, and after our religious services it was celebrated in speech and song; but William J. Bryan had been abroad lately; the usual object lessons were in sight—Pullman cars; well-dressed Eastern men and women, products of the system which was impoverishing the West; non-paying silver mines; a mammoth, \$350,000 hotel, supported by the rich, and a millionaires summer resort looking down superciliously from a mountain height; so the Fourth of July fell flat, outside the excursionists. Instead of being welcomed among them as disseminators of money as well as religion our purple and orange colors seemed to have the same effect on the people of the silver regions that a red flag has on the horned monarch of a “Plaza del Toro,” and those wearing them as getting the benefits of a monetary system which was grinding them to the earth whose silver they could not afford to dig. I told one of these that the remedy was in mining gold instead of silver and that the Tariff would righten matters both East and West, but the words fell on unwilling ears. With logic which no arguments would satisfy he spoke as did the man at Minturn. “Our mines are of silver; necessarily the absence of cheap coal and the high wages we are obliged to pay precludes competitive manufacturing; our interests are not identical. Give us free silver coinage; then our mines will start up; we will be able to buy your products and we will all, from California to Maine, be happy.” But the comfort is that Time, the great healer, will make everything right with our mountain friends—for they are not our enemies wilfully, or all “Alkali Ikes,” but the bulk of them honest in their convictions. The introduction of the school house; the Sabbath school and its follower, the Church, will soften and elevate 53 their views on religion, and a few years of National prosperity with the substitution of gold for silver mining, when practicable, and other industries, when not, will so modify their feelings towards us of the East that we will be the same homogeneous people of a generation ago.

Again on our way we debouched from the Canyon of the Grand, when we passed over a desert country; although there was pasture for stock on the river bottoms. At one station, where we laid over, we were shown specimens of good horsemanship by the cow-boys who had come in to gather some nickels, which amused and interested us; racing, lassoing, picking up objects on the run, &c. At a cattle and mining town called De Beque the citizens claimed to have a \$7000 school house, and they seemed to be prosperous. Irrigation had made the desert bloom around this odd named town. Peaches, grapes, apricots, pears and all kinds of small fruit have taken the place of sage-brush, grease-wood and cactus. Early morning showed we had left the valley of Grand River, which by mountain and desert we had followed so long. We were now passing over long reaches of sand with isolated mountains in the far distance. For a hundred miles we did not see a stream of water; but with artesian wells that did not matter. Back at Grand Junction I was shown what irrigation would do on the desert. Fruit of all kinds abounded here at this Oasis. When the season is at its height they have an annual festival or fiesta called "Peach Day." The choicest of fruits are brought in to the town, literary exercises are held, and the wind up is a grand Tournament, when Cow-boys are the Knights and bucking-bronchos and fractious steers the material whereby they show their prowess and make a desert holiday. "Fair laides," they say, are not wanting to award the prizes; but they seemed to be in hiding when we passed through the place.

It is hard to find any one for track hands on these sun-burned plains but Chinamen and Indians; the hardy natives of Sunny 54 Italy, even, fight them shy. Stations were far apart and the people around them few. A sight at one of these, where we halted, was a gibbering idiot with his teasing companions; a scene fitting to the repulsive surroundings. Wind mills and tanks are the necessities of these stations for watering the engines and little gardens. The saloon, also, seemed a necessary adjunct. One of these, with fine irony, was called "The Oasis."

From the bridge over Green River can be seen, fifty miles away, the start of the Canyon of the Colorado, just below the coming together of the Green and Grand. At a bright spot on the desert, called Helper, we got our breakfast. The usual rush and forgetfulness of the amenities of polite education and the feed was over. Experience had taught us how to make ready for the choice end

of the first table at these wayside feasts. I have told the reader before my views of the easy-descent in connection with the slide from a civilized life to barbarism. We were all guilty so I am not invidious.

An occasional group of charcoal ovens, looking like a small Hottentot village, and now and then a sorry looking set of ranch buildings appeared along the route. At Castle Gate, a mining town, "cabined, cribbed, confined" by the walls of a narrow canyon leading to the valleys of Utah, are coal mines and coke ovens, the output of which goes as far as San Francisco. The coal is worked from the foot of a mountain; a vein three to eight feet thick following the slope to the summit. It is a dry mine, and to prevent fire-damp water must be continually sprayed through it. For this, the fans, and working the cars a six-hundred horse engine is used. The "slack" is made into coke while the lump coal is shipped.

Our people were curious, and being in Utah were hunting Mormons, and when one was found the impolite question was propounded to them, "How many wives have you?" 55 They might have answered, Yankee fashion, "How many had Solomon, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob?" but they did not want to be discourteous to strangers; they had us on that, however. Many of the miners were of the Latter Day Saints, as they

#### CASTLE GATE, UTAH.

perfer being called, but polygamy is not openly practiced. Through Castle Gate we passed where sandstone columns, 500 feet high, arose in grand suggestiveness, and over Soldier Summit, and 56 then descended to the Utah Valley. I was now again approaching ground previously traversed and the towns ahead had a familiar sound. The names of Spanish Fork, Springville, Provo, Battle Creek and Lehi were as echoes from the past. The first, on the stream we were traveling, was left to one side; the others we passed through. Springville, as was also Lehi, in 1858, was a walled town. At night the cattle from the neighboring farms were gathered within their walls, the gates were closed and with watchmen on guard all was safe from the prowling Indian. These walls were made of tempered clay; tamped between shifting frames the required distances apart and height and left to dry. I saw some twelve feet high when here before that had stood ten years, and all lasted

till their need was over. The houses were built of adobe bricks, sun-dried, four inches thick and ten by twenty in other dimensions and at the end of fifty years were as durable as ever. All that is required is roof protection in this climate. Some houses had been painted and plastered, but otherwise I saw but little change. The water running along the streets, giving life to shade trees and gardens, with the low, gray houses at regular intervals took me back to the time when after months of mountain and desert travel they seemed so fair and home-like. A short distance up the valley we saw the gleaming waters of Utah Lake, and its sight recalled the time when, emerging from the dark recesses of Provo Canyon, it came upon our sight from its setting of desert and reclaimed farm land, with low lying mountains in the background. In my whole journey, thus far, the stretch from Provo to Salt Lake City gave me the first opportunity of directly following the old trail. The villages we sped by, or occasionally stopped at were invariably those our ox-train crept by in the long ago, and where we traded ox-chains for pies and vegetables; luxuries we had not seen for months on the shores of the Missouri, and I recall the change of heart that was upon us on nearing the end of our toilsome journey. At Battle Creek 57 was where I had my first "set-by" dinner, which, being unblest with money, I bought with an old gun barrel picked up on the Plains. The rye coffee and tough-crusted, unsweetened pumpkin pie I call to mind, but I had been fareing on worse; besides I was sitting on a chair with my knees under a table and was surrounded by father, mother and children. The former said a devout grace before meal, and showed a thriftiness in taking a quid of tobacco from his mouth for future reference that betokened a competence for his old age. I was disappointed in seeing but one wife; but so it was. One cannot have everything.

The last town we passed through, before entering Salt Lake Valley was Lehi, a name taken from the Mormon Scriptures, Forty years ago it was surrounded by a substantial wall. I recollect the gates were narrow. It was night when we passed through them and I recall how fearful I was my six-yoke team might veer so much from their course as to enact the role of Samson at Gaza. But we went through safely, as did the other forty-nine wagons. The unusual sight of rows of lighted houses and staring citizens was impressive.

The "oldest settler; the most ancient Mason and the left-over from the war of 1812 are often envied for their prominence; but I think, unless childish, they feel heart-sick in their isolation and long

to exchange it for the young life of any of the gaping crowd around them, and deem a lion in his decadence a poor comparison to a thriving dog. When the town anniversary, the Lodge celebration, and the Fourth of July festivities are over the old fellow who punctuated them with his presence and more or less senile remarks goes home unnoticed, sick and sorry, and thinking of the long ago when he envied some Revolutionary relic or “Hero of the French War” on similar occasions. In my present overland journey I saw no one on the train who had gone before in the primitive way I had 58 traveled, so I was in a position to give points on localities and draw comparisons which attracted attention. But as long experience involved corresponding age I could not help compromising myself with the above “old-timers” and it gave me a sad isolated feeling.

The trees planted around the Mormon homes made the scenery pleasant. Sometimes long rows of them extended along the fields as “wind-breaks.” They were principally of

“TROUGH THE STREETS OF LEHI IN '58.”

Boxelder, Cotton-wood and Poplar, the last like “Lombardies” of a past generation; the limbs shooting up perpendicularly in long, slender branches. The orchards were of little note on my first visit, but now were common and yielding well under irrigation.

After passing Lehi our train—the steam train—came to the Jordan River which we followed down to Salt Lake, at varying 59 distances from its shores. This was once called “Utah Outlet,” but connecting bodies of water so similar to Gallilee and the Dead Sea gave the Mormons, with their religious imagery, a cause to so name it. Near Lehi our ox-trains crossed the river to Camp Floyd, thirty miles west, and after unloading we returned and recrossed the Jordan lower, and went to Salt Lake where we disbanded. The train passed rapidly north by the banks of the brawling outlet, and at 6 o'clock, on the 5th of July, we reached the city.

60

IV.

Around Salt Lake. Oh, Land of fresh and pickled lakes— Of deserts and oases— Where canyons dark and deep look out On blooming, smiling places! Though socially, from out the past, Thou even yet art tainted, We joy to know the evil one Is not as black as painted!

WHEN on my previous overland journey, I came in sufficient contact with the Mormons to know they were ignorant as a body and clannish and ready to follow their leaders when ordered. They showed this in their journeys West; in the abandonment of Salt Lake City on the troops approaching it and leaving their homes in far off San Bernardino, at the call of Brigham Young, to help defend the mountain passes of the Wahsatch from the Federal invasion. I also knew that polygamy was a blight upon them; but as a class they were honest in their views, taking the examples of prominent characters in the Old Testament to justify themselves in what distinguished them from other Christian sects. That they were industrious was shown in the way they made the cold, desert soil of Utah bloom under irrigation. The character of the men I traveled with from Salt Lake to California favorably impressed me towards them. These were plain, honest fellows; clear of 61 drinking and the use of objectionable language and kind in their deportment toward us. Of course they might have been Danites, or Destroying Angels, and been in the Alliterate Mountain Meadow Massacre, moreover, and had a dozen wives apiece at home; but we did not know. Was it Kate Field who said “the way the Mormons differed from us was that they drove their wives side by side while we drove ours tandem?” Anyhow if she used the words she showed herself a genius. Now that they have abandoned plural wives, except as they cannot help themselves on account of ties formed before laws hostile were passed by Congress, and their main religious tenets are not more startling than those of some other sects among Christians, it becomes us to be more lenient towards them until they have time to work out their salvation. It is not much over two hundred years since Quakers were hung and Baptists banished by followers of the meek and lowly Jesus who have now become very different on the score of Charity towards those who differ from them, and why may not the Mormons change also? In giving us the use of their Tabernacle in which to hold the Christian Endeavor rally they heaped a tolerable large shovel full of hot coals on our heads which we must be mindful of, and regret the disrespectful sotto-voce remarks which some of us used in the Mormon meeting that followed ours, when some of their leading men made known their beliefs. Possibly

these Latter Day Saints showed themselves Up to Date Saints, also, when they led us in to this situation, but if it was a trap and we walked into it let us shoulder our part of the responsibility.

In asking one of their ministers, named Stewart, at Ogden, the Mormon belief he said they held with most Christian sects, except as to Revelation. That had ceased at the death of Christ, but there were so many interpretations of God's word that confusion followed and a new start must be made; so the Lord sent his angel, Maroni, who appeared to Joseph Smith and commanded that a new Dispensation should follow, whereby the 62 good old System of Apostles, Bishops and Priests should be renewed. So God laid his hand on his Prophet, and he on Brigham Young, who placed his on John Taylor and we his on Wilford Woodruff, the present Lord's annointed, although Smith had laid his hand on Taylor as well as Young. Our questions were all answered in a confident, respectful way; showing our interlocutor had a sincere spirit, if on the wrong spiritual track. A ship had just landed in New York with her jute cargo on fire, which for days the crew had tried to extinguish. There were fifty Mormon emmigrants on board, but they had not felt the least concern, for never had there a ship gone down with one of their faith on board, said Elder Stewart. I asked him if he thought that was so. "Think it? I know it, said he." "The only time ill luck ever befel a Mormon ship was when the *Arizona* struck an ice-berg and shipped four hundred tons of water; but God preserved them by sending along a vessel who took them and their belongings off safely. "Their missionaries, 1500 in number, are out all the time, and these are continually sending on converts to Utah, which is the place ordained by God as the resting place of the Latter Day Saints. I asked the Elder when the Mormons first showed themselves?" "In North and South America 1800 years ago." Who were they? "You see a remnant around here. They have blankets on, and some of them carry pappooses on their backs." Sure enough there were some of these long-haired, untutored savages around the station. It is a fiction among the Saints that the lost tribes of Israel came to America and the Indians are their descendants—all being Mormons as were their progenitors. I asked him what claims the Mormons had on Utah when they resisted the government in 1858. He said before that territory was ceded by Mexico to the United States the Mormons held title to the part they occupied, and as they had paid for it they had a right to defend it by force of arms. The same of the San Bernardino tract. Polygamy was a dead issue. He neither practiced nor believed 63 in it. There were

several well dressed young men around—Mormons—and when occasion offered dipped in their conversational oars with vigor; as did several of our own people. Elder Stewart was a fine looking man of sixty; without sign of gray in beard or hair, and with none of that demoralized appearance we are prone to connect with Mormonism. His tongue was fluent and he had a ready reply to every Gentile argument. An original Abolitionist, he was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, and was among the first emigrants to Kansas. He was one of John Brown's men in the troublous times there, and could give many memories of them. Outside his belief I could not help but have an admiration for this man and when I found he crossed the plains the same year as myself a sort of fraternal feeling came up between us. Mutual camps, trials and experiences, generally have that result among old plainsmen. Our long stop at Odgen was an event; but I must return to my experiences in Salt Lake City.

As soon as we got off the cars we proceeded with our characteristic vim to “The Tunnel,” an underground restaurant, from its darkness appropriately named, which our coupons said owed us a supper. It reminded me of the Roman Catecombs, or rather descriptions of them. Those were receptacles for early Christian Martyrs; this for late Christian Endeavorers. We had had our usual, of late, twenty-four hours fast and felt like adding martyrs to our long name, also, but immersed in our “feed” we forgot past troubles and comparisons. But the rush was something fearful to behold. After this I made the best use of my time while it was day to look up old land-marks. When I was last here Temple Square was simply enclosed by a twelve-foot high adobe wall. The Temple foundations had been commenced, but the work suspended on account of pending troubles. Now that tall, pinnacled realization of Young's dream pierces the air, with the angel, Maroni, perched on the topmost point, trumpet in hand, and facing the East, when he first interviewed the Prophet Smith. This building was forty years to completion and cost \$3,000,000. The size is 180 by 120 feet and its height 210 feet. Its inner sanctuaries are open only to those who are high up in Church degrees. Just west is the Tabernacle, a building with a roof like a turtle's back, seating 8000 people. Near by is the Assembly Hall; the place of worship, proper. At the corner of the block surrounding, a curiosity in architecture, called the Eagle Gate, spans the street diagonally in two arches, surmounted by a spread-winged Bird of Freedom. From here, eastward, extends the

buildings of the hierarchy, beginning with the printing office of the "Deseret News" and ending with the "Bee Hive House." Sandwiched between were the old "Perpetual Emigration Fund," Brigham Young's residence and store houses for manufactured goods. Some were open, showing dark, littered up rooms and were out of repair generally; in great contrast to the private buildings, many of which are fine structures. They were bright and well kept forty years ago. They are adobe built and the "march of improvement" will soon level them to the ground. The buttressed wall built of cobble-stones, with clay for mortar, around the square is still in fair shape. These buildings, with their enclosure, were the most conspicuous features of Salt Lake on my first visit, but were now unnoticed by our tourists.

There were three of Brigham Young's widows living. One of them was Margaret Pierce, who, when a little girl, moved from Chester county to Nauvoo with her father who had joined the Mormons. On growing up she was "sealed" to Young, and remains true to his memory; while Amelia, of fifty years, is getting ready for a second matrimonial venture. She lives in a neat house, all to herself. The other ex-wives also live separate. Margaret gave several callers her autograph. The others were so annoyed by the ill-manners of the more curious of the tourists, who asked them what numbers they went by, how they got along together and other disrespectful questions that they turned their backs upon them. The grave of the many-wived Young is a square away from his old home, is fenced in, with "B. Y.," in gilt letters on the gate. Several other graves, around this, which is the radiating point, mark with flat stones where lay his deceased relicts. Up to within a few years of his death Brigham lived in the "Bee Hive House;" but he died in the "Lion House;" embittered by the knowledge that so much of the power over his people had been taken away from him by the United States government. Let Brigham rest in peace. He had his faults but was a much belied man. While despotic and bigoted to a degree he accomplished much for the welfare of his people. He planned for them awake and asleep. The buildings in Temple Square are the realizations of dreams Prophetic. The Tabernacle may be a subject for architectural criticism, but the Temple is a grand realization of Young's Night Thoughts!

In an adjoining lot was an old deserted school house where his children attended and, all being brothers and sisters, the teacher could not be accused of favoritism. In a tent close by two

enterprising Mormon boys exhibited a carriage, owned by the Prophet, and which, in 1861, was drawn over the plains by oxen. It was not a drawing card now and enticed few visitors at five cents, although a bargain-counter reduction had been made from ten.

I noticed the streams coursing along the gutters, solely for watering the trees and gardens. Before they were also used for house use, and there was a fine for the defilement of the water; even washing the hands therein meant a loss of five dollars. I was reminded of the time when on my first morning in Salt Lake City I crawled from my open-air bed and thought to signalize my arrival among civilized people by what is known now as a bath, but then as a wash of face and hands. I had hardly made a dip in the ice-cold water coursing along the curb when I heard the cry "Stranger! That means five dollars if the constable sees you!" I wondered what would come next, when a 66 morning wash would defile a gutter and provoke a fine. It certainly was not complimentary to me!

For general use a \$1,500,000 water plant supplies the city. Sixty miles of trolley lines traversed the streets, when forty years ago I did not remember seeing a carriage, and coal is exported where wood for winter use was hauled many miles from the mountain canyons with oxen. The power for running the cars and lightning the city comes from large reservoirs in rifts of the Wahsatch range. Then I did not see a steam engine; now a part of the city was black with furnace-smoke. The streets on which were scattered one-story adobe houses are paved with asphaltum and solidly built up; although, to show the contrast, we see many of the picturesque, gray homes of the old settlers yet standing in the suburbs, with their orchards and gardens surrounding them. The then lonely, silent shores of Salt Lake now echo with thousands of human voices, at the bathing places of Saltair and Garfield Beach, and are jarred by rumble of trolley cars, or clang of gongs as the excursionists go and come.

The Tabernacle is a curious looking building. When Brigham dreamed its plan he must have had a just previous heavy supper of terrapin, from the shape of the roof. Its oval capacity of 250 by 150 feet had been filled in the afternoon by an Endeavor "Rally;" at the regular Sabbath service of the Mormons in the evening it was jammed with humanity. With 10,000 to 12,000 excursionists in the city this can be easily accounted for. There were twenty, large double-doors, all guarded by

policemen; and here the crowd surged in efforts to enter, while others suffering from the heat within tried to get out. I was late getting there, so failed to see the opening exercises; but the prayer, I was told, was such as is heard in other Christian Churches; the recognition of Jesus Christ as the Son of God and Saviour of mankind included. The choir of five hundred voices was singing, and as this was accompanied by 67 the Great Organ its effects can be imagined. This musical wonder is thirty by thirty-three feet in depth and width, and forty-eight feet high, with sixty-seven stops, three keys boards, and two thousand six hundred pipes, from three-fourths of an

“THE TABERNACLE.”

inch to thirty-two feet high. No wonder the Tabernacle roof is hump-backed from the rise of sound-volume from such a monster. After the choral opening there were addresses by Elders Cannon and Penrose well fitted for the large percentage of Gentiles in the audience. The dead past was allowed to bury 68 its dead; so no allusions were made to bygone unpleasantness; in reference to charity and forbearance they hewed to the line, let the coals of fire fall where they might. I have alluded to the Mormon belief as to the continuance of Revelation, but it was farther elaborated here. The 18th and 19th verses of the last chapter of the Book of that name on a superficial glance militates against that view, but these Latter-Day expounders claim that “not man but God added unto these things” by appearing unto Joseph Smith through the angel, Maroni, and ordering the additions to Revelation in his own name. A short synopsis in the Mormon faith is a belief in the Trinity; that through the Blood of Christ all men may be saved; that mankind will be punished for its own sins only, and not for what was done by Adam six thousand years ago; that their ministers must be “called of God by prophecy and the laying on of hands” to preach the Gospel; that the same organizations which existed in the primitive Church, such as Apostles, Prophets, &c., should be in “these latter days;” that the Bible is the Word of God “as it is correctly translated” and that the Book of Mormon is also the Word of God. They also believe all that the Lord has revealed and what He now reveals and that He will yet reveal more; also that the Ten Tribes will be restored and that there will be a second advent of Christ who will personally reign on earth.

They believe in the Resurrection of the Dead and Eternal Judgement; that as death is universal so will be the raising of the bodies. Jesus holds the keys, and when He will come into His Kingdom He will call forth his Saints from the earth and their bodies shall be tangible, though spiritual.

After one thousand years the rest of the dead will arise. The just who knew not Christ will come first: then will come the unjust. All will be judged mercifully, but justly and rewarded or punished according to their merits. The glory of the sun, moon and stars, as they take precedence, will be symbols of the 69 futures of mortals who have known Christ or who have acted justly without knowing Him. The Sons of Darkness, which, of course, has particular reference to those who have persecuted the righteous, shall inherit no glory, “but go out with the devil and his angels into outer darkness, and suffer the second death.” The general line of their belief does not seem so out of the way thus far. It might be called Orthodox.

With the marriage rules connected with their religion there are some interesting points. A wife, when “sealed” to her husband, is his now and forever. Should she die he can wed another. Should fate, more or less kind, give him the third wife at the resurrection he would have three wives, which, with their children would form one family, “and would be suitable company for Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and other ancient worthies in the heavenly kingdom.” If the husband should die with a wife behind him, and she should marry, it would be for time, only, and in the resurrection she would take her place with her original husband. The children of her second venture would go with her.

But the Mormon belief in the marriage relation does not stop here. They argue if one raised from the dead with a glorified body has a right to more than one wife so has a man on this earth. Revelation declares the first condition to exist and logically sanctions the second. With belief in what the angel, Maroni, brought to Joseph Smith everything follows. But one of the articles of faith declares “obedience to temporal laws” and since the passage of the Edmunds bill polygamy is illegal; so at a full conference of the Church it was decided that a plurality of wives would no longer be allowed—in Utah. In Colorado and Nevada, where there are Mormons and no antagonistic State

laws, that is another matter, and there they can follow the the example “of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and other ancient worthies.”

70

One of the peculiarities of this peculiar religion is its progressiveness, and that not only is revelation continuous but that it is subject to startling innovations, as in the past. The introduction of polygamy was one and this was followed by the “baptism of the dead” and the reconcillation of those who were at enmity in this world after their emigration to the next. These have come through the Presidents, as policy or whim dictated. The baptism of the dead is of course done vicariously. There living friends may therefore be immersed for them and the record be made on earth and ratified in heaven; of course the belief and repentance of the dead must be in some way satisfactory. The union by proxy in this world of those who are supposed to be discordant in the one following is even assured.

Want of space prevents me from continuing these oddities of religious belief farther. To attain a certain amount of consistency fresh absurdities are added, till things are woefully mixed up. I will stop short by saying that when the Mormans differ from other Christians their religion is absurd rather than criminal, according to their explanation.

In regard to the personal appearance of the Mormons I will not go so far as some of my Endeavorer friends who could spot a Latter Day Saint on sight by his brutalized features, the female of his species by her care-worn, submissive air, and their children by their precociousness. As far as my observation went they compared favorably with other Christian denominations. The consistencies require a different expression of opinion, but that cannot be helped; I am here to state facts. Who expects to see faces dehumanized by impure living, and uncouth dress and manners prevailing will be disappointed. A look at the five hundred faces of the young men and women composing the Tabernacle choir, and the leading members of the church, with their attire and deportment, would disabuse an unprejudiced person of that belief.

71

Apropos of this I recall a recent occurrence at a class examination at an Eastern college. From student to student a complex question went unsolved until one, on the farther side of the hall arose and answered it. He was the son of Brigham Young! These things ought not to be.

The following clipping would show that the Mormon Church is anything but a dying one, although it is rather discouraging reading for Gentiles: "The Mormons are very active and energetic, and they still seem disposed to take part in politics, as a Church. Statistics presented at the last general conference of the Church represented that the increase in membership, through baptism of children who have reached the age of eight years, and of adult converts in Utah, Idaho, Canada, Colorado, Wyoming, and Arizona has been larger than during any year in the Church's history. Outside the Rocky Mountain region the Mormon Church has received more accessions than in any two years previously. The greatest comparative increase has been in New England, in States east of the Missouri river, north of the Ohio, and in Oregon and California. In foreign lands and other parts of the United States than the Mormon region, there are about 1400 missionaries at work, mostly young or middleaged men, all of whom travel without salary or allowance from the Church, for the Church permits no minister to receive a salary, but only to rely on the hospitality of the people."

Among the great number of excursionists were numerous crooks who had followed them for plunder. During services in the Tabernacle several thefts occurred, as shown by the ejaculations of the victims; while at night there were robberies in the streets; in many cases, according to next day's papers, the victims losing money and tickets; a bad predicament in this far off land. One man lost five hundred dollars. I had a little experience of my own. Late at night while going up the steps of my car I was followed by three men whom I thought, in the darkness, belonged with us. As I reached for the door-knob 72 they commenced to jostle, and suspecting from the small number there was no occasion for that I instinctively reached for my pocket-book, which I found pulled out and ready to drop. At this they all ran; being scared by some outside happening. As my purse necessarily contained more or less of what is known as the root of all evil, besides my railroad ticket, I experienced, not exactly the weary feeling, so often alluded to, but something the reverse, and akin to very lively emotions.

The next day, July 6th, after another look at the half ruined remnants of old adobe buildings, which had been tithing offices and store houses for Church goods, we took a trolley ride to Salt Lake, twenty miles away. The bath houses, pavillions, salt works and the disagreeable odors from the marshes along the borders of the Lake are my chief memories of that excursion. Huge piles of salt, made by evaporation, naturally and artificially, showed that the dense waters of this American Dead Sea are turned to account. We returned by 2 o'clock and in an hour were on board the cars and on our way to California. Much of our route was in sight of the Lake, and passing scattered ranch buildings with trees around them and lining the fields soon reached Ogden where we got supper. The hotel was a fine one and our dining-room was on the sixth floor; quite a change from our last subterranean restaurant; the "Tunnel." The view from this was extensive in the Lake direction. Ogden is a progressive city of twenty thousand people, with water works, electric lights and trolley cars. Reservoirs at high elevations furnish the power. Marvelous stories were told by the farmers we saw of the yield of crops around here; wheat 50 to 60 bushels per acre; potatoes 700 and alfalfa three tons to the acre, three times a year. This was, of course, from irrigation. Horses sold at \$20 a piece; cows \$25, and sheep \$1.50.

The gleaming waters of Salt Lake were plainly visible much of our way after leaving Ogden, and we only lost sight of them 73 as darkness closed around us. Morning found us in a sterile country. We stopped for breakfast at a sun-scorched town, called Terrace. I was much interested in two tramps we found here, who had beaten their way thus far on the trucks of passenger cars; jumping on and off while they slowed up or started. They were disgusted with California and were going in this style to the East. One of them was intelligent, said he had clerked in a post office for three years, which might have been a lie or might not. He was now "on the bum." The views of the hoboes on society are interesting. Reasoning on different planes, argument is wasted on the intelligent among them; for there are such. This one seemed to think the world in debt to him, so would rather steal than beg; what was not given to him willingly he would take. However, when he got home in Wisconsin he would lead a new life. His father had died and from the estate he would get some "beans," when he would settle down. I saw he was hungry and went to the restaurant and got him something to eat; telling him to give some to his "pard," who had sauntered away, when

he came back. Seeing sometime afterward he had not touched it, I thought there was some good in him, not jolted out by his rough ride, and told him to eat his grub and I would get him more for his friend. He preferred waiting, however, and when I came back the other hobo was there, and they both had their fill. I don't know that the bread cast on the waters at Terrace will ever return, but I think I so wrought on my man's feelings, from the emotion he showed, that something good may come out of the affair. He certainly had nothing to gain by making pretense, for he had asked no favors.

Around Terrace is a desert in reality; a fact, which no glamour of land agent or railroad dead-head can hide. There are no running streams, and artesian wells and wind-mills are 74 necessary for the growth of the scant trees and vegetation about here. In all directions spread plains of sand, sprinkled with grease-wood; while in the far distance arose barren mountains.

75

*Salt Lake to San Francisco.*

V.

The panting oxen toiled along With head bowed down and lolling tongue; Beside the wild-eyed driver cursed— Raved of cool springs and died athirst. Now on this trail the Pullman flies; The sated tourist yawns and sighs For softer bed and better wine And wishes it were time to dine.

AFTER a tedious wait at Terrace the detaining trains got out of our way and we rolled on. At another desert station in Tecoma, Nevada, we suffered additional delay. There are rich copper mines in the adjacent mountains and this is a shipping point for the crushed ore which is put in sacks and shipped to the smelting works at Salt Lake. It is a dismal place to wait, as there are no shade trees except some scrubby cotton-woods; the sun hot and the sand glaring; but it was an interesting place for all, for when the surroundings lacked interest we had it in our power sometimes to furnish it. The foremost among our Endeavorers were always ready to do good, and, thinking a nearby saloon a good point to operate on, 76 concluded to hold services under the shade of its porch. A few women and children and four or five cowboys composed, outside ourselves, the

audience. The cowboys are here called “buckaroos;” a corruption of the Spanish word “vaqueros;” as “calf-yard” is of “caballado”—the loose cattle of a train, and “avalanche” of ambulance.

A tough looking “buckaroo,” with a whiskey breath and a pistol, or “gun,” as they here call it, swinging at his hip, was swaggering around the porch. When his religious condition was enquired into, he said he read his Bible, said his prayers and could sing a hymn when occasion called for the same. His profession, however, did not hinder “Whiskey Bill” from continually urging his brother cowboys to come in and “take something,” even while our services were going on. These went in without coaxing, except one, who really appeared affected by the pleadings of one of our ministers, who amid the song service clung to him. Coming out of the saloon “Whiskey Bill” joined in the hymns with rude swinging of his arms, the other “buckaroos,” with the barkeeper at their head breaking in with noisy irreverence. A character in the scene was a tall cowboy, called “Texas Jack,” who was hiring out a gray broncho for enthusiastic passengers to ride, and who mingled with us when idle. He was a fine specimen of manhood, and dressed in the typical style of his tribe. One of our proselyting ladies, seeing his indifferent, or hostile attitude tried to work on his feelings. He was coolly respectful, but the lady's importunities at last stirred him up to the question, “Do you believe in the justice of God?” “Of course I do, and so do you,” said she. Then said the Texan, “There have been several accidents to you people on your way here; some of them fatal; now do you believe a just God would allow this, especially to professing Christians on such a mission as yours, causing painful deaths and life-long helplessness to innocent persons?” This answer was so Ingersollian that he was considered a hopeless case, and, 77 like a tough conundrum, was given up. “Texas” had ridden down from his cattle-ranch, forty miles off in the mountains, and was hiring his gray out on five and ten minute rides to tender-footed tourists who, without spurs or “quirts,” got little speed out of their “mount.” The Kodak man was about and got varying views of our handsome “vaquero,” on his horse swinging his lasso; with a flaxen-haired little girl on his saddle, or throwing his coil on a brother cowboy. More exhilarating sport was wanted by our blaze travelers, and a sufficiency of nickels being produced, Jack called for a man to mount his broncho. Victims were as scarce as the boy to ride the trick mule at the circus, but Bill, with the whiskey adjective, was soon on hand. He had surrounded enough of Tecoma invigorator to limber him up, so he jumped on the gray, and with

jingling spurs and flapping holster cavorted up and down the saloon front, with “Texas” making hits at every throw, and bringing him to a stop; sometimes lassoing him around the body, at others his horse by one or two feet. This, however, was disappointing sport for us, as Bill was not overthrown; the broncho always meekly stopping as soon as the noose was felt. Then the ladies, always admirers of knightly valor, and wishing a memento of this specimen, kept him busy writing autographs. In the meantime the religious services were going on at the saloon, with the certainty of one of the “buckaroos” being visibly affected by the pleadings of his Endeavorer friends.

In the kitchen of a nearby house was a Shoshone Indian, named “Rattlesnake Jim;” why so viciously prefixed I don’t know; for if he bore it rightfully, he was certainly as mild a mannered son of the forest as ever took a scalp or cut a throat. He was sitting stolidly on a soap-box, looking at the woman of the house washing dishes. He wore a buckskin shirt; but destroyed the proprieties by wearing blue overalls and a straw hat; making amends, however, by having his long locks done up in paper, as if preparing for a party—a scalping party, say. 78 He had the unmistakable features I looked upon of old; stolid and inscrutable, and his toes turned in; the cowboys looked at him as if they would rather see them turned up. Another feature of our Tecoma halt was an “outfit” on the road from Elko, on the Humboldt, to Ogden 275 miles away. There were two horses, an uncovered wagon and two men; one the owner of the team; the other one of these charity passengers, always on hand to impose on good nature, and a victim of laziness and drink. Following the line of the railroad gave these travelers a chance for water at the stations which the old trail did not; but it was a dismal journey from sand and sun. Before they started the Kodak fellows fired some parting shots at the picturesque sight; of course, taking the driver’s address as an evidence of good faith. Seated in their open wagons they finally left us; amid glaring sun-beams and rising dust, and were lost to view.

Back of the seething station were some sun baked buildings where Chinese lived. A “dug-out,” a deep hole, with trap doors, to keep provisions cool, a common sight at the desert stations, was seen here. Near by was a corral whose fence was made by lashing round pickets to rails with raw-hide thongs. There were no animals about; all being in teams hauling ore from the mines. The fuel used around here was sage-brush, hauled to the village on hay-racks, and lay in ricks. In spite of

the unpromising nature of the scene the school ma'am was abroad, for in a weather-beaten building, with the shingles and weatherboards curling up their edges in varied lines of beauty the callow children of Tecoma were being taught to the number of a dozen, although school was now out. The style of teacher who could stand it here I would like to know. The white, sandy plain and treeless mountains, with the animal kingdom, represented by Chinese, Buckaroos, Rattle-snake Jims, bucking-bronchos, swearing teamsters and horned toads, would drive an average woman crazy in a week. Strange to say a 79 woman telegrapher was content here. Still women volunteer to nurse in leper colonies and marry the queerest sort of men!

At last we left Tecoma; but from heavy trains and grades we moved slowly. The track hands were Indians and Chinese, and were par-boiled like lobsters. White men won't work here. They will herd cattle, break horses, raise Cain at shooting frolics, and drink whiskey, but they won't labor on the Union Pacific.

Here along the railroads they have sand fences as well as snow breaks. These are not made tight and upright, but open and aslant, like one sided chicken-coops, and propped. The sand is so light that the wind would loosen the posts, and the open work prevents drifting; hence this innovation. Telegraph poles have cairns piled around them and at angles have long braces. The sand is in deep layers and so loose one can hardly mount the hills.

Towards night we came to a station called Wells, a mining town of nine hundred people. This name is a contraction—Humboldt Wells being the full title in the old emigrant days. Here twenty or more circular openings are full of water and without a wave send their brackish water over a grassy desert oasis. This was a welcome spot and for a day or more early travelers refreshed themselves and hungry cattle for the further desert and mountain journey to California. A rare sight was here, a delegation of Sabbath school children neatly dressed and headed by their teachers meeting us—a spiritual oasis as contrasting as the temporal one just noted. The superintendent was called for. He came forth and received both praise and encouragement from our people as if he was serving the Lord under difficulties, and I think he was. A woman can get along in such work; she has more faith, a deeper sense of religion and it is thought to come natural to her. With her the maxim “To

be good is to be happy” holds good; even at Humboldt Wells. 80 As for man, at the same place, it is to be miserable. In a sneering community where “Alkali Ike” and “Hairtrigger Hank” and their ilk hold sway he needs a brave heart, a record for courage and strength and a sure aim, as well as religious fervor, to “hold the fort.” Hence I had a feeling that after our departure our good young superintendent would hear from those of his fellows who deem a lay professor a Pecksniff and each minister a Reverend Mr. Stiggins, but I believe, although a little sensitive to our kindness, which was in danger of killing him, he will come out all right in the end towards redeeming his community from its incubus of irreligion. I cannot help but think, however, that though we were sometimes sneered at by the people of the mining towns and the uncovering the head at our way-side services was deemed an effeminacy inconsistent with true sage-brush and Alkali manhood, our passing through the country with religious worship among the people wherever practicable will not only strengthen the Christian workers but impress the irreligious so they will be a help instead of a hinderance.

A feature, having its rise perhaps in the times when graves were disturbed by wild beasts, was noticed at the Wells cemetery, where each mound was enclosed with a picket fence; though this was common in the Mission grave-yards in California.

Passing down the Humboldt on heavy grades we came to a large lake into which the river flows. This body of water is thirty miles long and ten wide. Its contents are farther conducted to Carson Lake, or Sink, where they are lost.

At Wadsworth we got breakfast. Near here, at Pyramid Lake, into which the Truckee river flows, is an Indian Reservation. In its schools are one hundred scholars, in charge of which is a brave hearted woman, willing to spend her time among these semi-human people. From specimens we saw 81 around Wadsworth station their progress seems backwards. Several bucks, squaws and papposes were clustered around here to gather in what nickels they could from the sale of Indian goods, posing for camera folks, &c. I noticed one mother, who was allowing her child's picture taken, hiding her own with a blanket; either through superstition, or that the Kodaker did not get too much

for his money. They all had a stupid look; even the grown up children, who had been long enough at school to learn English, did not seem able to answer simple questions intelligently.

The smart natives had on exhibition, on the plane of the Cherry-colored Cat joke, a Red Bat. This bird-animal of the odd color was in a slatted, curtained box and with it was the “barker” and assistant, surrounded by a crowd of tourists, ennuyed with a long wait and keen for something whereby to pass away the time. The loquacious exhibitor advertised his “rara avis” as found up the wilds of the Chuck-a-luck canyon and by special arrangements on free admission to Christian Endeavorers, only. There was a dog also in the game and the assistant had much to do to keep him from breaking into the frail cage, while the “barker” made show of the fierceness of his charge by thrusting his hand neath the curtain and redrawing it with cries of pain. Then a tender-foot was asked to take a free peep and see the crimson monster; next a roar of laughter; then the victim was inducing another to look in and share his burden. An old buck, Captain Charlie by name, with wrinkles in his stoical face of a depth to plant potatoes in, and with signs of age denoting him too old a Piute to be caught with such bait was coaxed to look in, but his face afterward did not show a change. Then the assistant would feed the bat with cautious fingers, and carefully renail a loose slat, with “don't crowd the thing; he is used to the fresh air of the mountains, don't hold the curtain up so long”—to the victim—“you'll hurt his eyes.”

82

It was a Brick Bat! Thus did the desert denizens guy the guileless children of the East!

Following up the Truckee river we start on the ascent of the Sierra Nevada. At the town of Truckee we are in the heart of a lumber district which would the current year cut 4,000,000 feet of sawed-stuff, and keep the present mills going one hundred years; so the natives say but it is doubtful. The logs are brought in water chutes, which on high trestles and through cuts and tunnels come from miles up the mountains. These flumes are V shaped and logs two feet in diameter are quickly run down them. Boats of a similar shape carry the employees down to the mills from the woods. At Truckee station we are but sixteen miles from that “Gem of the Sierras,” Lake Tahoe.

In making the Loop for the ascent of the mountains we round Donner Lake, made memorable by the awful fate of an emigrant party who left Missouri in the spring of 1846. They were a portion of a much larger one from whom they separated at the South Pass to take a “cut-off.” This was a failure, and returning to the point of divergence were so delayed that they did not get to the passes of the Sierra Nevada until the 31st of October, a month behind time. There were several women and children with the train and from cold and starvation they suffered greatly. Several heroic efforts were made from the farther side of the mountain to break through the deep snows, as word had gone on of the situation, but additional storms came on and the rescuing party returned unable to accomplish their mission. At the same time the Donner party were doing their utmost to get over the range; two of the young men never being heard of afterwards. For six weeks the torments of cold and hunger possessed them, when eight men and five women, in desperation made another attempt. After a month's wanderings three of the men and the five women reached the settlements on the Sacramento; the rest perished. The fate of those adventurers was tragic. Halted by the snows they grew delirious; 83 exposed themselves and died. The living, abstaining from cannibalism to the last extremity, at last yielded and ate the dead, with one exception, the widow of one of the victims. That the five women got through safe is remarkable, and shows that the men were knightly and self-sacrificing. On the arrival of these at the settlements a relief party at once pushed forward to Donner Lake, where, in one of the cabins they found Keysburg, the sole survivor. He was haggard and revolting; having just finished gorging himself with human flesh; portions of which was lying around, and was solacing himself with a pipe. He had evidently added murder and robbery to his uncanny doings.

Another group of dead bodies was found where the survivors were feasting in the same ghoulish way; even members of the same family on one another. Lots had been cast, and preparations made for continuing the dread work, but death came kindly to the aid of the wretched emigrants.

There were eighty in the whole party, and thirty-five of these died. The rest after much suffering forced their way on or were rescued on the route. The remains were not buried until the next year. “Remains” was certainly the word; for, from the descriptions given by the burial party, the scene

resembled an “after the feast” on the Cannibal Islands. This is not pleasant reading, but I give it as one of the episodes of overland travel, fresh in the minds of Pacific Coast people on my former journey.

Slowly climbing the mountains we reach the “horse shoe” and from the gained elevation have a fine view of Donner Lake, which we have been circling. Gleaming in the sunset it is a pleasant memory; but for thoughts of the scenes enacted around its shores fifty years ago. Nearing the summit we enter the snow sheds which for forty-eight miles hide the landscape except as loosened planks give glimpses of mountain and valley—the first crowned with green hemlocks; the last sparkling with 84 the Lake waters. Two engines take us near the summit, which a long tunnel leads us through and we swiftly descend the Sacramento Valley. With towering mountains, deep valleys, sparkling streams and high waterfalls our attention is continually taken. The old emigrant trail which we have followed for two hundred and fifty miles, is now and then seen, and we wonder how the oxen, gaunt and sore-footed, with weeks of desert travel ever climbed such mountains. We pass towns whose names bring up tales of the Argonauts, and we recall “John Oakhurst,” “The Fool of Five Forks,” and “The Heiress of Red Dog,” and others of Bret Harte's characters. While we are whirling down the grade, longitudinally over ridges, by precipices and through canyons freight trains with three engines tugging and pushing are slowly working upward. Our brake irons were so hot they smelled like heated axles, from the pressure applied to hold the train. At Gold Run we saw banks of red earth one hundred feet high where, by hydraulic mining, millions of cubic yards of gold bearing dirt had been washed at a profit, when the yield was less than a dollar a ton. Work had been stopped for some years, pending litigation, as the farmers along the Sacramento, seeing ruin before them from the ore-washings covering their rich river bottoms with sand and gravel during floods, so deep that the natural soil could not be reached with a plow, and in some cases the trunks of orchard-trees being half buried, had an injunction placed on mining operations. The miners were feeling bitter towards the farmers as they had been making money and thought they had prior rights to those below. They now were idle and their hydraulic plants and washers useless and deteriorating. But then the farmers had another story.

Darkness came on us when we struck the Sacramento, so we saw nothing until we reached Oakland on the morning of July 7, twenty-six hours behind time. We had crossed San Pablo Bay on the mammoth ferry-boat, Solano, without knowing it. A second ferriage at Oakland and I was on the familiar streets of San Francisco, after an absence of thirty-nine years.

86

## VI.

Around San Francisco. Oh, City of the many hills! Of Wind and Fog and glaring Sun! I greet thee kindly since the years That time has made a two-score run. For natural action, each on each, Will neutralize thy triple ills; And then I know thy Cable-cars Will speedily *non est* thy hills.

MY first arrival in San Francisco—Christmas Day, 1858—was after a six-months' journey over the Plains, full of hardships undreamed of in its inception. One would naturally think after this that my arrival, even as “a stranger in a strange land,” would not cause my heart to rise throatward. But we are strangely, as well as wonderfully made. I have known men of gentle natures, who would not harm the humblest creature, when turned into soldiers in our late war, so change from circumstantial surroundings that they did not fear death in any form, nor hesitate to take human life in the way of their dread trade, and this through the war's duration. I have known these same men, on returning to the walks of peace, to so fall back in their old ways as to take insults unrebuked from stay-at-homes, too cowardly to fight for their country. Thus I felt the same dread to enter this friendless city as if I had never passed through my six-months' hardening. My second arrival was after four months of unpleasant

## THE MISSION DOLORES

87 ranch-life. Then I was two weeks waiting for “steamer day,” that I might go home. That period I spent in comparative idleness which I felt entitled to; but I afterwards regretted I had not put my time to better use in seeing more of the city and its surroundings. This time I resolved to turn every day to account during my stay in California and I assure my readers that of the twenty-six days I was in that State there was not a wasted one; “each counted lost that saw no action done.”

If attention had not been drawn to the matter most people would say San Francisco faced the ocean. It is the way coast cities have and the reply would be natural. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Charlestown face the ocean; San Francisco does not. Located on the eastern side of a point of land between the Bay and the broad waters stretching towards Asia it looks to the rising sun; a fact that should be omenous to its people, but I doubt if they ever thought of it. It is near the northern end of the peninsula, where the narrowing waters sweep westward to the Golden Gate.

None of the trunk lines can reach the city dry-shod. From the East, North and South two ferriages are required for the former two, and one for the latter. The trains over the Northern Pacific and Central Pacific come down the western shores of the Sacramento, cross an arm of the Bay, into which that river flows, on a huge ferry-boat and passing over the Contra Costa plains land the passengers on the end of a three-mile pier at Oakland, whence they are ferried six miles over the Bay to San Francisco. The trains from the southeast pass down the San Joaquin Valley and meeting the same railroad, where the other trains are ferried over, go on to Oakland; but one ferriage being needed. When the road down the coast is finished these trains can land in the heart of the city as they do now from a point 300 miles south; but the other roads must always supplement with ferriage.

What is now a straight line on the San Francisco front was 88

“BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO—GOLDEN GATE IN THE DISTANCE.”

89 originally indented with a deep cove, over which, in the most extended portion, are now six squares. This extended from Rincon Point South to Clarke's. In the early years of the city this, called Yerba Buena—Good Herb—Cove, and where Dana and his shipmates beached their boats in 1836 was the landing place for vessels drawing eight feet of water, at high

YERBA BUENA COVE—1847.

tide. Afterwards the streets were extended by wooden wharves to a line from point to point. Between these were several vessels blown ashore in storms or deserted by their crews and these were left and gradually filled around with the gradings from the adjacent hills. At my first visit what

is now solid land was wharves and buildings on piles; a dumping place for 90 trash of all kinds and excess earth in leveling lots, with the tides rising and falling; gurgling and swirling around slimy posts and the ragged edges of “dumps.” Along these wooden streets were wharf-houses, “old-clo,” stores, junk shops, low restaurants, groggeries, and, in one place, a “Bit Theatre” where “Little Lottie,” now Lotta, then a child, played her little part. Now this place is solidly built over, and where were rickety wooden wharves are firm stone pavements, where ten-ton drays pass and repass without breaking through and cars and street traffic rattle and roar from sun to sun. Before a small pile-driver was at work preparing for small enterprises; now an Eiffel Tower in miniature strode the same ground dragging up logs sixty and eighty feet long and slowly driving them into the original bottom through the made ground; the old piling being too unstable for the heavy buildings now going up. These logs are of sugar pine, remarkably straight and are towed from Oregon in large floats bound around with chains like huge faggots. Storms sometimes break them apart and scatter them over the ocean. They cost from thirty to fifty cents a foot. The contractor, at work on a job two squares from the wharf, said in his experience he had frequently speared old ships that fifty years before had rounded the Horn with the freedom of the birds of the air, now stuck in the mud and the recipients of the “thrusts of the arrows of outrageous fortune.”

Speaking of fortune brings “Lotta” again to mind, for if hers is not “outrageous,” it is immense and as she is a good financier it is well husbanded—which she is not. When I saw her she was a theatrical waif, drifting back and forth from mining camp to city, a child of twelve years with none guessing her prosperous future. Her mother always traveled with her. She has left the stage from failing health and now lives in the south of France. I wonder if she ever thinks of the “Bit Theatre” over the surging wharf waters of San Francisco, her humble co-performers and the manager, Miss Rowena Granice? On Market 91 street is a gilded fountain presented to the city by the little actress, and known as Lotta Fountain. It is twenty feet high and four feet across with relief figures representing Commerce, Agriculture, Mining, &c. The fogs are pitiless and it requires gilding annually, it not being such a work of art as to make that a superfluity, as per Shakespeare; in fact critics call it a

HOW THEY BUILT THE SHIPS IN.

tawdry affair, but on the principle of not looking a gift horse in the mouth the Franciscans make no comments, but apply the gold-cure regularly as the seasons roll and say nothing about the fog. This air-sponge is a tender subject with these people. It is raw, cold and darkening, and soon dulls the brightness of paint; an item in a city where so many of the houses, even 92 those of Nob Hill Millionaires, are of wood. When these Californians boast of their climate and you say "one cannot live on climate," they might retort with pride their fog is thick enough to eat; but they don't. They, however, can say with truth that it takes the place of rain to a good extent and saves irrigation. But I dislike to say anything disparaging of California and its chief city; for I found so much to like in their people, scenery and institutions. The memory of my two visits often pass through my mind, and though there is bitter with the sweet it is a source of great pleasure. However when I saw a grave blemish, and there was more than one, "I made a note on't" and with a resolve "in faith I'd prent it."

The first place I visited after getting settled was the old Mission of San Francisco Dolores, about two miles south of Market street. In 1858 this was an attraction; not from any sentiment lingering around the time-honored place, but its running streams made the only green spot in the vicinity of the city, and besides there were beer-gardens, and it had been a place for bull-fights, horse racing and bear-baiting under the old Mexican regime. A plank road led thence from the plaza, and omnibusses ran half-hourly and carried out many pleasure seekers. Of the Mission buildings there was nothing left but the church and two or three of the store-houses and work-shops, built of adobes and roofed with tiles. The Mission itself was what attracted me then, as it did now, and I had become still more interested in the works of those contemporaries of our Pilgrim fathers, the Mission Fathers of California, since my first visit.

On June 17; preceding our own Declaration of Independence, a company of Spanish soldiers, with their families and three priests, Palen, Camben and De la Pena; all under the spiritual guidance of the noted Father Juniperra Serra, left Monterey and marched up the coast seeking a new station whereat the heathen savages might be turned into good Christians. At the Laguna 93 de los Dolores,

a place temporarily occupied the year before, they halted and as soon as military defences were prepared the Mission was established in the meadow made green by the waters of Mission Creek.

The first reverberations of the cannon announcing the completion of the rude fort at the Presidio had hardly sounded before the natives who gathered around the priests on their coming

#### SAN FRANCISCO BAY AS THE MISSION FATHERS FIRST SAW IT.

fled to the islands and other hiding places, so that when the fathers with planted cross, ringing bell and swinging censor, prepared a spiritual completion of the Spanish occupation of land around the Bay of San Francisco there was no response to their invitation to the gentiles. These were finally sought out, however, and kind treatment brought their rude minds to realize that the new comers from the far South were their friends. 94 Then they fell to work under the Father's directions and built some rude structures for worship and dwelling places.

Saint Francis' day, October 4, 1776, was the time set apart for the formal dedication; but the Commandante Moraga was not there, and as cannon, muskets and plenty of powder were wanted, they must wait for him. On the 9th he arrived and, with the necessary ordnance stores, all was ready for the dedication; and now with the figure of the good saint borne at their head, and priests, soldiers and wandering Indians following, they marched 'round and' round the mud-walled church amid the rattle of musketry and bang of cannon. The noise did for organ music while the powder-smoke made the incense.

It was some months before the bulk of the Indians were converted, and it must be confessed the good Fathers had to call on the Commandante more than once for temporal aid to corral the thankless savages, when their spiritual powers failed to control the instinctive lapses of the red heathen to their former state. This resulted in the transmission of some lead-laden notes from the pipes of the organ which played at the Mission dedication; so that the music which erstwhiles soothed the savage beast in this case quieted it until it was stilled forever; in plainer English in trying to make the heathens Christians several were made into what our western friends call "good Indians;" but all come out right in the end. The converts increased and the Mission prospered

so that by 1825 there were 800 Indians in the folds of the Church, and scattered among the hills and valleys south of the Mission were 7600 cattle, 3000 horses, 800 mules, 79,000 sheep, 2000 hogs and 450 yoke of oxen. The wealth was further increased by 18,000 bushels of wheat and barley, \$60,000 in specie and merchandise; besides a new and quite imposing collection of Mission buildings were erected. The converts had built themselves comfortable homes around the plaza and were getting inured to the ways of civilized life, living in families and endowed with a certain amount of negative religion; infinitely preferable to their former heathenism. Under unfriendly legislation, by which the Missions were secularized by the Mexican government; and their lands taken from them and the power of the Fathers curtailed, they gradually went down; so that by 1835 the converts numbered but 370, and the cattle and horses but 5600. In 1845 the Home government, finding the Missions disintegrating and the Indians relapsing into savagery, made an effort to have a

THE OLD MISSION DOLORES.

partial return to the former condition; but it was too late; they had had a taste of easy life from the theft and slaughter of the wandering cattle and work no longer agreed with them; so their adobe and mud plastered huts melted to the ground, for want of care, under the winter rains, and nothing was left of the well-named Mission of Sorrows but the Church and the few tiled buildings adjoining. It was thus when I saw it in 1858. The first was still used as a place of worship; but the long shed, which angled from it along the old plaza and around which were many homes was turned into a drinking place.

It was a beautiful afternoon when I made my second visit to the old Mission; this time not in a rumbling omnibus through a sandy waste, but in smartly gliding trolley cars over well paved streets and past fine residences. I will not go into emotional gush over the change in surroundings between the time of the two visits; but simply say it was wonderful. Asphalt paved streets replaced the temporal plank road as it had superseded the sandy trail; brilliant arc lights the candles and oil lamps that flickered from the saloon and few surrounding houses; the electric cars the omnibuses, as they had supplanted the ox-carts of one hundred years ago, and comfortable homes were all around. A large brick church stood near the adobe Mission and took its place for purposes of worship. To widen the street a strip had been taken from the grave-yard and iconoclastic utilitarianism had

cut the end from the Mission building, the historic facade with its columns, balcony and belfry, and then with wretched effect undertaken to make it look as of old. The rude neophytes, under the direction and inspiration of the Spanish Monks wrought what modern art failed in; at least the “restored” columnar front of “Dolores,” with the attempted imitation of the bell-arches in the gable where swung the historic bells, with the trowel marks still showing, so impressed me.

But the grave-yard adjoining—the Campo Santo, Holy Field, of the Mission Dolores! When I saw it last it was neatly kept and the graves ornamented with flowers and shells. Now it was a gruesome wilderness, with the marks of despoiled graves. No longer used as a burying ground but little care is given it. The wooden pale fences lean over, and heavy turned posts, with ornamental connections, lie around graves where depressions 97 show the removal of former tenants. Many of the slabs are of rotting wood and around all are rank weeds and tangled vines. Broad tomb-stone shaped frames, eight and ten feet high and six wide, apparently to protect the plants and flowers once there from the fierce winds at times prevailing, abound. Some had lattice work projecting like hoods, around which withered vines were clinging. Many were rotting and ready to fall. With their scrolled heads they had a singular look. Monuments of

#### THE MISSION DOLORES AS IT IS NOW.

wood or stone were in all conditions of decay. The childrens graves, each enclosed with a picket fence and sea shells long ago placed over them had a pathetic look. Some noted characters are buried here. *Hie jocet*, Yankee Sullivan, the prize fighter, and that other notoriety, who killed William Star King, “of William,” as he was called, in 1856. I noted his monument in “A California Tramp”—a memorial to a murderer 98 being a novelty; while the inscriptions and emblems were also *outré*. With weeds around it and some of the ornamental work defaced by outraged visitors it raises its insulting fronts as of old, to the height of eight feet and width of thirty inches. One Pecksniffian sentence reads “May God forgive my enemies;” another “Requiescat in Pace.” It was built by a fire company to which Casey belonged, and designs of a broken ladder, firehorn and rope, the last so suggestive of “the deep damnation of his taking off”—the shuffling of the mortal coil—that it would seem as if a vein of irony must have streaked the mind of the originator of this unique tomb, as Casey was strung up by self-appointed hangmen; untried and unshriven. One of these

told me that while the funeral was on its way to Lone Mountain the murderers, Casey and Corrie, were swinging on the procession route. The grave of the last was near Casey's, but a suggestive depression showed the body removed. King was the editor of a newspaper which had bitterly denounced the "Hounds," to which gang of robbers and murderers Casey and Corrie belonged. He was very popular with the best class of citizens, and the retribution for his death was quick. I elaborate thus as the incidents were so common those times.

One monument was of interest in a more agreeable way—to the first Governor of California. The inscription was in Spanish saying "Here lie the remains of the Captain Don Luis Antonio Arguello, first Mexican Governor of California; born in San Francisco in 1784; died there in 1830." A tall shaft marks the resting place of a young girl suicide; an unusual circumstance in a Catholic cemetery, and a very humble stone the grave of a woman 107 years old. In contrast was the grave of a child of a few months, buried fifty years ago. The rank poisonous weeds and wooden tombs, erect and prone; uncouth and weather-beaten, make the old grave-yard a depressing place.

Visitors are not profusely welcomed around the Mission Dolores; in fact some get scant courtesy and are then turned 99 away. I was fortunate, as one who had known the Mission of old, and was shown all around it and the grave-yard by the young sexton. The chapel was of particular interest to me as a pattern of the Indian handiwork of a century ago, from the artist's brush to the rough hewn beams. There were large paintings on each wall representing the Last Supper, in a crude way, and figures of Popes, Saints and Martyrs; also niches twelve feet high and ten wide where the crucifixion was represented in rude sculpture as well as isolated statuary. The place is now floored and seated; formerly there was the bare earth. The gallery was planked with hewn and hand-sawn lumber two inches thick. The trusses supporting the heavy tiled roof would interest an architect. The ridge-pole rested on principal rafters footed in the walls and crossed at the top to receive it diagonally. The rafters were stiffened by cross-braces and the intersections wound around and around with raw-hide thongs in numerous convolutions. This species of support was alternated with cross-beams and uprights. Thongs were also used to fasten the poles to the rafters on which the tiles were laid. These tiles were clumsy affairs and yet made with an eye to close fitting. They were two foot long and ten inches wide at one end and seven at the other. This was so the outside

of one would fit the inside of that below. The first layers would be with small ends to the eaves, and, of course, concave side up. Those round side up, and breaking joints, were wide ends down. This was a good roof, but very heavy and needed strong support. I saw one building 220 feet by 60 with such a roof; the weight can be imagined, with the tiles an inch thick; yet the thongs had not given where they came under my notice. The getting together of the timber from the distant mountains was a great undertaking with the rude appliances at hand. I saw beams 12x30 inches and 30 feet long which with the primitive tools at hand for dressing them and raising them to position must have taxed the strength and skill of the Indian converts to 100 the utmost. The walls were of adobes, unless easily dressed stone was at hand. The clay was sometimes poor, as was the case around Dolores, and as the bricks were simply sun-baked

#### ALTERNATE TRUSSES FOR SUPPORTING ROOF OF DOLORES MISSION.

the chances for the walls tumbling down were many while the heavy timbers were being placed thereon, and more than one luckless friar, and the records do not say how many neophytes 101 were buried under falling walls. The mortar used was clay, and the buildings were sometimes plastered therewith. I have thus particularized, as the Mission Dolores was the northern and most exposed outpost of the Church establishments in California, and its mechanical construction was a type of the rest, though smaller and less elaborate.

Up a rickety ladder I passed to the loft. The floor was covered thick with the sand blown by the fierce winds which at times whirl around here and which sifts through the tiles and open belfries. The present Mission was built in 1792, as this was the date of the bells. As was the custom of the times these were named; one, the “Ave Maria Purissima”—Mary the Purist—another the “San Martin.” While trying to decipher the third, by brushing off the accumulated dust, my guide, the sexton's boy, warned me to desist, as I might start a chime from it and let his master know we were up there. It was the custom to have the Mission bells to have some saintly name and hung with ceremonies creating awe to the simple Indian mind.

Dust-covered and dingy with their hundred years of service these brazen relics of the Mission days, rudely hung in their open arch-ways were an impressive sight. They had rung out invitations to

the heathen savages, called the Angelus and tolled for the dead of the generations sleeping around them. It was of these bells that Bret Harte wrote those beautiful verses, "The Angelus," on hearing their sunset call to prayer. "I hear your call, and see the sun descending On rock, and wave, and sand, As down the coast the Mission voices blending Girdle the heathen land. "Within the circle of your incantations No blight nor mil-dew falls; Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition Passes these airy walls. "Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,

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I touch the farther past— I see the dying glow of Spanish glory, The sunset dream and last."

In the long years ago when I wandered about the Mission grounds I felt a fascination which reappeared on my second visit. The quaint Moorish front with its columns and arches, and the overhanging tiled roof were reminders of the past, where hundreds of converted Indians thronged around where now there are none. The Mission itself, with one exception, is the only building left of the many once here. And this is protected from the ravages of winter rains by rough weather boarding. The Franciscans in general do not seem to set much value on this aged land-mark, but tourists are attracted towards it and during the Excursion summer numbers made pilgrimages to Dolores, but few were privileged to enter the church. The "Ultima Thule" of the Northern march of the Missions, it is held in reverence by historians and the sentimental; and under the protection of the "Land-marks Club," organized to preserve the various Mission buildings from ruin, its salvation is assured.

From the solemn old Mission and uncanny grave-yard to the underground squaller and barbaric display of China-town the transition is abrupt and startling. There were two ways of "doing" this locality; one as the Christian Endeavorers "did" it; the other, as small parties of men, with morbid curiosity, and guides ready to pander to the worst tastes, accomplished their ends. What these saw proved that to compare men and women to beasts, libeled the beasts. What we saw was the tamest of slumming on our part, and giving us the least they could for the money was the mission of our guides. One of these was a Chinaman, the other a white native, and the thoughts of what they would show us made us shudder and feel conscience-smitten for fear we were doing something naughty

that our home friends would censure us for when our 103 burdened minds forced us to confession. There were fifty of us innocents and for leading us around our guides got \$30. Huie Way, our guide celestial, told me he only got \$3 of this and asked for an opportunity to show more extended sights when the present expedition was over, under his special supervision. So behold us stringing along the streets of Chinatown, occasionally guyed by pagans and low whites, for the Endeavor colors were not relished by either. Our first visit was to a "Joss House," but it looked more to me like a bric-a-brac store. Odd shaped monstrosities in bronze, brass and lacquer-ware of man, beast, bird and devil; urns and dishes for them to eat and drink from; cymbals, gongs and tom-toms to stir them to war; swords and javelins to fight with and shields and armour to keep them from hurting. Up stairs to this barbaric jumble, Mandarin Way at the head and our white guide at the tail of the crowd, probably to see if there were as many sixty cents in his pocket as there were victims to his greed. Once amid the metallic night-mare Huie Way rapped attention and pointing to some figures and implements in bronze on a large table commenced a strident harrangue which one of our Endeavor ministers interpreted somewhat in this fashion: "When Chinaman farmer wantee plentee lain he give Gaw muchee lice." "He says when the Chinese farmer wants much rain he gives God plenty of rice." Then a collection of figures, with a huge central idol, is shown, denoting the Chinese idea of the Deity, with incense burning and implements of war around. As the smoke arises to the point of torment, thus again Huie, "When Chinaman wantee good luck fighter play Gaw and blun plentee smoke. Blight splear head say we lickee and killee velly muchee;" pointing to a flaming spear head above the scene. Then the interpreter, "He says when the Chinese wish success in battle they pray to God and burn plenty of incense. The bright spear head means victory, and the slaughter of many enemies." As Huie's voice sounded as from a bubbling 104 mushpot our translator's rendering from pigeon English to the King's own was wonderful. After we had listened to more of Mr. Way's harrangue he led us to farther sights and explanations and then took us to an opening in a partition and showed us a tea-party of China women eating on a lower floor. They were chattering a polyglot of cat, parrot and monkey-talk that grated on our ears like saw-filing, while they drank tea, or something stronger, and perhaps ate the traditional delicacies our childhood school books spoke of. Going out into the street again we crossed over and descended a dingy stairway to a dark cellar in whose rear was an opium "joint." Here our thinning crowd gathered

to look at a few wretches who, reclining on rude couches were loading their pipes with opium of the consistency of tar, lighting and smoking it. While the white "guide" was protecting the main portion of our people from imaginary thugs and High-binders, Huie Way was showing the more venturesome and strong stomached the "awful examples" prone before him. "Him smokee all he life," said he, with obtuseness as to conclusions, and pointing to a reclining opium fiend stolidly pushing the pasty drug in his pipe, unmindful of our presence; "him velly stlong man; no hurtee him; get used to it," he continued, in answer to a white-ribbon lady, "altee same dlink blandy;" all of which showed Huie's ideas of the effects of opium on the human form divine were different from ours, and that he would make a poor anti-nicotine lecturer.

The whole of the sights in Chinatown; so covered with mystery in our imaginations; was so like a set-up job, on us of the feet so tender, from Joss House to Opium Den, that it palled on the senses. The guides were a pair of fakes, the Joss House seemed like a store, and the opium "victims" as if sharing the money we paid the guides; and I was glad to leave the scenes and get some fresh night air. After we got back to the starting point we found the balance of our crowd impatiently waiting our coming so as to get their turn "slumming" 105 Chinatown; and following our discarded guides they were soon on their way to scenes of high and low life in the homes of the Celestials and to get left like ourselves.

## TELEGRAPH HILL.

In 1849 a signal station was established on a high point on the shore north of the city and in clear weather commanding a view of the Golden Gate, eight miles away. There incoming vessels were signaled and, in the language of the "semaphor," their rig and general style was communicated to merchants and newspaper men by its enterprising projector. Afterwards an outer station was built on Point Lobos, where ships far out at sea were descried and "semaphored" to Telegraph Hill, and thence to awaiting eyes. The fogs were sometimes a drawback, but the electric telegraph in time partly obviated that. In 1858 this was a point of note.

To take a look from the top of this old land-mark, so plainly in view from my sixth-story restaurant at the foot of Market street, I one afternoon wended my way through the crowded thoroughfares which lay over the old Cove of Yerba Buena. Soon came the ascent. First there were pavements of increasing grade till they became so steep that slats had to be nailed on the board walk to prevent slipping. In ascending it was easy for one to imagine himself a chicken going to roost. The higher streets were lined with the houses and shanties of Italians and the descendants of the original Mexican-Indian population which once gathered around the old Mission Dolores. Here, driven at last by the crowding, jostling Americans, these retrograding remnants of the mingled blood of the first settlers call to mind the place of "The last sigh of the Moor." Shoved much farther and they will be down a rocky precipice and into the Bay. On the slatted pavement young hoodlums abounded—teasers of cats and dogs and one another, and participants in all manner of rude horse-play. Beyond the "chicken walk" the ascent was by rough goat-paths; so steep 106 that a running start was sometimes necessary to reach the summit. My way from Market street reminded me of the diminishing route I once read of; a railroad, turnpike, by-road, footpath and squirrel-track leading up a tree. Near the top of the hill were the remains of a concrete wall; sections of which had been pried over by mischievous boys and rolled down the steep. The ground about the summit was bequeathed to the city by the owner on condition that it would be improved. This was complied with by enclosing it, laying out walks and planting shrubbery and flowers; but the Elements in general were against the aesthetic enterprise. My old time "Natural Philosophy" designated four of these Elements: Fire, Air, Earth and Water. The change made in that number since I went to school I know not; for our text books have shown addition, subtraction and detraction. Our favorite heroes turn out myths, or are robbed of the deeds and attributes which ennobled them in our young minds, until we are doubting Thomases; so at last there is no Albert to own a head for William Tell to shoot an apple from and no William Tell if there was; no Romulus nor Remus, except as the last, prefixed with Uncle, shows himself in the dialect stories of Harris; no clubbing of John Smith and his subsequent salvation by the squaw who should have married him, in the eternal fitness of things, instead of Rolfe; no cutting down of the Washingtonian cherry-tree and no "I cannot tell a lie, father!" But let me again get on top of Telegraph Hill, or, if I get much farther off, it will be as hard a mental undertaking as it was a physical one to mount its wind-swept apex. I was speaking

of the old-time quartette of Elements in connection therewith. There seems to have been a dearth of one and a surplus of another. Fire wiped out one of the Pioneer Park buildings; Air and Water, in semblance of cold fog, chilled the life out of the delicate plants and flowers which beautified it; Air itself, fanned to fierce winds from the Golden Gate, worked the same destruction; Earth was too much represented by rock, 107 and as for Water, to green and brighten the flower-beds, it was too much labor to elevate it thereto. So the grass withered, the flowers faded, and the walls tumbled over, and bleak ruin supplants the one time glories of Telegraph Hill.

Twelve years ago a conscienceless party, though enterprising withal, built a tower-crowned structure on the edge of Pioneer Park, then in its glory; for the city was disposed at that time to beautify its heirloom, even if it involved an elemental conflict. The building was an immense affair, and seen for miles around from sea and land. The main floor was used for barroom, low variety performances and the worst of uses. Your San Franciscan man of the world is no hypocrite; his apologist compares him favorably with the Boston man at the other end of the latitudinal line, who hides his vices while his opposite manfully lets the light on his own. My own observations teach me that hypocrisy is sometimes preferable to candor; for the last is so often an excuse for wrong doing, while the first, at least, shows respect to decent surroundings. To accommodate frequenters of the pleasure resorts on Telegraph Hill, Millionaire Sutro extended his street-cable system to the summit; but an accident on the steep incline, and scant travel caused its abandonment, and it is now a ruin like the Park above. The wooden castle, now also owned by Sutro, since the sheriff sold it, is in decadence and no longer a resort for pleasure seekers. It is a credit to the city below that this is so; for San Francisco needs moral apologies; still it may be that Vice, being an easy going attribute, finds more accessible haunts than this wind-swept place, and so avoids it.

On account of the inequalities of the Hill a part of this building is much lower than the rest and, with the cupola for his head the whole is in semblance of the sitting figure of a weather-beaten roue, deserted by his holiday friends and awaiting the final summons. The view from the cupola was one of the attractions of the place and to attain it I knocked at one of the 108 doors, and an unkempt little girl made her appearance, and led the way upward through the silent, dust-strewn theatre and bar-room as we went. My guide told me her parents and their six children were the sole tenants of

this one time observatory and pleasure resort; that Mr. Sutro gave \$20,000 for it and let them have it rent free. After a long ascent we came to the glass-enclosed lookout, and fine, indeed, was the view. To the Northwest were the pillars of the Golden Gate; on the North

#### OAKLAND IN 1858.

Saucilito, with Mt. Tamalpais rising high above it; West, in succession, were Alcatraz, Angel and Goat Islands, with the towns of Berkeley, Oakland and Alameda on the shores beyond. Back of them the Contra Costa Hills arose in uneven ridges, with Mount Diablo towering over all. Looking over the city on the left was the Call Building rising fifteen stories in defiance of possible earthquakes in the future such as have rattled the 109 town in the past. To the right came the Nob Hill residences. By the time I had got thus far the balance of the children had made their way up the steps and my guide's time was much taken up with efforts to drive them back; but like Banquo's ghost "they would not down." She had the localities well in hand and, for one so young was entertaining in her descriptions. The mother of the household, not knowing the whereabouts of her charges, soon put in her appearance, and took up her daughter's efforts to drive the little flock below. She gave that up, however, and continued my guide's description of the surroundings. Gifted with sea-lore, like they who live by the "sounding shore," she showed me the vessels lying below, or sailing in from the distant gates, some from the East; some from the West. That big one was from New Zealand; reminding her of her home in the far South Seas her family had left years ago for better fortunes in California. She complained of the lack of interest felt in the old look-out station and wanted me to direct my Christian Endeavor friends there.

While looking around the merciless fog was coming in through the Golden Gate and soon the hills facing the straits, Saucilito and the base of high Tamalpais were hidden, and, creeping stealthily in, the mist was eating the view along the Contra Costa shores, from Berkeley southward and the peaks of the islands only were seen. Passing down the tower steps, followed by the clattering feet of the children and through the halls where the gilded youth of the city below formerly caroused I left the breezy ruins of Pioneer Park and clambering down the hill passed homeward.

#### AROUND THE GOLDEN GATE.

Who visits the opening of San Francisco Bay on the ocean takes the chance of the often present fog hiding it from his view. I was compelled to make a second visit, when all was bright. The setting sun shone straight in; the waves danced and gleamed under its light and I was reminded of Bayard 110 Taylor's poem; written for Jenny Lind, on her visit to America, referring to this place: — "Whose beauties unfold And opes to the sunset her Gateway of Gold."

I stood on Point Lobos; a mile across was the Punta Bonita, or Pretty Point of the old Spaniards, and between these the waves surged grandly in. Near by a bell-buoy rang its solemn

#### ENTRANCE TO THE GOLDEN GATE.

warnings, while from the Pavillion at the Cliff House gay music sounded, a striking "contrast of sweet sounds" indeed. Outside a large, full-rigged ship was coming up the coast towards the Gate while smaller craft were sailing through the channel. The view inland included the Presidio and Aleatraz Island.

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Near here are the Sutro Baths where in large glass buildings bathers disport in heated water brought in from the adjacent sea. Snow and frost are here practically unknown, yet here in July was shown this anomaly. Down chutes, head or feet foremost, the merry men and women seek the tempered waters while hundreds look on from the balconies. In the adjoining pavillion the air is vibrant with music while on the rocks below seals bark and gulls scream above them. Near here is Sutro Park, on the edge of which lives the Hebrew miner who made his millions from the great drainage tunnel bearing his name. The Park is full of trees, flowers and tropical shrubbery, including many large palms and century plants and statues innumerable. The surrounding fence is of pickets twenty feet high, although the grounds are free to the public. Mr. Sutro owns the baths and the trolley road leading thereto. The steam narrow-guage is owned by the Southern Pacific, and Sutro had great trouble in building his line as the two roads run for some distance on the same street.

From the Cliff House, perched on a rock overhanging the sea there is a fine view ocean-ward and here pleasure seekers from the city while away many an idle hour looking at the in and outgoing

ships, the seals disporting on the rocks below and listening to a band which plays here in afternoos. To the man of leisure and means it is easy to kill Time around San Francisco.

On my way out I saw some odd looking grave-yards a mile or so back from the Park and hearing one of them was a Chinese I walked back thereto. Who ever tries walking through the sands here met with knows work. I tried the route, tramp-fashion, on the ties of the trolley and on the wagonroad, but it was all the same, one sand-drift after another. The country was unsettled and hoboos abounded, so I was glad from named causes to end my journey. This was a burial section, where amid weedy hills of loose, yielding sand, Jews, Italians, 112 Chinese, Japanese and the denizens of the Almshouse rest after the world is done with them. An oasis in this desert of God's Acres was the cemetery of a German society; a garden of floral splendor in a waste of weed-tufted sand dunes. The graves and plots were covered with geraniums three or four feet high and bright with bloom, brought about by daily watering. The contrast with the surrounding grounds was remarkable. The Italian, Jewish and cemeteries of similar people were uninteresting save from there desolate surroundings; but the

#### CLIFF HOUSE AND SEAL ROCKS.

Chinese grave-yard! To reach it I waded through the sands and weeds of that of the Italians and the Poor-house. At the last were hundreds of narrow, wooden slats, numbered to high figures telling where lie the paupers of the Land of Gold. Wading through more weeds and sand, some tea-chest literature over a rickety gate-way told me where Wah Lee, Hop Sing and his brethren temporarily rest. This cemetery is divided off into lots of about forty feet wide on each side of a 113 weedy road. The Chinese clannishness does not end with this life. These clans are called "Tongs," and on arch-ways leading to the lots are the names of each "Tong," generally in English; as the Chinese sexton is an Irishman, from some unexplained reason. The fences are generally dilapidated, the winds being powerful hereabouts and the foot-hold of the posts yielding. Going through one of the gates we see to the right a semi-circular structure twelve feet across, with a low wall part way around it. In front is an altar six feet high with raised characters on the fire-place. This is black with smoke and there are remains of fire-works all around; spent thunder from the last funeral, and looking like Fourth of July left-overs. On the right was a furnace, with chimney six feet high, and

grating on which are burned certain belongings of the dead, as well as carnal sacrifices. If the heirs of the deceased can stand the cost, the body is laid in front of the altar while the priest rings a bell; “shoos” the evil spirits away; fires off cannon-crackers, so they will fear to come back; lays trains of rice paper in such convolutions that they will get bewildered in hunting the road to the grave and performs other ceremonies. Then the body is borne to its temporary resting place, the walls of which are so weak from the loose sand as to hardly stand until it is lowered, the opening filled, pork, chicken and rice laid on the mound, as provisions for the long journey, and the mourners move homewards. I was just too late for a funeral, but as I came I saw a rickety wagon, manned by two Chinamen, and drawn by two boney horses on their way from the cemetery where they had been leaving some of the standard diet used by their dead; the supply needing replenishing. Between hungry dogs and hollow tramps it is best fellow who gets in between the living and the dead Celestials. The living must know where the viands go but their stolidity and child-like blandness don't show it. Going over the grounds many narrow head-boards are seen with “Tea-talk” running down them; though for the 114 more important dead, picket fences and wooden curbs are used enclosing single graves. The health authorities require a three years burial, when the bones are dug up and laid in vaults, whence they are shipped to the Flowery Kingdom after a sufficient number are accumulated.

I found a young hoodlum sportsman on the grounds shooting birds with a “cane-rifle” he had smuggled out from the city as the authorities would not tolerate such unseemly sport. His luck had favored him as the bulging pocket of his coat showed. An admiring lad of his species assisted him as “retriever.”

This boy was a character, who with abnormal mind haunted this gruesome section of dead-man's land until he was full of knowledge of Chinese burial and the subsequent legalized ghoulishness. Except when aiding the hunter in his unholy calling he was chattering details more interesting than appetizing of the strange burial customs, the viands spread for the dead, the squabbles between tramps and dogs for the “funeral baked meats,” and the exhumations and bearing away of the osseous Chinese remains.

On our way home we passed Lone Mountain Cemetery where Broderick lies buried and afterwards, on a hill overlooking the city, Laurel Hill, where repose, after official labors, thirteen United States Senators—certainly an unlucky number—for them.

Stopping to rest on our homeward way we came across a talkative man who had been farmer, miner, an all around general utility man in California and not so full of loyalty to his state but what he could see both sides of her shield. The farmers, he said, were ruining the land with excessive cropping; for want of a market thousands of tons of fruit were rotting; the philoxera was destroying the vineyards, the morals of the large towns were dreadful and the youth being ruined. Like a great many impartial men he seemed to see but one side—the dark one.

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But I was impressed with the lack of respect for religion I found here, among those from whom I had a right to expect a different feeling. To the embodiment of Eastern Evangelical Christianity—our Christian Endeavors—I could expect to see directed the sneers of Italians, Chinese and street-corner loafers; but to hear disrespectful remarks from intelligent women grated harshly on the ear. With us the respectable of the gentler sex take the lead in religion, or, if not active they are passive and attend church to be in the fashion, if for nothing else. Unless I was misled by exceptional cases this is not the condition of things in California.

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## VII.

TO MONTEREY. Where spreading live-oaks punctuate the plain And green the foot-hills of the serried range, And laden orchards, fields of ripening grain, And pastures flecked with cattle interchange, Where rang the Mission bells from tower and glade; Where thronging converts bowed to christening hand; Where lowly, red-tiled homes of gray lay spread In fostering shades of churches, rising grand, Unheeding much we go our rushing course, Drawn by the iconoclastic steam-fed horse.

ON July 12 we took an excursion to the old town of Monterey; noted for its fine bay, quaint houses and historical associations, and last but first in the eye of your Average Traveler, the Del Monte Hotel and surrounding park and gardens.

Passing out of the southern limits of San Francisco we rolled over the old Mission lands where, when Dolores was in its prime, thousands of cattle, horses and sheep pastured under the dominion of quiet herdsman or dashing vaquero, with the guiding hand of the Mission Fathers over all. With the ocean on our right and the southern arm of the shallowing bay on our left we roll down the widening peninsula. Bare mountains overlooking the sea were seen awhile in depressing monotony. These soon became wooded and the plains fertile. The farmers had most of their wheat cut and were busy harvesting and 117 baling their “wild-oats,” as known in my pastoral California days, or “hay-oats” as they now call it. Ricks of this dotted the fields from railroad to mountain. It was the custom to burn strips or plow furrows around these, as fire-precaution from the dreaded locomotives; as in this rainless summer the stubble burns like tinder. We stopped awhile at Stanford University; a collection of plain but expensive buildings, some imitating the old Spanish Missions. The grounds cover 3000 acres and the institution has accommodations for 1000 students of both sexes. The site is a level plain and as the weather was hot, and it was vacation time I was glad when our stop was over. It is called the Leland Stanford, Junior, University, named for the only child of Millionaire Stanford. This lad died at the age of seventeen; blighting the hopes of his parents. The father, from being one of the energetic heads of a mammoth railroad combination, lost his interest from the date of his son's death, willed the bulk of his millions that his name might be perpetuated and then turned his face to the wall. The mother lives in the past, with the vision of her boy always before her. She is generous in the giving forth of her wealth.

The plains began to be more thickly dotted with live-oaks—in such numbers, in fact, that I wondered the farmers tolerated them; but I learned that the roots of these ever-greens lie so far below the surface that vegetation is not affected. The truth is that grass grows better in their shade; besides they are a refuge for cattle from the burning rays of the sun. These trees impressed me the same as did those on the foot-hills around my old Sonoma home in their resemblance to old apple

trees; whether singly or in groups. In many instances they stood at an incline, as if constant winds had bowed them down. Some of their trunks were three feet across, and they shaded a diameter of sixty to eighty feet. Scattered over grain-fields and pasture lands, or thickly wooding the hills, they were a very picturesque feature of the landscape; made more so when the earth 118 was carpeted with wild-oats. The orchards greening the plains and slopes also beautify the scene; apple, pear, apricot, peach, plum and cherry; with here and there one of almond and English walnut. They are irrigated two or three times a year and those in season were loaded with luscious fruit. Apricots were a drug and tourists were welcomed to help themselves. The soil is worked as soon as dry enough until the surface is like a garden ready for planting. The trees were small; generally from fifteen to twenty feet high.

At San Jose we dined. The pronunciation is *San Hozay*, but we people allowed ourselves much latitude; the freedom of our country extending to the Pacific; so we called it as above, or Saint Jo, Saint Josey, San Josey, or whatever came handy; similarly we converted the Spanish article corresponding to *the* in Los Angeles and Los Gatos (two towns whose names mean “The Angels” and “The Cats”) into “those” or “lost;” thus Those Angels, or Those Cats, or Lost Angels or Cats. By the way “The Cats” would have a funny sound if applied to one of our pleasure resorts; the suggestiveness would rather keep off visitors. San Jose claims 30,000 people; the chief industry being the canning and drying of fruit. We found the sun hot enough to cook the fruit before canning, consequently its drying qualities go without saying. Southward from San Jose, between the enfiling mountains, the air was so oppressive we could hardly bear it. The sun beat down as if of molten brass and parched the adobe ground until riven by yawning seams, but no one, man or beast, appeared to care. They knew, as the sun lowered, cool breezes would sweep in from the sea and all would be well. As we sped along each valley seemed more fertile than the last. Thousands of acres of alternating orchard, grain-field and pasture, interspersed with large tracts of onions, beets and strawberries were passed. Apricots, peaches and apples were being picked and boxed up. The mowing machines were rattling away and while some of the oats was put 119 in huge ricks much was baled and corded in long walls, or hauled to the cars for shipment. Derricks were used for ricking. On one of these mimic hay-mountains we saw a horse walking around tramping the straw.

In one immense wheat field the grain had been cut and the sheaves lay thickly strewn over it from end to end. The brightness of the straw, from absence of rain, attracted our notice. In another field a "Header," with relays of large-bodied wagons along side, or bearing the clippings away as fast as filled, was snipping off the wheat-heads, while a steam thresher close by was making the grain ready for the mill. They have a combination of header, thresher and cleaner, run by steam traction engines which cut a fifty-foot swath, but these are for the broader plains of the Sacramento and San Joaquin. We saw various machines; threshers, balers and portable engines, on their way from ranch to ranch; huge gypsy vans for housing itinerant help, and heavy trucks, some with "trailers," hauling hay and grain along the road; and altogether the scene was lively beyond description. If it were not for some of those odious comparisons I would compare the ways and means of harvesting, threshing, &c., with the times of the old Missions, when the sickle, horse-tramping and rude stone mill were the rule. On some ranches the harvest was ended and it was pleasant to see the many horses, released from labor pasturing in the live-oak shaded fields, all looking fat and sleek. Our whirling progress was only a repetition of these sights and sounds. The country, however, grew more wooded. Trees in single or double rows lined the long lanes leading to ranch-buildings and our perennial friends, the live-oaks, still dotted the landscape. At last the hills flanking the valley came together and breaking through a transverse ridge we reached the conglomeration of sand and water called the San Benito river. Soon the waves of the Pacific again rolled in sight and we then were at Del Monte. Here in a park of 150 acres, surrounded by grand trees, 120 tropical plants and flowers are hotel buildings accommodating 700 people. Palms of all kinds, century plants of huge dimensions, from one of which in bloom a stalk shot up forty feet high, and

#### BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF DEL MONTE AND MONTEREY BAY.

other curiosities in southern vegetation abounded. We were received with the inn's warm welcome and there being some spare time before supper, or dinner as we stylish folk called it, with a friend I took a walk down to the borders of the bay whose surging waves we heard from the hotel. The sight was one to gladden heart and eye. The sun just sinking below the sea-line was glistening the distant waves; the surf was rolling up the shore; the fishing boats arose and fell midway, while

the electric lights glittered along the crescent shores of Monterey, which quaint old town was but a mile away.

Another anomaly, such as we had seen before, only still more prominent; in the land of tropical vegetation, in the month of July, an ocean watering place where the bath-houses were enclosed and the sea water heated to make it comfortable for the bathers!

Early next morning my friend and I walked to the old church of San Carlos on the edge of the town. It has been modernized, the walls plastered; cushioned pews taking the places of rude benches, or, before them, the bare earth; stained glass windows the scant openings of old; recent paintings and high colored pictures the quaint limning done by Spanish artist or Indian apprentice. The church was not open so we went to an old adobe house for enquiry. Passing a resistive dog I went to an open door where a typical Spanish-Indian couple were eating breakfast. A carpetless floor; bare, wooden table; rude benches; meat in a fiery stew; a cup of water to extinguish it; some coarse bread, with Jose and Merced stolidly partaking of the rude viands; all took me back to the Mission days, long past. After some trouble I made them understand our errand—this unlike Alissandro-Ramona couple—when the woman went with us to the church, and the sexton being come, she took us in and in hushed tones with occasional obeisances, as we passed sacred objects, tried to answer our enquiries. Our talk under favorable out-door auspices was but a jargon of Pigeon English and Spanish and we were both relieved when I gave her a fee, which, as usual was about as small as the donor 122 could make it and not seem mean. The figure of this dusky descendant of the Mission converts was bad; her face was worse, and I was troubled to affiliate her with the Indian Mission maidens which “H. H.” brought to our acquaintance; but when she gave her name, Merced Castro, I felt relieved, and her romantic title formed a dull halo about her prosaic clay which took me back to the time when that family was prominent here, and indirectly exalted the poor Indian, to a degree which made her passable. A recent earthquake had cracked the plastering of the church, which was a matter of interest; another that 2700 missions Indians lay in the Campo Santo—the Holy Field—back of the building; another that the path from street to church-door was paved with the vertebrae of whales; showing what one of the industries of Monterey was, though a declining one.

From here we passed on to the town—once the capital of California; now showing many remains of Spanish or Mexican occupancy. Here Fremont raised the stars and stripes and took formal possession of the country. The old Capitol and Custom House are still intact. Some of the old adobes are in ruins, and their tumbling walls, scattered tiles and bared timbers, reminders of old Mission days, are of saddening interest. Some are renovated so as to be habitable; all picturesque in the extreme, with their red roofs and gray walls. Chalk abounds here, and in some instances was used for foundations on which to build the sun dried brick walls of one hundred years ago. But the people are not very amorous of the antique and wonder why the “gringos,” or green-horns, care for the red-tiled tumble-down buildings; so they use them for stables, stores and saloons as long as they will hold together; and as the house falls so it lies; one of the old buildings, store-house, convent or something of the kind, was used as a Presbyterian Mission.

At 8 o'clock we started on the “seventeen-mile drive;” out the bay, down the coast and over the hills to place of starting. 123 The land, mile after mile around Monterey is owned by the Southern Pacific, a mammoth corporation controlling many railroads and street-car lines as well as lands and hotels in California, although often in other names. The Drive is kept in order by the sub-head of the same corporation, “The Pacific Improvement Company,” the apple of whose eye is the Hotel Del Monte; a Paradisical Symphony in architecture and gardening. The Drive is a fine piece of road and free to the public, which means practically the livery stables outside the one at the Hotel. These must charge established rates or keep off the route; which is not unfair—for them.

There were about four hundred booked for the excursion, and, here let me add, preserve me from such crowds! The saving in rates is as nothing compared to the discomfort of such rushing, jamming, Satan-take-the-hindmost way of enjoyment. As the coaches held from six to sixteen, and all wanted to go in the nicest, and there were all kinds to fill the want, and to sit next the driver, there was confusion worse confounded. The one who is *de trop*, in a full stage is not to be envied. He is the last man to get in; has paid his fare and has equal rights with the rest; but his companions sour on him until he feels like getting out and walking. We had one of these in our coach and I pitied him, as on the ragged edge of a seat he tried to enjoy the beauties of sea and

land, while seated between, or rather in front of two school-ladies. A good portion of our party was composed of these. School was out and they were abroad. No more listening to the recitations of a-b-abs, and the ascending scale therefrom, until the pupils "commencement" gave relief. Some of these were very smart; once in a while you would come across one too cute for anything. I saw a gentleman who had been up the coast before, who thought he knew a thing or two and felt justified in addressing a stranger, say to one of these wanderers, who weeks ago had bidden adieu to home and manners in the far East, as he pointed to a 124 prominent evergreen, "That is a Live Oak," "Yes," said she, "I suppose so. I see it is not a dead one." And then the well kept countenance that showed the sayer a dispenser of *bon mots*, and the smiles that wreathed the faces of her companions! And furthermore what other smart things come out from these several maids from school, and on a lark; the quips, the refined gags, the puns; why they were just running over with disinfected Jo Millerisms!

To see the proportion in numbers of the two sexes on our excursion one would think men cared little for travel, or else had more to do, as they composed but about one-third. This was partly accounted for by the number of women teachers released from their labors, and by men generally having less religion thus making them a minority among the Christian Endeavorers. "'tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true;" but let that go.

But I am making little progress with my stage-ride. One after another our conveyances, from stately Concord coach, carrying sixteen, to humble four-seater started off and at last went ours. Now here is my time to bring in "Crack went the whips; round went the wheels. Were ever folks so glad?"

Although I cannot truthfully say our whips cracked, but the axles stood a chance to from our loads. The wheels certainly went round and our folks were as glad as any sardines, tightly packed, could be. Through the streets of Monterey we whirled by crumbling walls, by tiled buildings of a way-back age when the Mission Fathers held sway, and the Indian converts humbly followed their teachings and did their bidding at manual labor; in tilling land, herding, in workshops and factory, and in the erection of buildings, which for design, massiveness and work-manship make us wonder. Past the old Custom House, by the Embareadero, where many a galleon once anchored; by the cross

marking the spot where Father Junipera Serra landed in 1773, 125 and then by the costly statue erected to his memory by Mrs. Stanford. The whaling station, greasy and stained from rendering blubber, and malodorous, withal, we canter by and also Chinatown with its Joss House and other queer appendages. Then comes Pacific Grove, a roll through the woods and along the rock-bound sea-coast, resonant with surging waves. Next Chinese fishing stations whose craft are manned, if we may use the term, by beings who look like junk pirates and yet who may be as "mild mannered" as Byron's Greek Corsair. Their homes, built of wreckage and brown with sun, with their uncouth indwellers drying and mending their nets for the night's catch, were picturesque indeed. Along the shore were rocks, on which, or flying around them were gulls, cormorants and pelicans in noisy numbers. The ten-mile drive along the coast, with the waves lashing the rocks, or rolling in succession up the sandy beach was to be remembered. The guide-book promised a number of seals, but it seemed to be their "day off;" but there seemed to be so much other optical food we forgave their absence.

A peculiar feature of the coast our route skirted was the cypresses. Battling with the merciless ocean winds for centuries some had succumbed to fate, while others seemed endowed with a fighting chance for life. The first with unrooted trunks and gnarled limbs clawing the air looked like the skeletons of giant, octopean monsters, bleached to bony whiteness; the others almost prone to earth still raised their limbs in air; their tufted extremities seemingly waving defiance to the enemy, wierd and ghastly in their contorted shapes. If they could be imagined with feeling there was an indescribable pathos in their looks.

We stopped at one point to allow our people to gather seashells and such flotsam and jetsam as might interest them, and then, going forward, left the sea. Our long, straggling 126 cavalcade now wound up the overlooking mountain, and moving fast or slow, as the grade allowed or commanded, was headed for Del Monte. The coolness of the sea shore, with its smooth, hard road, was exchanged for heat and dust and the canter and trot of our horses for a toilsome walk. Gophers and brown squirrels scampered away from us, and now and then a quail took flight at our appearance; but the "deer which now and then bounded across the road" was in the guide-book maker's mind. But we saw several buzzards in lieu. At last we got to the top of the mountain and

then our coaches got their work in, and pushing our horses, with a sort of a turn-about, fair-play notion sent them shambling down the north side of the divide. Then coach after coach, filled with our upper four-hundred entered the suburbs; then through the town of Monterey, next by groves and tropical gardens and by mid-afternoon we were on our way to San Francisco.

I made a second visit to the historic town and surroundings of Monterey; mainly to see El Carmelo Mission, four miles away over the hills. There being no coaches running on my arrival I hired a livery team at Pacific Grove to take me thence. My driver was a young Mexican with a high sounding Castillian name which I have forgotten, but I will call him Francisco de Carillo. He was proud of his descent on his father's side and also, on the score of progressiveness, that his mother was an American. It might have been a common every day name; if so, the matrimonial laws of our country beautified it with Carillo. He talked fair English; was a good lay figure to try my faulty Spanish on, and did not know the succession of the months, but was quite conceited. He, like a good many others of greater pretensions, fell back on his family name to cover any sins of omission. The round price he charged for his outfit was laid to the Del Monte people who would have forbidden him the "Drive," if he cut prices. Through the old town again 127 and over the last of the seventeen-mile drive and from the hill-top a beautiful view came before us, El Carmelo Valley; once filled with flocks and herds, in the prosperous days of the Mission there established. In 1825 there roamed over the meadows and hills along the Carmel river, 87,600 cattle, 1800 horses, 365 yoke of oxen and 54,000 sheep belonging to El Carmelo Mission. Secularization took place ten years afterwards, when destruction smote these flocks and herds. The cattle were killed for their hides; the horses ran away; the sheep scattered among the foot hills and mountains; the Indians, uncared for, mostly resumed their savage life; the priests fled and the noble church and homes of hundreds of converts went to ruin. Much of the valley is now owned by a wealthy widow, Mrs. Hatton, who has a milk ranch and supplies Monterey and the Hotel Del Monte with that needed fluid. The railroad possessions hereabouts are in tens of thousands of acres. We crossed an iron pipe which comes from a stream in the Santa Lucia mountain on the other side of the Carmel Valley, and running to the top of the hills back of Monterey carries water to a reservoir which supplies that town as well as Del Monte. The Southern Pacific owns this water plant through a sub-corporation.

Down a steep hill went Francisco and his fare at a rattling pace, and turning a shoulder of the hill the Mission of San Carlos Borromeo arose before us in impressive outlines. Nearly all the surrounding buildings were in ruins; some in standing walls; some mere heaps of clay; remains of tile-covered dwellings which in 1835, when the Mission neared abandonment, sheltered 236 people, and which in prosperous days homed many more. The first Mission was founded in 1770 at Monterey. Here the good Padre Serra built a rude chapel of boughs, planted a cross and ringing his bells, swinging from a live-oak belfry, cried aloud towards the hills of Loma, to the gentiles supposed to be there lurking to come forth and be baptized and be made good Christian men and women, as was the custom. 128 Then while holy incense still filled the air the doughty leathergirt soldiers fired a cannon and a score of arquebusses and their commander took possession of the fair valley and rim of hills in the name of the King of Spain.

Then the glad tidings from throats of limb-swung bells, fire arms and pious padres having gone forth, the next step was to reap the harvest by gathering in the gentiles. These were harmless folk, but scary withal at the sounds so unusual in these wilds; so the good Father Juniperra Serra, with his assistant, Father Crespi, were fain to supplement these noises with personal efforts to hunt up the heathen, and when found, to use persuasive gestures and gifts of bright calicoes and trinkets to win them to the church. They soon had a crowd of converts. How they understood one another we know not, but there seemed to be a mutual understanding that wrought good, and hundreds of the simple-minded savages would be found around them. Then followed the pastoral age—California's half century of Romance!

The soldiers at the Monterey Presideio were working harm among the Indians for there were many bad fellows, convicts, released if they would fight for the King, and the like, among the temporal defenders of the Cross, so, six months after the founding of the Mission on the shores of Monterey Bay, the Fathers led their dusky flock over the hill to the Carmelo valley, which they knew to be a goodly place, well watered and stocked with rich grasses, and in the mountain streams were salmon in good numbers. Here a chapel, houses and a corral were built, with a rough stockade around the

whole to protect the converts and their few cattle; the nucleus of the large herds which afterwards pastured these meadows; for there were bad, thieving Indians among the mountains.

The year 1771 was a troublous one to El Carmelo. The crops failed, and it was only by the game killed in the 129 adjoining ranges that starvation was kept off. As creature comforts had much to do with the religious fervor of the Indians there were lapses from grace among them; conversions ceased and sadness came over the hearts of the friars. But by next year things had changed for the better. The rich soil, through more rainfall, gave forth an hundred fold of grains, roots and grasses; priest and neophyte were made happy and the increasing flocks and herds grew fat and sleek. From 1815 to 1820 was the era of prosperity and romance among the California Missions and Carmel was no exception. The better class of Spanish emigration tended towards Monterey which was growing to importance. The Yankee trading ships were beginning their visits, and coasting up and down the line of Missions which connected San Diego with Dolores were exchanging trinkets and church adornments, calico, velvet and broad-cloths, at unheard of profits for common place hides and tallow. I saw bells in old towers with the Boston trade-mark on them, thus exchanged, side by side with those from Old Spain, presented by the pious and the transfer of the widow's mite, for the Catholics in the Mother country were full of zeal towards the conversion of the heathen savages of the New World, and the money for that purpose was for years kept up by what was known as the Pious Fund; the donation of rich and poor. The dates on these bells were as inharmonious as their tones, for those from Yankee land had not much precious metal in their composition. To think of those clanging pendants of the age-worn belfries being bartered for pelts and grease! But the balance of trade must at times have been in favor of the Carmel Mission. We read that in 1825 it had \$40,000, in specie, in connection with its burial on a rumor that a pirate was seen from the head-lands of the bay, pointing in.

To read the doings of the pastoral period of California is soothing to the senses in these days of ceaseless rush and scramble, when the motto is, the de'el take the one who can't 130 get to the front. The home government had not then thought of interference and the Fathers went on as it so pleased them; converting, sowing, reaping. Small events were magnified in the general lack of excitement. The landing of a trading vessel at the embareadero; the baptism of some hitherto

recalcitrant chief, which meant the accession of his tribe to the church; the marriage of some Jose to his Josepha; the arrival of a bishop; all were events of note. They were prosperous times; there were abundance of crops and converts and the friars waxed sleek as the cattle. Critics say the lasso was used to bring Indians into the folds of the church; that they were fattened for work the same as the oxen and mules they drove, and not for humane reasons; that their religion was a farce, being rewarded for the repetition of a prayer or the catechism answers by a piece of meat, as dogs for tricks; that the priests were knaves and the converts shams. But too many of these defamers were the descendants of those who profited by the robbery of Mission lands and wanted some pretexts whereby their consciences might be eased, or were religious bigots. We would rather believe those disinterested historians who show the Mission priests as honest, self-sacrificing men and that, if the Indians were serfs, they were far better off than when roaming the forests and deserts. We know the results of the breaking up of the Missions. It was a struggle between government officials as to who would get the biggest share of lands and cattle, while the Indian converts, bewildered by the strange proceedings and seeing their abandonment on the expulsion of the priests, returned to their old haunts and many of them, from example, became cattle and horse thieves, as the whites, only on a smaller scale. Now from causes, discreditable to their alleged betters the California aborigines are almost extinct. That the old condition of things could not continue is evident, for, in the march of Progress, the weak of humanity must succumb to the strong; but let not the motives of the Mission founders be traduced in making excuses for those who drove them from power.

But let me get back to my Castillian Jehu whom I left on the hill slope as we caught sight of the San Carlos Mission, while I have been making historical divergence. We finished our journey and while he hunted up the sexton I looked around among the ruined buildings, but found all but two or three nothing but piles of weather-dissolved bricks. Those standing were Windowless, doorless, roofless — Nothing but gaping walls,

and suggestive of sad feelings, which the massive Mission church, towering above them in desolate grandeur, only increased. This was no common adobe, but was built of dressed, yellow colored stone from a neighboring quarry; the lime used in the mortar from burned sea-shells. The building was 180 by 70 feet, the front width including two flanking towers. The belfry was twenty feet

square and to the dome-summit, on which was a cross, was ninety feet. In the rear was a wing which I heard a clerical alarmist say was once a branch Inquisition. The building was fine in its proportions, and the front, with the arched windows in its towers and solid masonry looked like a Moorish castle. In its isolated grandeur El Carmelo was the most impressive building I saw on the coast.

Finally the Portugese sexton's boy came up and opening the door stood with out-stretched, itching palm to take his fee. Two or three other tourists who had lately arrived went in with me. We found the walls mouldy and bare of pictures and ornaments; in fact church service is held here but once a year; perhaps to hold title to the property; in fact there is no congregation. There are no pews and the floor is mainly the old tiles. A rough altar rail fronts the pulpit, and between the two is what looks like a sarcophagus. Visitors dare not go beyond 132 the railing for such is sacrilege in the mind of the sexton, and he is respected.

A tablet beside the altar on the wall gives the interesting information that buried under the floor are the bones of four of the most distinguished Fathers of the California Missions: Juniperra Serra, who died in 1774; Juan Crespi in 1782; Julian Lopez in 1797, and Francisco Lascuen in 1803. Their place of burial was lost sight of for a long time, but some old documents were found that induced the church officials at Monterey to make a search. The Mission had long been deserted, the roof had fallen in and rank weeds were growing through the floor; but taking up the tiles there were shown four large slabs which unmistakably marked the resting place of the Padres who lost their lives in their efforts to save the souls of the red gentiles. There were niches around the chapel for images and relics, and a semi-circular projection from the wall like an oriole window, with steps leading thereto. Another tablet, over a cross and picture of a heart had the words in Latin, "Oh, Heart of Jesus, ever burning and shining, kindle and illumine mine with thy divine love—Angels and Saints let us praise the Heart of Jesus!" This was in the gloomy basement of the belfry. In the tower opposite was a steep winding stair-way of solid masonry leading to the loft. Here was a stained glass window, on which was represented the Cross, Crown of Thorns, Heart, Saint Peters Mitre and Keys and Sacred Hammer and Nails. The adjoining room in the tower, not having been repaired, was unsafe and visitors were not allowed therein. A glance at the large audience room

below, eighty years ago thronged with dusky worshippers on regular occasions, and a scene of brilliant ceremonies calculated to please or awe their simple minds and I descended the stair-way to the vestibule where I found all gone but the watchful Portugese sexton. Hunting up Francisco I was soon on my way from this sad, romantic spot and journeying across the mountains to Monterey.

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My driver had only promised to take me to the Mission but, doubtless impressed with the high charges of his employer, he offered to make out the day, so we drove around the streets of the sleepy old town and amid the tropical beauty and grandeur

ARIZONA GARDEN, DEL MONTE.

of the park of the Hotel Del Monte. The ribbon beds of foliage plants; flowers of all colors and climes, arranged in every attractive way; roses, heliotropes, tulips, crocuses and callas 134 meet us at every hand. Then the plants repellant to the touch; to be seen and not handled, cacti in all its prickly variations, “devil’s pincushions,” bristling stalks like elongated caterpillars, huge century-plants and prickly pears interspersed with spreading palms. These abounded; then came rare deciduous and evergreen trees and shrubbery, with winding walks and bewildering mazes and bridle paths and carriage drives parting them to the right and to the left. In the midst was a lake with fountain and boats. None the less attractive was the attraction made wholly by hand—the Hotel itself, but I will let that pass. I had thought that the coming night I would take mine ease at that inn; but the “gentlemanly clerk,” perhaps from seeing I had no baggage, or from intuitive knowledge of my sleeping and eating capacities set a price on me which lost him a guest. So I passed out from the grand corridors of the palatial tavern and entering the buggy of my awaiting Francisco was soon back to Monterey.

The wooded hills above it; the Bay with its curving lines and bright waves, the streets flanked with alternations of modern buildings, ancient tiled adobes and ruined walls renewed my former impressions of Monterey and I was glad to be there again. We drove across the head of the Cove where Father Juniperra landed in the long ago and which is marked by a tall, white cross, and above it, crowning a hill, the costly granite monument to his memory built by the widow of Leland

Stanford. This represents the leader of the Mission Fathers standing in a boat in which lies a cross; in one hand a crucifix, the other raised to heaven in benediction. The inscription reads "Here June 3d, 1770, landed Rev. Juniperra Serra, order of St. Francis, who founded the following Missions: San Diego, August 16, 1769; San Antonio de Padua, July 14, 1771; San Gabriel, September 8, 1771; San Luis Obispo, September 1, 1772; San Francisco de Dolores, October 9, 1776; San Juan Capistrano, November 1, 1776; Santa Clara, January 18, 1777; 135 San Buenaventura, March 21, 1782, and died August 28, 1784, at San Carlos Mission, Carmelo Valley. This monument was erected by Jane L. Stanford in 1891, in memory of Father Juniperra Serra; a philanthropist seeking the welfare of the humblest; a hero daring and always ready to sacrifice himself for the welfare of his fellow beings; a faithful servant of his Master." The pose of the statue, the magnitude, workmanship and general design, and its position on a suburban hill, overlooking the Bay from which the good priest landed make this a prominent and impressive landmark of Monterey.

Among Eastern tourists interested in the Spanish Missions, the varying attributes of enthusiasm and bigotry, not but what they are sometimes found in one person, were sometimes conspicuous. Some saw in the remains of the twenty-one establishments scattered along the coast, three or four restored; but mainly in ruins, the work of self-sacrificing Christian Missionaries, willing to lay down their lives, as several did, that the souls of the heathen might be saved, and who incidentally spread a semi-civilization over a land where savagery had hitherto held sway. Others saw in these monks the tools of the Arch-enemy, whose work it had been to spread a cruel religion; making beasts of burden of its converts, who had best have remained heathen than had their souls saved wrong fashion; greedily pocketing the tithes, and as much more as they dared, of the plunder they turned over to the King; and that the architectural monuments they left behind them are no more to their credit than the temples along the Nile are to the cruel taskmasters of Egypt, who robbed their slaves of the labor which built them.

After coming back to Monterey I met a reverend gentleman whom I had seen on his way to El Carmelo. He was undoubtedly a good man; but I was speaking about two attributes held by tourists. Well, his was not enthusiasm. I am not a crank; no one admits he is; but I have been much interested in the 136 Spanish Missions in California. My several allusions, and, perhaps, repetitions

show that. Others besides myself have been so, or else the literature devoted to it has been put forth to vacancy. The Indian question and early California history are to a large extent connected with those religious enterprises along the borders of the Pacific coast. I was much interested in the Carmelo Mission from its former prosperity to its present desolation, and supposed the gentleman alluded to was as much impressed, or he would not have gone so much out of his way; but I learned he had merely paid it a perfunctory visit; his errand being to look for strange fish in the adjacent waters of Carmel bay. He broke in on my remarks "Did you see that rear wing?" I did. "And the little window and the grated door?" I confessed to the window but ignored the door. "Well, that was a dungeon where the priests imprisoned heretics." I tried to convince him of his error and to impress him with the good the Fathers had done; telling him of the labors of those missionaries whose bones lay under the tiles of the church. But the robes of the Scarlet Lady so blinded his eyes he could see no good in connection with her, so he shrugged his shoulders and said "I know all about that!" Then I told him about the loft and the window of stained glass with its pictures; but they were Papist pictures; so he wisely asked "Do you know how many of those prisoners from the dungeon they took up there and cut their heads off?" I could not answer, then he ran on to his fish-fad, and told me about a devil-fish he caught in the Bay; a real devil-fish such as Hugo wrote about—only not so large; and so there came a parting of the ways.

Apropos to this, a stroll around the Monterey fish-wharf was interesting. Some of the fishermen were getting ready for their nightly catch of sardines wherewith they would tempt the luscious salmon in the morning; their boats being in readiness at the landing. Others were mending their nets, or sauntering around. They were mainly Portugese, and to see them with 137 their water-side togs; seamen's boats and clothing corresponding; with their flowing whiskers, the traditional corsair of the "low, raking craft" was suggested: With a kerchief on his head, All a dyed a bloody red, And a pistol bulging boldly from each hip, And a cutlass in each hand; With his gizzard full of sand, And his whiskers spraying out from jowl and lip; While he loudly raves and roars, Till he scares the fish in scores; Scudding Northward, scudding Southward from the ship. But mine was meek and mild As any nursing child, As he listened, and I questioned on the quay Of the catching of the whale, That could kill you with his tail, And the sardine, so different in his weigh.

The Pacific Whaling Company, a corporation doing as much towards the annihilation of its prey as did the merciless hunter of the Plains to making the Bison a thing of the past, has rendering cauldrons here which annually “do-up” twenty to thirty whales. These are sometimes eighty feet long, but are not of a kind to yield much oil. The fishing is not on the old lines, where so much pluck was required, and it is more revolting. While some of the whalers go out with harpoon and gun in large whale boats, others mount the head-lands of the coast, and with field-glasses look out for spouters. When a “find” is made these signal to the boatmen who bear down on the monster of the brine. The first thing to do, when near enough, is to harpoon the whale; the next to bring a whale-gun to bear on him and kill him with dynamite. This my coarse-hair friend said was a nice thing to do; of course not for the whale. If fired at right angles the bomb would go through the fish and explode in the water beyond; if at too slight an angle it would glance off; so it must be fired just right and burst before traversing the luckless fish. The bomb is eighteen inches long and but one inch in diameter; but is a murderous affair. The reason the 138 harpoon is attached first to the whale is that he sinks after the bomb explodes and by the harpoon-line can be towed ashore. I thought this a very cruel sport, but lost no time arguing with my pirate. The whalers are mainly Portugese; eighteen of whom make a gang. Business is dull with them, thanks to their cruel bombs, which are scaring away the schools of whales which used to frequent that coast. An eighty-foot whale will yield sixty barrels of oil. This once sold at 60 cents per gallon; now it is but 20 to 30 cents. Substitutes for whale-bones have so multiplied that it also has fallen off in price; so my fisher-friend took a gloomy view of whaling.

I suppose there were one hundred fishing boats around the wharf ready to put to sea the following morning for salmon. The bait is caught the previous evening. The boats come in about noon, when the catch is at once expressed to San Francisco. The salmon-fishers realize eight cents per pound for their product. The largest weigh forty or fifty pounds each.

There is a shell-fish called the Abilone; formerly plentiful about Monterey, but pot-hunting, Japanese fishermen have made them scarce. This is often six inches or more across, three inches deep, and shaped like half a clam. It is full of meat and clings to the rocks. The native fishermen

get them with tongs; but the Japanese are driving them from business with new ways. These Asiatic Yankees have a diving rig whereby they go down and remain long enough to fill a sack with these uni-valves, which they detach from the rocks with a heavy knife. They are naturally despised by the easy going Portugese. The shells of the Abilone when scraped are capable of a fine polish, while some are decorated, and all find a ready sale to tourists. Large quantities are sent to France for the manufacture of pearl buttons, while the flesh is dried and goes to China. Owing to the destructive fishing the Abilone will soon go the way of pre-historic extinct things.

Among memento-hunting tourists was the “fad” of buying 139 the worn-nets of fishermen. While these would be in process of repairs you would see the fine ladies of Del Monte dallying around the swart fishermen seeking purchases. They were wanted for decorating windows, or inside curtains, for long use has given them an old-gold hue which delighted the blaze, aesthetic eye. To see the well dressed ladies among these picturesque toilers of the sea was like a scene from the opera of Masionella.

Monterey is a health resort; in some cases a last resort. The sight of those in the last stages of consumption, fighting off death, is pathetic. At the foot of the wharf stairway, fishing, I saw a lady of this class passing away the sunset hour, accompanied by a lad from her boarding house. Her face showed she was marked for the dreaded journey to the dim beyond, but she had the hopefulness of her kind. The shadows lengthened by the setting sun as it sank below the distant head-lands of the bay seemed typical of her near future.

I staid over night at a sea-side tavern; by no means up to the Del Monte standard. There were no gardens of flowers, groves of palms, nor rare trees; but it was surrounded by scenes of great interest from the wave-lapped shore to the suburbs of tile-roofed houses and official buildings of the old regime, and instead of paying two dollars for supper and lodging you got for half that sum an additional meal. Several fellow tourists stopped there; I may add in self-justification. I slept on the first floor, and as the window was open, and no fasteners on the sash, and water-side characters withing easy hail, I went to the landlord for protection. He told me not to fear; all around were honest; but gave me a stick to hold down the sash. My light was the primitive tallow-dip our fathers

used. Well, this was different from my last stop at Monterey, at the palatial Del Monte, with its electric lights, fine bed rooms, high living and French waiters! As morning was coming I arose, and lighting my candle, finished my notes of 140 the previous day's happenings and took a stroll through the streets. I somehow could not get enough of the quaint town; but the best of friends must part, and taking an early morning train for San Francisco I was soon leaving rearward the Carmel Mission, the beautiful bay and town of Monterey, and the curious people of land and wave there belonging; but their memory will long have my mind for their habitat.

As I came up the valleys, which followed one another, the same busy scenes were re-enacted I noticed going South; and more. I saw plowing by steam; an engine on each side of a field with a cable winding around drums to draw a gang of plows back and forth, while the "headers," threshers and balers were still busy as before.

For a while the heat was intense, but as we came to the bay of San Francisco the air grew cooler until we were obliged to put on our overcoats; so does the temperature vary. As we neared the city hundreds of wind-mills came in view, swifter running as the wind increased, and pumping their tanks full for the morrow's irrigation. These grounds were the pastures of the Mission Dolores; the lands near by being too sandy for grass. Numerous Chinese raise vegetables on this tract, which is divided in small fields, over which the greatest care in cultivation is exercised. The surface is quite uneven and on the steep slopes of the ravines we see all kinds of truck rankly growing, from frequent watering, in strong contrast with the sand-hills above the level of the tanks. Through the suburbs and we are at the depot, scattering towards our temporary homes.

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## VIII.

*Around San Francisco Bay.* Happy the man who visits youthful scenes, o'er which two scores of changing years have rolled, And from his long-life visit comfort gleans From face or landscape which he knew of old. Forms, once familiar, dead or moved away; Those found, unsympathetic,

rudely stare, The home torn down, rebuilt or in decay, The trees you loved removed; the woodlands bare— You cease your useless quest and homeward fare.

FOR years, while anticipating my revisitation of California the following in the wake of my tramp in search of work, in company with my comrade “Scottie,” was in my mind. The journey was seventy miles and it was eight days before our ends were accomplished, and I had faith that between livery teams, railroads and steamers I would follow it up but as “Obidah the son of Obensinah, who left the Carivanserai early in the morning” planned such a series of travels and “lived and died within the walls of Bagdad,” so did my designs come far short of fulfillment.

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My first strike was for the Ranch in the Petaluma Valley where in tribulation I tried farming, California fashion. Crossing the Tiberon ferry I went by rail to Petaluma, passing Lakeville on the opposite side of the Petaluma river; the seaport of my old home. This involved a walk back of eight miles, but I found a good natured wagoner, two miles on my way, who took me in. He was a son of an old time neighbor. When I say our ranch was of 1400 acres, and the surrounding tracts averaged about the same the reader will know what a California neighbor meant. His name was Stewart and he was ostensibly glad of my company, I know I was glad of his; for the sun was glaring down, as only it can in these hill-locked valleys. It was hay harvest and much of the oats being cut the stackers were busy at work. The “oat-hay” was dragged by a huge rake, which holds a ton, to the rick. Here is a derrick and swung from this are claws which gather up a half ton, and horse-power puts it on the rick. Sometimes a horse with broad wooden shoes is put on the hay to tramp it, and to see him wearily walking around gives one “that tired-feeling.” When the rick nears completion a load of hay is dumped to ease his fall and he is pushed off. Contractors rick hay for 25 cents per ton. The farmers, who in my time wasted manure, now save it, and supplement it on wheat with land plaster, the only fertilizer used, at a cost of 55 cents per acre. The fencing was split, red wood shucks, nailed to poles; making a rough, unsightly enclosure. Wire is now taking its place. My friend kept forty cows and sold his milk at 70 cents a hundred pounds. Farmers here were complaining of their lot as elsewhere.

Arriving at my friend's home I started on a two mile journey over the hills. Those who don't know the nature of the smaller ridges dividing the valleys which, like the points of a star-fish, radiate from the bay of San Francisco, must be told they are a 143 series of domes with gulches winding between them; sometimes so channeled that cattle cannot cross them. They are bare of trees and covered with natural, wild oats pasture, so slippery one can hardly climb the slopes. To cross such a range without a compass one easily loses his way. The ranch buildings where I passed most of my California days at last came in sight, but there was little semblance to those of old. The house had been burned down the preceding winter; two large, weather beaten cow barns had been built, and two tenant houses. These last were occupied by Portugese. The barn, which in my time lodged the horses and hired men, was the only building to remind me of old times. I looked at the weather seamed and blistered structure where we spent our evenings talking of our old life on the plains or grumbling about our present times. Nothing but black ashes marked the spot where stood the house; a sad sight and a disappointing one, for I had expected to get a more or less square meal here. Much of our labor was spent in setting out an orchard, but from neglect these trees were stunted and the evergreens near the house were scorched by the late fire, and faded red. I felt a second Marius at the ruins of Carthage, with no very pleasant thoughts. I went to the old spring on the hill-side where I and my gray horse "Tom" repaired with our barrel-sled every morning for the diurnal water supply, and here I would get a drink; but alas! the spring was burned up as well as the house. The summer sun of California was too much for it. Great cracks seamed the black adobe soil which one could stick his hand in, and I turned away sadly from the waterless spring. I looked for the vineyard I helped set out; the Phyloxera, or some other high sounding named pest—or perhaps sheer neglect—had killed off all but four or five vines. The fences I worked so hard on were gone. The prairie soil we reclaimed with plow and seed through much labor had relapsed to its natural condition and a hundred cattle were pasturing thereon. The 144 Portugese woman I enquired of concerning the former owner could not understand me, and looked on me with suspicion, as did the men when they came home from their work at noon, and as I wandered from house to spring; from orchard to vineyard, they doubtless wondered what manner of man this was, and mayhap thought I needed watching.

That my visit was a disappointing one is easily seen. The season was winter when I was here before, and from frequent rains every thing was bright and green; the buildings were new and fresh painted. Now the earth was parched and blistered, the pasture faded, the house burned down, the spring dry. My head ached and I was tired with a long walk over the slippery hills, and generally disgusted. So ended my visit to my ranch home.

My next object was Sonoma, eight miles farther on and under a blazing sun which made my head ache the more, and over a dusty road which kept me tired, I started from my old home. This way "Scottie" and I tramped on our search for work and I returned over it on my homeward way. My comrade left the ranch before I did and here was the hill I saw him disappear behind, never to see him more. To my left arose the divide with its sides dotted or covered with live-oaks and yellow with oats pasture. In front stretched one of the county roads peculiar to the state. This, in my time, was a natural track conforming to the surface; with bridgeless gullies, and slanting to the verge of upsetting wagons; while in winter it was almost impassable for mire. Now it was piked with gravel and was the leading road from Petaluma to Napa. In the South, and nearer the bay, such roads are kept sprinkled, for there the rainless months make the best of them dusty. This road was not much traveled and the community was too poor to keep it watered. My choice lay between the dust and the varied weeds flanking the road. Canada thistle, dog-fennel, dock and a pest called the tar-weed alternated. I became as much disgusted with this last as did Pumblechook in "Great Expectations," with his particular brand of Tar. I was made aware of its presence by its disagreeable odor and eventually by the stickiness of my clothing coming in contact with it. It bears a bright, yellow blossom; but that don't help matters. "A Tar-weed on the roadside bank a Tar-weed was to me and nothing more." I noticed the noses of cattle and horses brown and sticky with its contact while pasturing among it. The poison-oak is another pest for which special remedies are prepared, the merits of which glare from advertising boards in large letters the same as dyspepsia and consumption-cures with us.

The stranger coming to the forks of a road in a thinly settled country like this is at a loss what to do; whether to cut across country a mile or two to the nearest house and enquire, or to take his chances

and go on. Tired, dust covered and sticky with tar-weed I came to such a dilemma. Traveling the different paths of religion we are comforted with the thought that all converge on the Happy Land; but reverse the matter and what? You may find yourself in any one of the cranky ways which calls itself religion. To make a practical illustration might not the dusty, tar-weed scented highway I was on lead to vagueness? But look ahead; there, near the roadside, looms up a small building! A nearer approach shows it a school house. But it must be vacation time, as in the East; then it will avail me nothing. But they go a little by contraries here; the vacation is at another season. The school house is open, and within I hear the buzz of childish voices and the accented tones of the teacher in words of command or instruction. So I move around to the door, rap on the jambs, and the teacher, who is an Irish girl, leaves her charge of a dozen embodiments of ideas she is teaching lessons in gunnery and comes to the door with a startled look. I tell her my dilemma; she regains her school room assurance and says I am on the right road to Sonoma. Then I ask about the 146 shcool, the salaries paid the teachers in the section and finally tell her that when at home I am a school director. She bears the imformation stoically. I think after some manifestations of confusion she will ask me in, when would come, after the usual preliminaries, "Would you like to say something to the pupils?" Then, "Now children, look me right in the eye! Be good to your teacher. Remember if she whips you it is for your own good and it hurts her more than you. I come like other wise men from the East. There is no Snow nor Ice there. Do you know what Snow and Ice is? That bright little lad in the corner has his hand up," and so on. But I was not asked in. In fact I think the little school lady was glad when my back was turned. I was not young, I was dust-grimed, stickey and scented with tar-weed. I noticed some things suggestive of a thinly settled country; a horse shed, for the ponies the children rode to school, and some bicycles. I saw but one school house in fifteen miles on this leading road and only one other building; an old roadside tavern. The last forty years had changed that part of California but little.

Just after leaving the school house my ears were greeted with the rattle of a vehicle, and shuffling through the dust, I saw a team of horses drawing a light wagon driven by a youth, with a dog on the seat beside him. The hot sun, tar and dust were doing me up, and as the team came along side I hailed the Jehu commanding, and asked him to act Samaritan for my especial benefit, to which

he willingly agreed. So I climbed in his wagon, the dog getting back to make room for me, and we went on our way.

The young man was the son of a widow who lived in Sonoma. They ran a chicken ranch, and he had been to Petaluma with a load of live poultry. As usual I obtained all the information I could of him in reference to the country and people's ways, and found him an easy victim, as we shambled through the heat and dust.

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It was not long before we drove up to the old tavern spoken of; known to me of old as the "Pike County House," as a compliment to the Missouri Pikers settled around. It is now loaded with the fancy name of El Laurel, as a compliment to the laurels we don't see. It is a lonesome place; but picturesque, withal, in its shade of pepper trees. The trunk of one of these was eight feet across and its foliage shaded a water-tank which supplied a horse-trough. No "Ostler Jo" appeared, so my driver turned on the spigot and watered his thirsty ponies, which, with their tar-stained noses down deep in the trough, greedily drank their fill, the while we went in the tavern and the inner man refreshed. I remembered this place well, for in sight of it I was once "held up," in the sense of being asked to lend a fellow tramp a dollar when I was in no condition to refuse him. The Pike County House at that time had not the best reputation.

The horses watered, my driver, Walter, and myself, not forgetting the white dog, mounted our open barouche and resumed our way across the undulating country, where land was plenty and homes so few. For miles before reaching Sonoma five people own the land. Senator Fair has 5000 acres, Senator Jones, of Nevada, 15,000 more; the last reclaimed along Sonoma creek by levees. Fair raises horses, but the main part of the large tract was idle. There were other immense estates in a similar condition. There were no cross-roads, but once in a while a wagon-track led from the main road to some unseen ranch buildings. I expected to see this part of the land cut up into prosperous farms. No wonder school houses were scarce. We at last got to the Sonoma suburbs where Walter lived, and unloading his crates and dog, a knowing dog he was in his master's mind, my friend took me riding around the town. This was a great favor to me and no cross to my young friend, who was

an easy going lad. We drove around the old Plaza, where last year the fiftieth anniversary of the hoisting of the 148 Bear Flag was celebrated in fine style. Four of the old timers had lived to take part in the festivities. We saw the home of General Vallejo, where two of his daughters live; the old adobe church, and tottering remains of Mission buildings with their tiled roofs; once presentable and on church days filled with dusky worshippers. A cactus hedge twelve feet high, which thwarted my path attracted my attention in more than one way; for a rent it tore in my raiment, almost as great as “that the envious Casca made,” make me remember it. This happened while crawling through it in search for a human land-mark.

A curiosity of the town, and the land-mark alluded to, was Vicente Carillo—Bassanty Carreoyo—a Mexican Indian, 108 years old by his own admission. There are times when we minimize our ages; there are others when we brag about our antiquity. Vicente was of the last, and I thought him justified. Walter put me on his track and aided by the town mayor—fifty years ago he would have been the *alcalde*—Senor Eugenio Robien, we at last run the old fox to cover. The mayor had married a niece of Carillo, was more or less identified with this town property, and was quite jolly and sociable. Vicente looked his years; having all their extreme characteristics. His form was bent; his wrinkles were abysmal; his tongue protruded from his toothless gums, and he was a passe, blazed object; but when Alcalde Robien joked him about once having two simultaneous wives he gave a grimace which made his wrinkles crack and a leer lit up his eyes, and again he was a young and gay Lothario. He was one of the first baptized at the Mission, and had been a peon or semi-slave, of General Vallejo. He was not an appetizing object and thanking Senor Robien and Walter for their kindness in showing me the aged lion of Sonoma, and places of historic interest, also, I returned to my radiating point—San Francisco.

Another locality, interesting from my former wanderings, was the valley of Napa, and although disappointed by the late 149 pilgrimage to my old Sonoma home I concluded to make another effort. By water and rail in a few hours I reached Napa City, the head of navigation of its particular river. The names of Petaluma, Napa and Sonoma are each the sponsor of valley, town and river, and two of them of counties. At Selby, opposite Vallejo, are large smelting works where the Klondike gold is taken. At Napa, where I stopped to make enquiries, I was referred to a son of ex-Governor

Boggs, of Missouri, as one to give me information of people of forty years ago; but that is a long time in a country of frequently changing people; so I was unsatisfied. He, however, interested me in saying he was with the train the Donner party separated from and whose sufferings on the California trail I have mentioned. Mr. Boggs conducted one of the trains. Against the advice of the rest Donner left them for a new route, was delayed and, caught by early snows, many perished in the Sierra Nevadas. Younts, one of the rescuing party, lives near Napa. It is related that Younts dreamed three nights in succession that there was trouble beyond the Sierras, and on the strength of this started with a party, which after much suffering found and brought back the survivors. I was hunting an old sea-captain who had done me a kindness, but it was seeking under difficulties. From one to another “old-timer” looking characters I went; gray hairs and wrinkles being necessary adjuncts of those button-holed; but there was a vast amount of indifference shown; even when I found a cotemporary resident of Napa. At last I thought I was on track of my old sea-faring friend; but I found I must walk to his home, four miles up the valley. This might seem interesting as it was over my former route; but I would rather have ridden. Walking tramp-infested roads in a lonely country is not pleasant when there is money about you and I was glad when I reached my destination, or what I thought was it, for the growth of planted timber had so altered the looks of the country that I was in doubt; generally the face of Nature is changed by deforesting; the reverse was here. My first interlocutor was a dog who made a rush for me. Now some say the human eye has a quelling effect on assailing animals, but a club is a much better deterrent. However, without faith in the first and not thinking it policy to use the last I made use of strategy to keep off the dog, the while I worked my way up to the house. A young woman on the porch was enjoying the scene. Under the din of the barking dog I enquired for the captain and a man soon appeared; grum of countenance and roughly clad. In a few brief words he told me I was on the wrong track, that the particular old-salt I was after had lost its savor and gone to Davy Jones two years ago. His ranch was the next; his widow might be living there and she might not. This in tones repellent, while the young woman stared, and the dog snarled. Says Byron— “’tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near the home; 'tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark Our coming and grow brighter when we come,”—

but the lines are not applicable here. That this dog's bark was honest was practically made manifest, and as for his welcome; "speeding the parting guest" was read between the lines.

Having come this far I thought to go farther, and maybe see what Mrs. Partington called the "relic" of my sea-faring friend. This involved a tiresome walk across fields, with one of those "bete noirs" of California pastoral scenery, a threatening bull, in the foreground; but at last, unharmed, I found the place—and another dog. But he was asleep, or indisposed, and I walked by him to the door. Enquiry of a woman on the back steps made known the fact that her mistress had moved away, that none of the family lived there, and that the dog had been the captain's favorite, and for this was allowed to live his borrowed years. I tried to compare him to Argus, and myself to his master Ulysses, on his return from his wanderings, but 151 miserably failed. The silence, however, which gave consent to my trespass was appreciated.

All this was interesting enough, but the Hamlet I had come to see being omitted by circumstances beyond his control, I soon left this ranch, and taking a distant view of another I had known I turned my back on the place with disappointment, and, with the woman staring suspiciously after me, retraced my steps to Napa. I took a stroll around this town, of interest

"HOW WE TOURED IN '58—'SCOTTIE' AND I."

to me as being where "Scottie" and I spent anything but a Happy New Year in 1859—and our last two "bits." These went for as many loaves of bread and we thought them small ones. I remember being refused a stable to sleep in, and allowed the comforts of a straw shed by the relenting owner; the seeking of the warmth of the hotel fire; the optical participation in a ball given by the youth and beauty of the town, 152 the adjournment to our out-door sleeping place; how cold it was and our being awakened by our companion roosters in the morning. Then the tramp renewed, without breakfast, for work; of our hospitable reception by the sea-captain, and our journey on. But we were tough young fellows then, and soon recovered from mental cares and bodily ailments. Of course since the time I was there the town was changed beyond recognition, but I was shown the

successor to my hotel, which had burned down. Our straw shed I could not find and the feathered alarm clocks had long since done duty as spring chickens.

Then I went back to San Francisco.

Here was a land-mark I wished to see and at last found. This was the What Cheer House—a noted caravansary in the old days. To read of the number of guests accommodated and the tons of provisions consumed was amazing. The charge for each item on the fare-bill was one “bit,” which might be ten cents or fifteen cents according as you offered a dime or a quarter. A peculiarity of this restaurant, in a community like this, was that there was no bar-room attachment; and yet the owner waxed rich. This was Woodward, later of Woodward's Gardens and Pavillion, a suburban resort. At the What Cheer “Scottie” and I “mealed,” after our coming to San Francisco, as long as our funds, resulting from “spouting” some of our “portable property,” held out. After this we looked in with envy in our hearts at those more favored as they partook of the fare whose unit was a bit. Of old this was in a respectable part of the town and was the resort of well-to-do miners and business men; now, with the large dining room sub-divided for other uses it was patronized by the lower classes of diners out. Large brass letters on the pavement identified the place; but a glance in showed a small room with a bar and three or four ill-favored tables, and saw-dust strewn over the floor. A tramp leaning against the door-way looking wistfully in seemed to repeat myself, and I thought of the window full of good things; joints of meat, sausages, pies and so forth, I once looked on with so much wistfulness and nothing for investment—so near and yet so far. I can feel that gnawing yet—a most annoying gnawing. I had calculated to get another meal there in memory of old times; but like Mrs. Gamp “I couldn't a bear it,” for where I old envied the diners I now pitied them; so, sadly turning away, I saw another illusion vanished.

## MOUNT TAMILPAIS.

North and East of San Francisco two isolated peaks are seen. Diablo and Tamilpais; the first most prominent; but the distance and difficulty in reaching its summit bar it from being a resort. Mount Tamilpais is easily reached by steamer and rail and from its base a narrow guage road, whose

cars are drawn by a specially built engine, twists, squirms and doubles on itself till the summit is reached. This is 2600 feet above tide water, close by, and was formerly reached by a donkey path and climbing trail. In 1896 a railroad was built, eight miles long, to reach a point three miles away, and while I have been up the Clear Creek Loop at Denver and Pike's Peak railway, the Mt. Tamalpais road seemed to exceed them both in engineering skill. Ascent by the aid of steam is far preferable to professional mountain climbing, where the requisites are wind, glaciers, alpen-stocks, ice-picks, guides, "guys" and guy-ropes; besides it is better to be in a position to tell your friends of your excursion events than to be a "damp unpleasant body"—on ice—at the foot of some unlucky cliff. Accompanied by my friend on July 14 I started for the mountain. Boarding the Saucileto steamer we sped past the islands of Goat, Angel and Alcatraz, in full view of the Golden Gate, and landed at the terminus of the Mill Valley railroad, which in five miles takes us to the Golden Gate, and landed at the terminus of the Mill Valley railroad, which in five miles takes us to the foot of the mountain. Here we leave the cars and push with Endeavor vim for the "scenic" railway.

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This rush showed the ill-manners of well mannered people. The statement seems like a paradox till we remember the backward tendencies of mankind when the brakes are loosened. Polite society often contains men and women who, out from the public eye, do deeds which shame humanity. The doings of some "horse company" dinners I have attended, and legislative banquets and New York French Balls, I have not, where turkey-legs are thrown across the table, wine dashed in one another's faces and other playful acts committed by bucolic or urban diners show how home respectability unbends abroad. Thus we, Christian people, forgetting early training and the headlines of our copy books, clerical and lay passengers, one and all, scrambled for the cars as if this would be our last chance to reach the Tamalpais summit.

Our turns came at last and we started on the ascent. From the bay the mountain looked barren, but, as we entered its recesses, hidden greenness from shrub and tree greeted us. The canyon slopes and narrow intervals are wooded with trees peculiarly Californian; red-wood, live-oak, manzanita and madrone, as well as laurel, and where there is room small gardens and orchards are seen. In a nook, near the foot of the canyon, are some livery stables, of profit in ante-railroad times; but now given

the go-by except when some sentimentalist, or alarmist at the sharp inward curves, salients and grades of the winding track seek a donkey or saddle horse for the ascent. Our locomotives were curiosities. The pistons worked at right angles with the engine, driving a hinge-jointed shaft on which were bevel wheels, “gearing down” to others on the axles. The hinge-joint was so the driving shaft could accommodate itself to the sharp curves. Two to four cars are drawn. We soon leave the canyon and wind in, out and around the abrupt shoulders and depressions of the mountain side. Some of the radiants are as low as fifty feet and nearly all the time ascending; occasional “dips” having to be made. There is a point 155 where we can see five parallels, if such crooked lines can be so called. At one of the salients the ocean is seen; next appears the curved lines of San Francisco bay; then the shipping and city; the Coast Range and Mount Diablo rising above it. The curves and grades scared the nervous, so that the many “O’s!” reminded one of Ireland. In some of the ravines we saw large red-wood trees, and often the beautiful manzanita, with its smooth, red bark and glossy leaves. Turning and twisting the road swung to the North and at half-past one o’clock we stopped at the Tamilpais Tavern. The engine could drag us no farther; so the remaining 200 feet to the summit had to be climbed independent of it. Here is a fine view—when there is no fog. Now the fog, as a supplement to rain, is a fine thing for the California farmer; but to the tourist, who has made an ascent of 2600 feet at an expense of much time and several sheckels it is the one thing needless.

There was quite a reversal in our experiences at Pike's Peak and Mount Tamilpais, as far as temperature was concerned, at base and summit. At the first mountain the start was warm; the finish unpleasantly cold and snow around us; at Tamilipais the base was cool and pleasant; the summit so hot we were as glad to leave it as we were Pike's Peak for its cold.

That the camera man was on top goes without saying. There were sentimental girls who wanted their pictures taken standing on rocks gazing on the sea, or in other lackadaisical attitudes. But the heat of the sun and the fog lying like a misty ocean below and around us induced us to forego extras and our stay was short. We used an ordinary locomotive for the descent. This had four cylinders and

eight driving wheels—the duplication for safety. The foot of the winding grade was soon reached; passing over twenty bridges en route.

Having time on our return we visited Pioneer Hall, where are collections of mementos of early California. To this place daily come many of the Forty-niners, who make it their 156 headquarters. Here is an association called the Society of California Pioneers to which they belong. These are supposed to have lived in the state prior to 1849; so they are all about seventy or older. The few I saw were “true to name,” as the tree agents say, and could be seen around the different rooms, talking, playing games, or reading. A favorite pastime among the more recluse, for these old timers are of varying moods; some garrulous, some reticent; was a game of cards called “solitaire,” and it was an odd sight, these gray ghosts of the past, each playing against himself, shuffling and dealing his cards in grim silence. Others were playing chess, or billiards. It was no trouble to hunt up a sociable old fellow to take me around and show me what was interesting. One told me of Miss Rowena Granice, whose protege was “Little Lotta,” whom I saw in the little “Bit Theatre” on the wharf, when twelve years old. What became of Rowena? Too much liquor for her weak constitution. And Lotta, who didn't know her, from miner to banker? And Woodward, of the “What Cheer”? he in his prosperous days was not above carving for his guests. He knew the steamer “Senator” from the time she came around the Horn until, dismantled after forty years of service, she was turned into a New Zealand collier. The “Senator” was of personal interest to me as having borne me and my fortunes up the coast in '58. The Forty-niners were very kind to me.

Around the walls were portraits of prominent Californians and pictures and lithographs of San Francisco in various stages of developement, and around the room, and on tables were various relics of the past. One was a small safe whose robbery had caused a murder and, after the guilty ones had been swung up by the Vigilantes, the safe had been rescued from the shallow waters of the bay. Another was a brass cannon, first presented by the Emperor of Russia to his colony north of the Golden Gate; then on the evacuation given to Captain Sutter 157 for his fort. In turn he loaned it to Captain Fremont when he marched down the coast to help quell the rising of the Mexicans. Drawn by oxen it had an adventurous career along with the expedition. It was afterwards returned to

Captain Sutter and by him given to the collection. Other relics, of Indians and early white settlers, attracted my attention; bows and arrows, spears, shields, swords and muskets, of a past age.

I saw hung on the walls two "Bear Flags;" the colors of California before a part of the Union. One was flung to the breeze at Sonoma in 1846, and did duty again the past year at the fiftieth anniversary of that event. I also saw something which in that far off land forcibly struck me. In the list of troops offered the Governor of Pennsylvania for service in the Mexican war, framed on the side of the museum, were two companies of Bucks County soldiers. These were the Union Guards, 74 men, Jas. Morrison, Captain; J. G. Hill, 1st Lieutenant, and Jont. J. Morrison, 2d Lieutenant, and the Doyles-town Guards, 77 men, Charles H. Mann, Captain; J. S. Bryan, 1st Lieutenant, and John Pidcock, 2d Lieutenant. Alone, a stranger in a strange land, these echoes of a local past produced a thrill which can be understood by those who have been similarly affected.

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## IX.

At the City of the Angels. The engine whistles southward, Ho! With grip and Guide-book off we go, Twixt mountains rising on each hand; By rivers margined wide with sand, We climb at last the far divide, By zig-zag curves from side to side, To see at last the promised land Its wealth of fruits and flowers expand, Such scenes if witnessed by the Spies of old They'd staked their claims and left their "find" untold.

THE next place to claim my attention was Southern California. On July 16, accompanied by two friends, I left San Francisco at 5 o'clock, and crossing the ferry—we are always crossing ferries here—were swiftly rolling over the Contra Costa plains where "Scottie" and I plodded so wearily in the long ago, with bundles on our backs, the rain pouring and discouraged from our inability to find work. The way we hunted for what the regular tramp avoids marked ours the "Endeavor tour of '58;" whether the Christian prefix was allowable or not I will leave by saying that he who crossed the plains in the days of ox-trains deserves well if he came through without breaking the "Commandments ten God gave to men." Through the hills on our right wound Walnut Creek

Canyon, which we had ascended on the following day, passing the night in a barn, after the kind ranchman had given us our supper; thence the next day to Martinez. The Contra Costa range we 159 tramps got through; but it was too much for the Southern Pacific; so they went round it where it shoulders the straits of Carquinez. Here, at Martinez, I looked across to Benecia, seemingly grown no larger, as it lay scattered over the hills, than in 1858. The ferry-boat was still running but the kind captain, who refused my last money for ferriage was dead, and I hope when he crossed the mysterious river Charon was as kind to him. I looked up the shore of Suisun bay where we tramped in the long ago, and thought of the rain, the slippery,

#### THE ENDEAVORERS" OF '58—MT. DIABLO IN THE DISTANCE.

muddy roads and our vain search for work. Just above was Cordelia, where we left our heavier luggage and went on the next morning in light marching order. In passing through Martinez I looked in vain for the livery stable where we stayed all night with horses for company, and then quickly passed over the road we slowly walked before, between Pacheco and that town. As we curved around to the Southeast Mount Diablo came in plain sight and was the chief land mark as long as daylight lasted. As we ran along the shore of Suisun bay 160 and then entered the valley of the San Joaquin the outlines of this isolated peak kept changing until from a single it took a double hump, whose summits of 3700 feet altitude towered far over the neighboring range. We saw the waters of the San Joaquin by twilight and moon light, but the busy harvest scenes we missed, where the fifty-foot headers, with their thirty-two horses to draw them, clip off the drooping wheat-heads; threshing as they go. Rivers and minor streams, half sand, half water; sun-burned fields of grain and pasture, dotted with the ever-present live-oak and wooded foot hills rising to higher ranges, we passed in the dimming moon light, and tired with watching went to bed to sleep the sleep of the weary.

Daylight found us crossing the junction of the Coast Range with the Sierra Nevada at the Tehachapa Pass, and where the elevation is 4000 feet. A succession of loops and tunnels, showing great engineering skill took us across. The story was told us that after the most astute experts had tried to find a way across for weeks a boy of eighteen solved the problem. As a similar narrative of a similar difficulty and solution was put before us I will not vouch for this. These things are

found in different guide books and you “pays your money and takes your choice.” At the foot of the mountain we struck the Mojave desert, a part of which I had passed over before. The familiar Yucca Palm arose around us with shaggy head and outstretched arms, in weired outlines, as it had impressed me on my other journey. Thousands of stunted Century-plants were scattered over the desert, with faded stalks rising from the dying leaves. An occasional water-station oasis was seen; enlarged where mining camps made trucking profitable, and where there was a chance for irrigation. Quite a lake appeared in one place, where water had been gathered from a mountain stream for that purpose.

We soon came to another divide, this time where we crossed the Sierra Madre—the Mother Mountain. Heavy grades, 161 sharp, over-lapping curves, whence we look down to deep valleys with mining camps and irrigated strips of cultivated ground in their bottoms; and then through a 7000 foot tunnel, and we swiftly descend to the Los Angeles valley. The scene is changing, and in place of brown mountain ranges and desolate valleys we are amid such scenes as cheered the hearts of Napoleon's soldiers as they tramped down the Alps to Italy—except our mountain, instead of being snow-clad, was browned with drouth. Orange orchards and groves of olives showed themselves around us, and far ahead the vales and plains were green with irrigated fruit lands. Descending more and more, we came to the Los Angeles river and, skirting it a while, we at length came to straggling suburbs, and crossing the river were in a few minutes under the roof of the Arcade depot, and in the City of Angels—once so called, but now a city of hustling mortals.

How can I compare this place of 100,000 people; a railroad centre, whence steam and electric ways converge from all direction; 175 miles of graveled and asphalt avenues which street cars traverse to a large extent; magnificent stores and private residences in the city's heart, and in the suburbs neat cottages surrounded by tropical plants and flower; watered by artesian wells and mountain streams and lighted by electricity? No better way than by my description in '58, after speaking of the business portion.

“The streets of old Los Angeles have a singular look. The houses are built of blocks of sun-dried clay, called adobes; roofed with tiles and sometimes reeds, or tules, from the marshes. Over the last

is spread a coating of pitch from bitumen beds near the town. In the summer this melts, and running down the white fronts gives them a variegated look. These ranges of houses are occasionally pierced by gateway, which open to gardens where orange trees and grape vines show their fruit in their seasons. While the Americans were in 162 the lead there was a large percentage of a different element—Mexicans, Indians and Chinese. Occasionally a troop of faggot-laden donkeys would come stringing into the town from the adjacent mountains, while now and then a slow moving team of oxen, on the road to the coast with pipes of wine, was seen. At an opposite gate came Mexican horsemen with large hats; 'serapes' on shoulder and lasso on saddle, with big spurs ajingle, raising clouds of dust. Mid-stream, in the Los Angeles river, I saw women washing clothes by beating and wringing them; a picturesque scene."

My style of entrance to the city was also of a contrasting nature with my present mode. I had walked sixty miles from San Bernardino, and was foot-sore and tired; with hardly the means to get a "tomale," let alone to buy what is now called a square meal. For all that I was interested in the town from what I knew of it and spent the little time I had looking around, seeing the odd sights of houses and people. I remember the bare Plaza; then an unsightly place, with an old adobe church, some government buildings and low whitewashed houses around the square. Now it is a Park, full of palms and flowers. Arriving just before noon I left for the coast at sun-down along with a comrade of the plains, "Dutch Jo." I remember well the loneliness of that walk by night to San Pedro; the nearest sea-port.

Now I was to spend a week here and my anticipations were naturally different from those of old. Besides two congenial home friends were with me, and taking up our lodgings we made ready to see the sights of Los Angeles and surrounding country. A delightful time we had. A comparison of a wheel comes in. The Angelic city the hug; the radiating lines of travel the spokes and we the "fellows;" but there was no tire. We were as fresh for new scenes in the morning as we were the day before.

Learning that John C. Fremont's widow lived in Los Angeles and presuming on my boyish admiration for the General when I had the wild-west fever and my following in his wake as pioneer, I risked calling on her. She lives in the suburbs in a beautiful home presented to her by the ladies of the town. It is near the junction of fine residence streets lined with palm trees; roses and heliotropes exhale their perfumes from the porch, and other flowers decorate the grounds. The lady who came to the door was her daughter. I had no cards, so gave her my full name on a note-book leaf. She said her mother was at home but indisposed, but would see if she felt like having a visitor. She soon returned and inviting me in took me to where her mother was. Mrs. Fremont was in feeble health, looking ten years older than she was—seventy-three—somewhat hard of hearing but mentally bright. With the tact of those of her station she remained standing so as to cut short my visit, if necessary; but as she talked seemed impressed enough to invite me to sit down. She spoke much about her husband to whose memory she is intensely loyal, and sensitive to his treatment by those above him during the war. I told her that reading his adventures had much to do with my crossing the plains, and this following in his wake was my lame excuse for making my call. Pointing to my bronze button she said “Whoever wears that little disc need not apologize for calling on me. I was too much identified with the war, through my husband, not to reverence that button. Too many of those prominent on the Union side in that struggle got scant reward; but that don't matter. Then the man you were named for! He was cotemporary with my father; the one in the house, the other in the Senate; forever at political odds, but mutual admirers and firm friends for all. Then who was more loyal to my husband than Thaddeus Stevens? When detractors were undermining his good name, and even trying to influence the President against him, the “Great Commoner” was ever his friend! Mr. Lincoln was 164 kind-hearted, but too yielding to those who wished to crowd down General Fremont.” Speaking of the time her husband ran for president in 1856 she said his political friends wanted him to deny being a Catholic, to gain “American” votes, as there was a great feeling against that church during that campaign. Although not of that religion, being an Episcopalian, he refused to comply. His friends were hard set to get him to conform to their campaign plans. Full beards were at that time significant of a “crank,” besides he parted his hair in the middle and wore it long; so his advisors asked him to comply with what they thought the proprieties, but he again declined. He was too fresh from his free life on the plains to be tethered with such restrictions.

The General was the first presidential candidate to wear even chin whiskers; hence the uneasiness of his friends. Van Buren's side whiskers let him in to the White House once; but the next time he failed, so it were wise not to tempt Providence again. Smooth-shaven James Buchanan took the cake. Who remembers the bitter campaign of '56 will recall the childish personalities then prevailing. Fremont was a "Nigger Man;" "The Woolly Horse Candidate"—in allusion to an animal in Barnum's show, said to have been captured by the General; that he ate mule-meat and painted a Cross on Independence Rock, on its discovery. All these the "Black Republicans" answered the best way they could; that he partook of the objectionable flesh was because he was hungry; he had nothing to do with the Woolly Monster; that he was no Nigger Man, and as for the Cross it was the custom of Christian explorers to so mark important "finds." As to the candidate, he kept his whiskers, his middle hair-part, and said nothing, while his defenders had to content themselves with shouting, "you're another" and "Ten-cent Jimmy," &c. Of course these are my reflections; not the words of my hostess.

Mrs. Fremont spoke of the General's proclamation freeing the slaves of Missouri rebels and its recall by the President, and to 165 my remark that he was put forward as a feeler by the Administration; that if the move was successful, well and good; if not, it could be disowned and condemned, she seemed quite responsive and reiterative.

Mrs. Fremont crossed the Plains soon after the completion of the overland railroad, accompanying the General to California. "From the car windows," said she, "he showed me place after place, once familiar to him; where he had encamped, hunted, explored and encountered the wily savage in fight or pow-wow. At that time real "Blanket Indians" could be seen and plenty of buffalo also. He often dwelt on his historic march down the California coast to meet the Mexicans under General Pico, made during the rainy season and when the summer-dry mountain streams were torrents. His route was up the San Joaquin valley, across the mountains to Santa Cruz, down the coast and over the range back of Santa Barbara. Coming down these steeps he lost one hundred mules and oxen. The General's part in the acquisition of California will never be fully recognized."

Through all Mrs. Fremont's conversation was shown the most extreme devotion to her husband, which followed him through good and adverse fortune, and there was certainly a good portion of the last; particularly after he became prominent in politics and war. She showed me the portraits and pictures around the walls of the rooms, and many objects of interest besides. The first were of the General when a young man; when a candidate for President, and in the gray of his declining years; of Mrs. Fremont at different ages, and of her two sons; one a lieutenant in the navy; the other an army captain. There was an oil painting of Colonel Benton. This was rescued from a Washington fire, and a rent in the canvas, caused by being thrown from a window, had been left unmended. There was a drawing of a buffalo hunt by Darley, from an original by Fremont, and many fine engravings. Although an entire 166 stranger the two ladies were very kind to me in giving information and showing me the many relics and objects of interest around them.

When Dana revisited California in 1859, which was the year I left it, he called on the Fremonts then living at Mariposa. He speaks of Mrs. Fremont as "the heroine of either fortune; the Salons of Paris, or wilds of California." They were then in poor circumstances, and content to live in accordance therewith.

I have spoken much of this visit, mainly because the principal figure was the widow of a man who during the developing time of my life was my hero. I roamed the plains and mountains of the wild-west with him on his exploring expeditions, hunted with him for deer, buffalo and Indians; marched with him at the head of his California Battalion; suffered with him through heat and cold and partook with him of mule-steak. In 1856 I shouted for him, when I was too young to vote, and, when he was an officer in the coming war of the Rebellion, hoped to see him the big general of them all; but it was not to be. He died a disappointed man.

A visit to the renovated church on the Plaza was of much interest. Established in 1781; renewed and finished by a Yankee sailor in 1822; modernized in 1861, it is a neat and rather picturesque building; but not up to the standar of the Mission Churches. On the middle tablet, over the doorway, is an inscription in Spanish; "The Faithful of the Parish of the Queen of Angels;" on another "God save thee, Mary, Queen of Grace;" on a third, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, Forgive us

our Sins!" While another has on it the text beginning, "The Lord so loved the world, &c." These are characteristic sentences about the old churches of California. In an ante-room of the Priest's house I was shown some odd paintings, along with a worm-eaten altar-bench from the old Mission days. 167 They were in a curtained room where the curious or devout might see them. There were about a dozen of the paintings which had once hung on the walls of the now ruined church of San Fernando; whence they were brought to save them, and were about thirty by fifty inches in size. They were painted by Indian converts, about 1800, and represented miracles of the Bible and scenes from the life of Christ. A peculiarity, aside from their authorship, was that the clothing and surroundings were made to conform to the time of painting.

I did not see Abraham in the guise of a Spanish soldier, with a flint-lock musket, taking aim at Isaac; while a full-cheeked angel was blowing the priming from the pan; as another traveler had seen, but I saw some pictures almost as unique. The figures, men and women, were garbed in the dresses prevailing around the Missions in 1800; even the Saviour, who was dressed as a Spanish high official; as would be natural with the simple-minded Indian artists, who, in a state of semislavery, were made to look upon the leading white men as superior beings. For the same reasons the Apostles, disciples and other followers were clad in accordance with the grades of people around them; the lower characters, of course, in the painter's humility, being shown as Indians, the others as monks and soldiers. The sizes were disproportioned and the perspective faulty; but for all that they were wonderful exhibitions of the skill of the Coast Indians; who, when found, were considered lowest in the scale of original Americans, and I could look on these quaint representations without a feeling of ridicule or irreverence. While an assistant priest was showing me the relics the sexton came in to say a marriage ceremony was awaiting consummation. The good Father's face brightened up, for what was in prospect had much more in it than showing uncouth Indian paintings to a Gringo of another faith and where monetary reward was doubtful, and throwing on his sacred robes hastened to the adjoining chapel, while I went out and, 168 although an unbidden guest passed in also; but not in an obtrusive manner. The lighting of the candles, the coming in of a few invited friends who performed their obeisances before sitting, and the subsequent ceremony in a foreign tongue, had much of interest, but whether I had any right

there was another matter. After that the wedding party passed out, and into the priest's house. There they remained awhile and then walked chatting and laughing to the street, where carriages were in waiting. There was no "best man;" no Lohengrin wedding march; no "bride's roses;" no "showers of rice;" no old shoe dangling from the axle, as the carriages drove away. Moreover there was no gushing reporter to chronicle the event, so there was nothing mindful of home in the wedding within this church of ancient memories!

I would like to say that the bride and groom were in the morning of life; but I can't; they were "getting along" towards middle age, in fact; but there may have been some romance about it for all. It might have been a case of "warming over the old broth;" or a separation by cruel parents. There might have come long, patient waiting; the right ones deceased, after uncongenial marriages; the old lovers with "loose feet" again; a re-combination, and, as the old fairy tales ended, a "living together happily forever afterwards." At least it is to be hoped so, for in this land of easy divorces their is no telling.

The quaint church with its bright pictures, and paper flowers, shown in "dim religious light;" the smiling bridal party, the palms and tropical vegetation on the Plaza in front; the clanging, buzzing trollies as they whirled around the corner made scenes and sounds to remember.

The odd names on signs in Los Angeles I noticed; a sash and blind factory was a "Door Factory;" a wine press a "Winery;" where bicycles were repaired a "Cyclery." I saw a drug store with five signs to suit the eyes of English, Spanish,

OUR LADY OF ANGELS.

THE SCENE OF THE WEDDING.

169 Italian, French and Slav. Thus, respectively, "Drug Store;" "Botica Espanola;" "Farmacia Italliana;" "Pharmacie Francais" and "Slavjanska Ljckarnica." It will be noticed that the "arnica" in the last word sounds appropriate for brawlers like the Huns; but how to pronounce "Ljck," although I am a Welshman, rather got me. Another novelty was a sign like a perpendicular panorama,

continually revolving, on which were business cards; a strong electric light falling on them as they passed an opening level with the eye.

An imposing, solid building on Broadway is the City Hall; not fanciful outside, but with a beautiful inside finish. Here are the city offices, including the Council Chambers and a free library. I passed my evening leisure hours here. There was spent here last year \$22,000, and 566,000 volumes were taken out. On the book shelves is my "California Tramp," showing that the committee on selection know a good thing when they see it. There are many visitors here in the evenings; some looking like veritable book worms. No talking is allowed and it gives one a gruesome feeling to see these silent people around their tables or noiselessly hunting for books. A reading room, where I was glad to find the Philadelphia *Ledger* on file, is in connection. How that prosaic paper lit up the homeward road?

On one floor is a collection of the products of Southern California—I think from the Chicago exhibit—arranged in attractive ways. Fruits of all kinds, canned and dried, piled up in pyramids, towers, minarets and, in one instance, in likeness of a bottle, twenty feet high. Wine and olives, oranges and lemons, almonds and walnuts, figs, peaches and apricots, plums and grapes, apples and pears met the eye; while beans, grains of all kinds and vegetables in every variety were shown. Even perishable fruit is kept by replacement, on decay. A three-hundred pound pumpkin startled me. There was a gentleman 170 in charge to show and explain, and while somewhat wild in his statements as to yields made himself so agreeable I forgave him. Not the least interesting thing to me was a Mexican cart of the old Mission days, and in use, with primitive wooden plows, on my former visit. There was also a collection of Indian relics, such as pottery and implements of war and hunting.

The night scenes in the bright, arc-lighted streets of Los Angeles were ever entertaining, as my traveling friends will testify to. One of these had as central figures the Salvation Army which nightly assembled near our lodging place. There was the usual number of Captains and Lieutenants, with the small percentage, as in real army life, of privates. There were men and women; black and white; boys and girls; several with horns and drums. The speakers made impassioned appeals to the

curb-stone audience; sang and prayed. Their singing in the lively, rattling strains peculiar to these people, was fine. The faces of some of the women, as they were turned upward, singing or silent, had a beautiful expression; I might say angelic, that indescribably impressed us. At last, passing around their cymbals for a collection, they gathered up their horns and drums, and, asking us to follow them to their hall, noisily marched away.

I must not forget the Tomale carts; an “institution” of Los Angeles. They at one time numbered fifty; but, alas! they are going the way of other old-time features that belonged to the picturesque past; the wood-laden burros, the Mexican horsemen, the ox-teams, the cowled monks and the “lavenderas” or washer-women who laundered in the river. There are but thirty Tomale carts now. And what is a Tomale? First you must pronounce it Tomally. It is meat and vegetables ground together, placed in corn husks, seasoned to the verge of endurance and boiled as wanted. There are factories where they are manufactured, as sausage. There are two kinds made; from meat and what is supposed to be chicken. Doubting Thomases 171 say that sea-gulls, and even more questionable material, go at that. They are known as meat tomales and chicken tomales and are sub-divided into Texas and Mexican; the first hot; the second hotter. In one apartment of the boiler in the cart is red-pepper sauce which the tomale-man pours on the hot hash, after it is “shucked” and emptied in the customer's plate, in quantities to suit the nationality of the dish; and really the way it is used one would think there was “pepper to burn;” as the phrase goes. The taste of this dish is an acquired one with foreigners who get used to it, “as eels to being flayed.” The large carts have room for a man to stand in, as well as for stove, counter and shelving, are close to the ground and, large as they are, pulled around by hand. The Pemberton Company has seven Tomale carts; the majority of these movable restaurants are small affairs; some only wheelbarrows. The smallest of them are manned by Mexicans and are seen around the old Plaza, and these swarthy fellows will give you a genuine “hot stuff,” which will make you want a copper lining for your stomach. In addition to the tomales are sold chile-con-carne (pronounced chilly-con-carney) or pepper with meat on it—chiefly red-pepper; “Hamburger's,” a sandwich with a filling of chipped meat and onions, and “Wiener-wurst,” a dubious sausage. You can also get bread and butter, pie and coffee; the last three for five cents each. “Hamburgers” and “Wienerwursts” are a dime. One can fill himself for fifteen cents;

particularly if he begins with a Mexican tomale, which is hot enough to cook what follows. All are more or less peppery. A Mexican can't get too much cayenne, which in the shape of a fiery sauce the tomale-man pours over his customers' food. The law, written or unwritten, says the carts shall not go out till nightfall; at any rate we could not satisfy our acquired appetite until then. Really we people were getting the "Tomale habit" from too frequent visits to the wheeled "joints." Backed up to the curb, with lights shining through their lettered 172 curtains, and the cries of "hot tomares" ringing on the air, these carts are a remembered feature of Los Angeles.

A visit to "Spanish-town," as the section around and south of the Plaza is called, is of much interest. The greater part of the old adobes are standing; but their one time Mexican tenants are mainly died away, and Chinamen, or people of like low caste have replaced them. Some of the old buildings are in fair condition; but many are going to ruin. The Pico House, in General Pico's time a pretentious mansion, from being of two-stories, is the most imposing of the lot, and even this is a victim of Chinese invasion. The greater part of these slant-eyed fellows are truckers, renting patches of land in the suburbs. Through their economical, patient, careful ways they have driven the Americans from vegetable raising in California. They are adapted to the irrigating necessities of the southern end of the state and by the use of hand pumps, artesian wells, or corporation water are making arid plains and hillsides teem with edible growth. They do not, however, put their marketing in attractive shape, but as it is sold at low prices that does not seem an objection. At first they abused their horses, but a few fines from the S.P.C.A. taught these frugal-minded heathens a lesson. As the Celestials drive in to town in the evenings with their loads of truck on rickety wagons, drawn by rough horses in patched up harness, they form a curious picture. As soon as night comes on they begin their low pleasures, and shuffle and skurry along to gambling house, opium joint and theatre. The last we did not enter, but stood at the door awhile listening to the screaming voices of the actors, the clangor of drums and gongs, and occasional strains of barbaric music from brass and reed instruments. They sounded like wails from lost souls. We were curious to go inside but did not think the dirty coolies crowding up the stairs suitable company and passed on. There is a Joss house here, but not much favored; showing that John is getting "allee samee Melican man."

## X.

Around Southern California. Where Mission bells from tree and tower, Vibrant with welcome, once rang out, And hosts, responsive to their power, Gathered the cowed monks about; Where myriad-herds the pastures grazed And the spiked chapparal filled the plain I saw such followings as amazed — Orchards out-spread and towns upraised— Then musing took the homeward train.

WE had now pretty well looked around our town, whose name I will remark is pronounced Locang-he-les, and were ready for radiation. Our first point was Pasadena, twelve miles east. It was First-day morning, “Our Lady of Angels” had sent her call to the faithful long since from her tower, and the invocation to a second service was chiming, as with a responsive trolly-clang we rolled through Spanish-town to our destination. Pasadena has 10,000 people, many of whom are wealthy and owners of fine residences. We rode around the town and through the grounds of Professor Lowe and a Mr. Rosenbaum, each noted for its attractions. 174 The coleus-beds, hydranges and ponds of water lillies; roses climbing to the roof; large palms and cactus; tall bananas rising and gracefully drooping, with clusters of fruit forming, were impressive. These grounds are high and a fine view of the surrounding country is had. Professor Lowe owns the Mount Lowe railway, a “cog-road” leading to the upper slopes of the Sierra Madre range, here 5000 feet high. He is the inventor of the “Lowe Gas System,” well known in the East.

Where Pasadena is was a sheep range when I was here before. And twenty years ago the land was bought for five dollars an acre; now the assessed value of the town is \$10,000,000. Water for irrigation comes from the mountains into which a tunnel is bored and a copious spring reached.

It being now meeting time we attended what is called a Friends Church, whose congregation is split off from the old fashioned Friends whom they think too conservative in reference to singing, music and a paid ministry. At Pasadena is the second largest meeting of the new order, the strongest being at Whittier. There are two meetings in the town, some times called for distinguishment—the Wilbur and the Gurney—the former the Conservative. The church is well named as it has a bell and tower. It was new, in a nice part of the town, electric lighted, and arranged for Sabbath schools. The

audience room had been profusely decorated for a “special Christian Endeavor service,” several members of this body (Christian Endeavor) who belonged to the Gurney branch of Eastern Friends being present on their way home from the meeting at San Francisco. In front of the pulpit was a basket of oranges, flanked by purple flowers, to typify the C. E. colors. At each end of the altar were flowers of the same hues, and the organ bloomed with them. On each side of the pulpit were imitations of candles, tipped with electric globes, and around these vines were twined.

The Sabbath school had just begun. A tall, venerable man 175 acted as superintendent, and the different classes were scattered over the large building. An Indiana Friend had charge of the Bible Class, and he was thoroughly prepared for his work—full of energy and information when his class could not meet the profounder questions. Two other classes, junior to the first, occupied the main audience room. The smaller children were in other parts of the building. After the coming together of the school, a young woman went to the organ, and all sang who could; then there was an address of an Eastern “pastor,” and the school was dismissed. There are over a hundred members of the school; they were all bright and intelligent and seemed interested in the work. After a short recess the meeting gathered. The services were precisely like those of any Evangelical church, except that before the “pastor” made his prayer he gave others an opportunity. A Richmond Friend preached the sermon of the day, after a chapter from the Bible was read. This was a scholarly address, such as you might hear from what are known as “firstclass city churches.” Then came singing, prayer, singing again; then the most startling innovation—the collection. At a sign from the pastor, four young men stepped forward, and sticks like billiard cues with velvet bags on the ends were given them. With these they went around and then returned the collections. Some of the contributions were in small envelopes. The announcements had been previously made, and were of the usual character in churches. Besides the congregational, there was singing by a well-trained choir, whose voices would have been valued in churches of more pretensions. Outside, the trees and flowers of the tropic region flaunted their foliage and bloom—towering palms, tall, bending banana plants, climbing roses, century plants, and bristling cacti. Nature seemed to endorse the departure these California Friends were making from what we thought the good old ways. But as we Friends from the Far East—perhaps wedded to our prejudices—sat there listening to the new 176 rendering

of Quakerism, we felt a yearning towards the plain meeting house, a short way off, where Mary Lee was raising her inspiring voice, reaching those who sat there in the conviction that they were worshiping in the way of the great founder of the Society. The music, the singing, the brilliant service of the “Friends' Church” were in harmony with the warm air, the bright sky, and luxuriant vegetation, perhaps, but not with the sober ways of Quakerism as we know it.

Among the audience was a lady of ninety, who had moved to Pasadena with her children. With her serene face and plain attire she seemed to sit there as one from the past, rebuking the innovations coming over her beloved Society. Through the music, song, sermon, and, I may add, collection, I could see this aged landmark of her sect, and the sight was refreshing, and as soon as the sermon was over I passed those high in the church to take this Friend by the hand, and tell her how glad the sight of her plain bonnet made me, and how good to the ear were her “thee” and “First-day,” in contrast to the ignoring of the “plain language” during service and after.

There was not a word in the sermon, and as I said, it was an eloquent one, to show that the speaker had ever heard of George Fox, except his saying at one point that we should no more be bound by him than the members of other societies should be bound by their founders; new issues had come up, and we should meet them with modern weapons. The “plain language” he entirely ignored in the sermon. I thought that it would have been more in place for these Friends to have joined some other society or given themselves another name, than to worship under their present title.

There is a yearly meeting of these Friends of California composed of the following subordinates, taking precedence as follows: Whittier, Pasadena, Altadino, Long Beach, Los Angeles, and Waldimere; the latter two weak, the last declining. The first two are strong, and together number nine 177 hundred members. They are the seat of the quarterly meetings, and are monthly meetings. These Friends have adapted themselves to the Coast, so different from their Eastern homes. The climate has by no means robbed them of their energy, and they are actively engaged in business—farming, carpentering, and other trades, besides the professions. They are also devoted to philanthropic labor, in the lines of temperance and social purity.

From Pasadena we went to San Gabriel. The route was over a beautiful country covered with orchards of varied California fruitage heretofore enumerated, while lines of alternating palms, magnolia, eucalyptus and pepper trees flanked the road. The last is as tough as gum and its sight brought to memory a huge maul of that wood with which I sent many a pointed red-wood post home under direction and guidance of my Italian task-master in days of old. The eucalyptus, or bluegum, shows a thin bark which develops to one as rough as that of shellbark hickory; when it begins to drop off. It grows so fast it is planted for firewood. In good soil it will attain a diameter of eighteen inches in ten years.

We passed through a fine orchard-ranch, of various fruits, of seven hundred acres on which were elegant buildings and fine drives. The owner was dead and past worrying over a \$125,000 mortgage placed there in "boom-times." That much talked of and sadly thought of period was about 1885, and the "booms," the way they reacted, became real boomerangs. Hundreds of people were ruined in Southern California, and the effects are not yet gone. The speculation in land there was a sort of "South Sea Bubble," where clergymen, as well as gamblers, went in the financial whirl and, shearing, came out shorn. A minister who arrived in Los Angeles in the height of the craze told me that after being persecuted by laymen to invest in real estate he turned to a clerical brother for sympathy, but the first words he said were in reference to an orange grove he wanted to put on the "gringo" dominie!

## 178

Let me here say the typical Southern Californian is sensitive to the opinions and criticisms of the East; and, intensely loyal as he is, he smarts under its assumed patronizing ways. While he should be secure in the known advantages held by his state, he puts a climatic chip on his shoulder, and, in an unknighly way dares us, so handicapped by the disadvantages of our changing climate, to knock it off! In the implication of Eastern envy and jealousy the loyalist of "Our Italy" overdoes his part. We do not under-rate you, Oh, dwellers in the Land of Sunshine! And we are speaking now, per force of Southern California; for if my memory serves me there is a north to your state where there is more or less fog; though I think you have some yourselves. But we who have been

there remember your golden days; your refreshing sunset breezes; your agricultural wealth; your scenery by shore, plain and mountain, and your Mission ruins, so pathetic in their calls to their past grandeur and their religious conquests; so appealing to the lovers of the romantic and the picturesque, as well as to the student of history. We prove our love and admiration for your land by annual pilgrimages thence of tourists in tens of thousands. But don't ask us to sacrifice the love of "our own, our native land," in ecstasies over the questionable perfection of yours! The uncalled for feelings towards us have developed a literature in California, peculiar in its intensity of expression in high strung sarcasm, put in the most aptly chosen words and sentences; yet the writers show a frugal mindedness in the climax, denoting the dependence of their Land of Climate on the Plutocratic Easterner; and in pitiful sycophancy call attention to the wise men of the East who so appreciate their valleys and hills as to settle among them and make them what they are.

The following is an example of the feeling alluded to; taken from a prominent magazine of Southern California:

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#### THEIR GRASS.

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON. They say we have no grass! To hear them talk You'd think that grass could walk, And was their bosom friend—no day to pass Between them and their grass! No grass! they say, who live Where hot bricks give The hot stones all their heat and back again— A baking hell for men. "Oh but," they haste to say, "we have our parks"— Where fat policemen check the children's larks, And sign to sign repeats as in a glass "Keep off the grass!" "We have our city parks and grass, you see—" Well—so have we! But 'tis the country that they sing of most. "Alas!" They sing, "for our wide acres of soft grass! To please us living and to hide us dead!—" You'd think Walt Whitman's first was all they read! You'd think they all went out upon the quiet Nebuchadnezzar to outdo in diet! You'd think they found no other green thing fair— Even its seed an honor in their hair! You'd think they had this bliss the whole year 'round— Evergreen grass!—and we, plowed ground! But come now! How does earth's pet plumage grow Under your snow? Is your beloved grass as softly nice When packed in ice? For six long months you live

beneath a blight— No grass in sight. You bear up bravely. And not only that, But leave your grass and travel. And thereat We marvel deeply, with slow Western mind, Wondering within us what these people find Among our common oranges and palms To tear them from the well-remembered charms Of their dear vegetable. But still they come, Frost-bitten invalids, to our bright home, And chide our grasslessness, until we say— But if you hate it so—why come? why stay? Just go away! Go to—your grass!

180

This is good poetry but it is reminiscent of sour grapes. Grass, as we know it, does not take kindly to the “Land of Sunshine,” whose hay is the unripe stalks of wheat, oats and barley.

But to return to our hack and the scenic descriptions its movements develop.

Through clouds of dust we at last reached the Mission of San Gabriel. This is a large building with buttressed walls and built of burned bricks; a rarity in the early days of California. The Mission was founded in 1771, under the name of San Gabriel Arcangel, by two priests and twenty soldiers sent out by Portala, the military head of the province. As the connecting ceremonies progressed warlike Indians came on the scene prepared for their undoing; but when the good Padres showed them a picture of the Madonna held aloft they fell on their knees and made offerings of beads to the Virgin. Then the cross was raised, the mass celebrated. There were few conversions at first, but the Mission at last prospered; both in the salvage of heathen souls and in worldly matters. At one time there were 30,000 cattle thereunto belonging, besides the proportion of horses, mules, sheep and oxen; and in 1835, when the Mission was on its decline, there were 600 Indian converts. Many of these were skilled in carving and tracing in wood, horn and bone, taught them by the fathers; in fact some of the specimens, yet unstolen by collectors of rarities show wonderful handiwork. It is incredible how conscienceless some of these relic-hunters are; easing their minds sometimes by giving a pittance to the easy-going monk or sexton in charge. One man boasted to me about a baptismal font of Indian workmanship, and a marvel of skill, which he got for nothing, and which now ornaments his home. Beautifully stamped saddle-skirts, carved wooden stirrups and decorated

pottery, long kept as evidences of the capability of the converted Indian, were similarly taken, until little is left.

## 181

The accounts of the dismantling of San Gabriel, and the efforts of the Padres to keep the beholdings, whereby they might have control of the converts they had so long kept from barbarism are interesting studies, and readers of Ramona can understand why the author was so full of the subject of Indian misuse. When the end came the broad pasture lands were siezed by Mexican officials, and orders given for the sequestration of the stock. The cattle gone the most of the Indians left for the mountains or died for lack of care, for they were much as grown up children. The waterways being neglected the orchards and vineyards went to ruin, and the outlying Mission buildings crumbled to the ground, until nothing is left intact but the church and adjoining cloisters, where lives the Padre, Joaquin Bote.

Alighting at the main church entrance we hunted up this gentleman, and such he was; even though a Spaniard. He told us in his accented English this parish was very poor; only the dark people we saw around the adobes and an occasional well-to-do from a distance composing it. At Mass, when they should collect the most, only two or three dollars were raised, and then it cost so much to keep the large building in repair. Did the gentleman see that handsome, red-wood ceiling? It cost much for a parish so poor. And these pictures around the chapel walls?

They had grown dim. But money we raised and touched them up; restored them, and now they are as fresh and bright as in the old Mission times of happy memory. Visitors come sometimes, but not much give they. Just then came a carriage load of tourists and getting out they prepared to follow us around; being like John Gilpin's wife, frugal-minded. But Padre Joaquin said to them, "Some money we would expect for the church; being poor;" and these tourists got as far as they dared, took a good peep, and turning about said they believed they had seen enough, and the Padre said they were 182 right. He was pleasant, but mildly sarcastic. Then he took us paying heretics around and showed us up a steep stone stairway to the roof where was the belfry, with three bells swinging therein which he pointed to in a loving way. Two of them were from Old Spain; the other

from Boston-way, and I warrant came from some coasting “hide drogher” of three-fourths of a century back, and was traded for hides and tallow.\* The Spanish bells had pious inscriptions, and had doubtless been twice blessed, like the qualities of mercy; first, when their religious donors shipped them across the main and again when they were swung from the bell-tower. These Mission bells were held in sentimental reverence by priest and convert. The Yankee bell was a plain, everyday affair, with the name of the Boston foundry taking the place of saintly nomenclature on the other bells. No precious metal in that, as in the others; all suggestive brass. Then we looked from our high station on the goodly land around, where once roamed in tens of thousands cattle, horses, sheep and goats; a land now in possession of unromantic Americans, and covered with orchards and planted fields, where there were no towns, and I could imagine Father Joaquin, as he stood reflectively by, pondering on the doings of these fellows, who went on planting and gathering and money getting, caring nothing for holy-water, nor incense, nor the salvation of souls; while he, lonesome and with uncongenial parishioners, passed his round of monotonous days; saying mass, preaching, confessing, marrying, baptizing, shriving. When we had looked our fill he led us down the steps and learning we were athirst got us some water from the well in the court yard. Glancing in at his plain apartments we shook his cordial hand and went our way. Kind Padre Joaquin; though Spaniard and Papist, may thy shadow never grow less! for truly though art spare enough now, and may thy next parish yield thee better emoluments than this of San Gabriel.

A year later, with the war between the Americans and Spaniards exciting the world, these representative bells would have seemed still more discordant, and as for Father Joaquin himself, he would have got scantier courtesy from our intense tourists.

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As for the village? Well! One would think, if he did not hear the scream of the locomotive and the whir and clang of trollies, he was in the pueblo of a century back. Here were the low adobes and their porticos underneath which the dusky villagers were lounging the Sabbath afternoon away. It was a veritable nook in the land of “Poco Tiempo” and “Quien Sabe.” “In a little while” and “who knows?” those careless Mexican replies, were written on the faces of these Pueblans, and reflected on the listless dogs and tired looking fowls. Around were drooping palms and thorny cacti, and behind the low dwellings were gardens in which were growing the corn, beans and peppers for

making the “frijoles,” “tomales” and “chile-con-carne;” so loved by the swarthy natives. In the near suburbs were the ruined remnants of once pretentious buildings, while rising over all was the Mission Church with its trio of bells ready for the coming Angelus. Rudely bound with thongs of leather to their rocking beams, with the rust of generations upon them, and full of suggestions of a romantic past, they seemed in their arched sockets in mute remonstrance at the innovations which had so pitilessly changed the face of the pastoral leagues over which they pealed a century ago.

In a few minutes our driver had us in another world; a busy world which took us from romance to reality; and that of a paying sort. From San Gabriel station were last year shipped 25,000 boxes of oranges and 15,000 of lemons; 3000 barrels of wine and brandy, and large quantities of stone-fruit, hay and grain.

And now from a romantic old Mission to an Ostrich farm; a historic church to a modern hen-coop; Padre Joaquin to a chicken-rancher!

It was at the South Pasadena Ostrich farm we halted. Here were eighty birds, the increase of a few originals brought from Africa twelve years ago. They ranged from little chickens to 184 thirteen-year-old fowls. We saw one noble rooster which had a reach of eight feet, and weighed 275 pounds. As we scanned him we mused; if a roast what drum-sticks; what a neck; what flakes of breast meat? Then the giblets, with the gizzard full of broken glass and scrap-iron! It would take a wash tub to hold the gravy! And then the “stuffing!” I am bewildered.

We saw the nests. In humility the ostrich does not make the home for her eggs in the tree-top. She is no singer nor soarer as the lark, but like that bird builds, or rather excavates, her nest in the ground. A few vigorous kicks and the “home without hands” is made, and in time three eggs are found therein. She does not sit on them; she has too much fore-arm and gambrel-joint for that. Occasionally she and the other ostrich saunter around, giving perfunctory side-glances at the surroundings of the future yielders of bonnet adornments and feather-boas, and then go for something to eat. The Ostrich is the Oliver Twist of birds and the horse leech as well. His cry is More! More! He loves beets. When he swallows a large rutabaga it passes downward slowly;

looking like a moving “Adam's apple.” The largest bird could carry a man; a small man. They are worth \$300 when five years old and \$5 a year additional afterwards.

They lay 28 eggs a year and it takes the sun 42 days to hatch a setting. An ostrich egg will boil in one hour and a half. Though said to be good eating few are boiled. Cost too much! But if cooked, to apostrophize, what omelets; what Easter-feeds; what devils! It would take slices of elephant hams to go with the fries! I would rather talk about their feathers. One bird will grow \$30 a year. Each feather is worth \$2.50 to \$3.00; a feather boa \$30. From what our informant said the business is poor, and only the 25-cent curiosity of the tourist keeps the wolf from the hennerly door. The world's distributing point for feathers is London, where \$7,000,000 worth is sold annually; nearly all from the Cape of Good Hope. The keeper hoped the 185 coming tariff would put their business on its legs again; then if these could be typified by the knobby props of these huge birds! Alfalfa and beets are their food. A store is at the entrance gate where men visitors are expected to buy feathers, singly or elongated to boas to give to or take home to their wives; but with their many outgoes they seemed too poor. How uneasy these sons of Adam grew as those who had wives or other interested ladies with them saw the interest of these

#### HOW WE WENT TO SAN PEDRO IN '58—“DUTCH JO” AND I.

increase with the continued importunities of the salesmen, and how they wondered why the jewel mind was not more thought of than ornaments for the bodily casket? and then as the sale neared the danger line suggested a visit to the poultry yard!

The next morning to San Pedro. Shall I compare my exit with that of long ago, when “Dutch Jo” and I at sunset left Los Angeles by the scattered adobe suburbs, and under our packs 186 wearily moved through the gathering darkness to the coast, near thirty miles away? What a lonesome walk! How coldly the December stars glittered; how the coyotes snarled and howled in the distant mountains; how our blistered feet smarted as we silently moved along? How gladly we came across the wine-wagon, whose uncouth, swearing driver and his quartette of oxen made poor company better than none! for the plain was a hunting ground for a romantic robber, a certain Don Ramon, than whom was none more polite in easing travelers of their money, and who was the admiration

of women-kind for his fine appearance. I can remember the names of those oxen yet as the driver shouted them forth, with punctuations of whipsnap and oath. But they were too slow; so we trudged ahead until midnight when we overtook some travelers and rested awhile around their grease-wood fire. I was now going by steam and making comparisons.

After the suburbs were passed we saw field after field of truck farmed by Chinamen who pay \$10 to \$30 per acre rent, water included. My informant told me one hundred bushels of corn could be raised to the acre. To do this irrigation is required. Near the coast, where there is plenty of fog, forty bushels is grown, unaided. We passed the Domingues Ranch, which, with its scattered buildings, looked like an old-time rancheria. It had not been parceled out and much stock roamed over its broad leagues. As we sped along I thought much of the night wayfarers of long ago who would have been so glad to steal a ride on a conveyance like ours. On the train we made acquaintance with a gentleman who yielded us much information, a Mr. Baker, who lived at Long Beach and who kindly offered to take us around on our arrival at the coast. Soon the sea came in view, ridged with gentle undulations; the rollers spraying the beach, and I naturally thought of my first sight of the Pacific Ocean. I wrote some lines on this event then, in 187 which I modestly compared myself to Balboa; Keats in his oft quoted lines makes it Cortez: "Like to stout Cortez, when with eagle eye He stared at the Pacific, and all his men Looked at each other with a mild surmise, Silent upon a peak of Darien."

My poem died—Keats lived; but then I lived and Keats died; so Time, that great leveler, has made things even. Otherwise there was no similarity between us travelers; the one with his bold free-booters around him; the other with no one to surmise with him but "Dutch Jo," the one time singer of "Kitty Clyde" and kindred ditties.

Long Beach is the finest bathing place on the coast, but on account of the cool air not to compare with similar resorts East. This seems strange considering the tropical vegetation and hot mid-days of Southern California; but on the shore it is cool day and night at this point. The rising of the heated air from the vast desert areas east of the Sierra Nevadas causes a vaccum which is supplied by the sea-air, and while this is warmed on its way its freshness is felt along shore to a delightful

extent. The air was cool, even at noon; while the water was cold. The beach is fine and so hard as to make a driveway undented by wheel or hoof. A 1600 foot wharf, where immense quantities of fish are caught runs out to meet deep-sea vessels. The town runs two miles along shore and has one thousand people. Here annually the Chatauqua Society of California meets. The session was just beginning on our arrival. Long Beach had been a “dry” town, but the saloon element was now on top sufficiently to order a new election to change the charter. It has Electric Lights and Water Works. Near here an attempt is being made to harness the Ocean with a system of floats which, rising and falling with the tide, work pumps which force fresh water in a reservoir. This acts on turbine wheels whose power is capable of running the cars at 188 Los Angeles and its electric light plant also. This fresh water—salt would hurt the pumps and water wheels—is used over and over by the tide-driven pumps. Shore lots at Long Beach are worth \$40 a foot. The omnipresent street-sprinkler keeps down the dust on the main streets; on others a coating of straw is applied which answers a good purpose. Our friend met us as he promised, and assuring us he had no axe to grind in the way of selling lots, and that our progress was purely a friendly move as far as he was concerned, took us a seven-mile drive along the “sounding shore.” Through palm lined streets we went and by the most luxuriant flower-decked lawns. A whale caught some time since still raised a sensation in this quiet town, and much post mortem money for the railroads, which ran excursions from all points. It was sixty feet long and was patriotically kept until the adjacent citizens were driven from their homes, when it was quietly buried—except its bones—the obsequies costing \$200. The frame was then being set up in a huge shed. The catching of this whale was an event, and Long Beach people will mark time by “the year we caught the Whale.” We could not thank our friend Baker enough for his kindness in the excursion he gave us, and giving him farewell passed on to new scenes.

Our next point was San Pedro, five miles up the coast. The new town of that name, a busy place and a great lumber mart I passed through, leaving my friends, who went back to Los Angeles. I wanted to see the old port where the Pilgrim lay, where Dana and his mates, the “hide-tossers,” loaded and unloaded her, on her trips up and down the coast; and also where I embarked in the “Senator” for San Francisco; so I passed by what would have interested the many for this old Los Angeles sea-

port, a mile away. While much was unrecognizable around here on account of improvements made since my first visit, this place was hard to find from the buildings I once knew being leveled to the ground. I could find no cotemporaneous 189 persons; my enquiries being often rebuffed by cross dogs and crosser men. One man I was directed to for imformation was grinding a knife on a stone run by a wind-mill. The power was feeble or fitful, which made him irritable and uncommunicative. I was so discouraged in my search for old land-marks, for it is hard to understand the difficulties I met with, that I was sometimes ready to give up and devote my time to ordinary sightseeing like the rest of the tourists who had no former visit to hamper them. But I was infatuated with my quest. I had traveled before under such unfavorable circumstances that I felt like hunting up every spot I once knew, so I persevered.

I was at last directed to "Craw-fish George," as one who might sympathize with me in what the prosaic people seem to think a singular search. Their looks said "Who is this man, old enough to know better, coming enquiring about these ruined wharves and crumbled adobes? Why don't he ask about *New San Pedro* and the immense Breakwater, to cost millions of dollars and make this bay rival San Francisco, and San Diego green with envy?" I found George, of the surname Craw-fish, at last. He was living in a fisher's hut under the bluff which looks on Dead Man's Island, at the foot of the old wharf road and near the remains of the old landing place. Here things looked natural enough except that the wharf-house was gone. Craw-fish George was a character. He lived a sort of a hermit-crab life in a hut, with some signs of attempt to improve the surroundings, in which drift wood and whale-bones were used; but with evidences of his calling all around him. His name was not acquired from any backing out of undertakings or recantations of hastily uttered words, sometimes required in newly settled countries. George was a widower and quite confidential. He had supplemented the deceased Mrs. Craw-fish with alternating house-keepers, whose wage demands increased until \$10 per month was reached, when he drew the line; which being in his line came easy, and he has since lived a Robinson 190 Crusoe sort of a life. Not that he is a misanthrope or has lost faith in women. When her price comes down he will take her back; as he is a just man as well as frugal minded. I was going to tell him another wife would come cheaper but I forbore. The women who could be content there in that lonely waveswept, bluff-shadowed nook must have

been of peculiar mental build. George left his net-mending to show me around. There were the remains of the old wharf known to me and Mr. Dana, and a large grave-stone, half submerged, whose lettering was nearly worn off by the pitiless waves. An historic place is this old landing, where strange craft dropped anchor a century and more ago; Spanish galleons, high-decked men-of-war and piratical craft; and in the later Mission days, when Yankee trading schooners stopped to barter their notions for hides and tallow. Gray sea-captains, with voices husky from the inhalations of many a nor-wester, come to San Pedro and question the lone fisherman on local points; for with land-marks so changed they are at sea, as of old, and George does what he can to set them right. He rolls over the grave-stone to show enquiring salts if anything is familiar in the wave-worn inscription; he takes them among the ruins of the Adobes on the bluff; he gives them the views of other ancient mariners, and does other acts and things to make himself agreeable to these nautical dwellers in the past. A few days since some of Dana's people had called on him to be shown a locality noted in "Two Years before the Mast."

I took a lingering look at the beach whereon we shivered in waiting for the steamer in the years long gone. Before me lay "Dead Man's Island," with its tragic history, as bare and lonely as of old, and with signs of two other graves added to the original one; perhaps through ante-mortem sentiment. With Craw-fish George I then climbed the bluff to see what was left of the old adobes; then, with the wharf house, all that made San Pedro. Some treasure-seekers had torn down one building 191 to find nothing of value; the others had crumbled to the original clay through neglect and winter rains. George was using the asphaltum of the roofs for fire-wood and sea-faring relichunters had "raked the ashes of the past" around the old forge for souvenirs of former visits. For me he found some ox-nails, near eaten up with rust; contrasting mementos of times long ante-dating the days of the locomotive we could hear shrieking down at New San Pedro.

"DEAD MAN'S ISLAND"—SAN PEDRO IN 1858.

I give a picture of Dead Man's Island, or Terminal Island, as the unsentimental now call it, and San Pedro as I saw them in 1858. The steamer is the "Senator" and the then rude manner of handling freight is shown. Beyond is the wharf, bluff and steep way leading to the plain above. The road

is effaced now, and those who come down the bank do so at the risk of a slide to the bottom. The Craw-fish home is at its foot, and its loneliness can be imagined. It is no wonder George's housekeepers 192 want big wages! The few buildings which then made San Pedro are shown.

The island is now connected with the mainland by a mole, so the new town has a good harbor. The "Senator" in its monthly visits had to lay a mile from shore and freight was transported on a lighter, and at the coming of storms vessels put to sea. Now there is good wharfage a mile from the old landing. The government is about expending \$3,000,000, on top of the \$1,000,000 already spent, to make the harbor complete. At this San Diego is wroth; as that port expected the favor. From the fishing grounds of San Pedro 3000 tons of fish were shipped last year; and the lumber landed at the new port was 80,000,000 feet; a change from the old times when the coming of a hide and tallow trading ship up the coast was an event and the Bay quiet until such period. Large lumber vessels and freight and passenger steamers now replace these, and railroads do their part to make the change.

Back to Los Angeles, its fine residences and business places, with their bright streets; its quaint Spanish quarter and dingy thoroughfares, its street scenes, Salvation Army services, and now—it being night— Mingling with the clang of trollies Comes the cry of "Hot Tomales!" Mexican or Texas kind— Stomach should be copper-lined— "Meat or chicken?" (with suggestions) "*Real* chicken?" ask no questions For (the vendor's) conscience sake, And on faith your supper make, "Hot Tomales! Hot Tomales!" In hot seasoned, verbal vollies, "Come and try our chile-con-carne!" Oh, so peppery and burny! Why the Dons pronounce it "chilley" Seems contrariness run silly, Seems like sampling one's hereafter— This is not a thought for laughter—

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"Hamburger and Weiner-wurst Try 'em and see which is worst!"

On the morrow we were ready to run down another trail. This time it was towards San Bernardino. It was here I halted after my journey over the deserts from Salt Lake. On my second visit I tried to find some landmarks in scenery and humanity but with poor success. I saw some who were living there then, and they were mainly kind and sociable, but the Mormon with whom I came from Utah

had been dead two years and gone the way of the Saints. Five weeks of rough travel in his company made me think well of him and I was disappointed we could not talk over old times together. But I looked up two of his sons; though they were no good. I found them lounging around a grocery, averse to talk and shame-faced that I drew them into prominence among their loutish cronies, by my questions.

San Bernardino had a "boom" in 1886 but a reaction came from which it never recovered. It has electric lights, street-cars and water-works, the results of the excitement of eleven years ago, but of the cars, the one-horse style seemed prominent and the motors quite ribby. Passengers were scarce. I was the only one from the depot, but the driver, and the horse needed driving, said he sometimes had twenty fares. Around the depot there were empty stores; some with their doors and windows wantonly broken in. In fact there was a good deal to sadden one about San Bernardino. There was much complaint of hard-times. Knowledge that I was from Philadelphia caused a luckless shipper of dried apricots to that city to somewhat identify me with his losses. He had only realized two cents a pound, which fact caused a bitter feeling that I found it inexpedient to try to sweeten. What ailed this town I don't know, but it strongly contrasted with neighboring towns, and had reminders of its antecedent of 1858.

From San Bernardino we went to Riverside, in Riverside 194 County: why such misnomers I don't know. There is no river, unless a ribbon of sand can be so termed, in the whole county. The town was a thriving one; so contrasting with the last. From here extends Magnolia Avenue, a wonderful highway. It was lined with alternating Palms, Magnolias and Pepper-trees watered by streams running in open cemented ways; while back of these were continuous groves of oranges whose fruitage on tree or ground we were welcome to. One thousand acres of those were owned by one man. Orchards, with trees six years old, sold at \$700 per acre, with water rights. Orange land is worth \$200 to \$300, and with water \$150 per acre more. Irrigation costs from \$2 to \$12 per acre; the cost varying with the difficulty of getting water. This sometimes comes from rivers and expensively tunneled mountains; at others from artesian wells. It is carried through and around hills, and over deep ravines by long flumes. To save wastage the ditches are cemented. From these wooden sluice-ways open to the orchards and have gates to regulate the flow. Every day a

waterman, called a “Zaniero,” pronounced *Zankairo*, goes his rounds letting on or shutting off water, and seeing that the gates are not tampered with. Whoever interferes with these will have the water shut off until he gives satisfaction. A ditch runs along the high side of the orchard and from these transverse furrows go from tree to tree, circling around, and continuing. Where the grade prevents this a head must be obtained and piping and hose used. The orchard owners take turns watering; six or seven times a year being necessary. As soon as the ground is dry it is cultivated and weeded until it looks like a fresh made garden. Nothing can look finer than these orchards, old and young, spreading over the country, yellow with fruit when old enough to bear or in their earlier stages, when the small, glossy leaved trees extend their green lines as far as the eye can reach.

Our charioteer sometimes left the traveled road and cut across 195 plantations; giving us a better view of their inner workings and of the fine buildings which could not otherwise be seen. Frosts are the enemies of the orange man. For years all may go well; the trees reach their prime and after long waiting are yellow with fruit, when lo! some winter morning “there comes a frost; a chilling frost,” and the owner finds his hopes blasted along with his orange blossoms. Then shall he dig up his trees and plant some hardier fruit? or wait and see if this is not the last killing snap? a dilemma hard to surmount. I saw where a visionary, who had had a frost bites, placed an arbor over much of his orchard whereon he might put canvas when a frost was threatened. The fear of a freeze, in some sections, causes a constant anxiety, as it means great financial loss and sometimes ruin, so that the orchardist does not know whether he will be rich or poor the coming morning.

Other fruits are grown around Riverside. Prunes, olives and English walnuts are much cultivated, and for the last two years lemons have been successful. Different sections are specially adapted for special vegetation. In Orange County is a soil famous for its celery. It is so spongy that the horses who work it are shod with broad, wooden shoes to keep them from being swamped in the soil. The growth of celery from this tract is phenomenal. Near Riverside is a plantation of 6000 acres, owned by an English company, on which they are growing Caniagre, or Tan Plant, which they pretend will take the place of oak-bark for tanning leather and do its work more quickly. Wise men say it bears the same relation to the oak or hemlock that the “Wine Plant,” of unhappy memory, did to the grape. This valley is full of enthusiasts, often failing; ever hopeful. The production of fruit and

vegetables is enormous; for drouth and excessive rains are never feared; but the trouble is to find a market. There are no near-by cities, like Philadelphia, New York and Baltimore to take the surplus, so at great expense they rush their products long distances to find sale; 196 the expenses of freight and commission leaving the farmers small margin.

The road back from San Bernardino was the same I traveled in 1858. Shall I draw those odious comparisons again? I cannot help doing so! Now rushing up the valley in crowded steam-cars; then I was on a solitary “march to the sea,” near ninety miles away. Where now are tract after tract of orchard and vineyard, town after town and cities of ten thousand people, then stretched sixty miles of chapparal and pasture-lands, relieved by the small towns of San Bernardino, San Gabriel and El Monte, and a few ranches. Here unbounded hospitality was once granted strangers, but its abuse by Americans had soured the Mexican ranch owners, and they got scant courtesy. Till the “gringo” came the valley was a scene of pastoral content, and the ox-cart of wood and leather, the wooden plow and brush harrow, the tomales, tortillas and chile-con-carne were all that high and low cared for in implements and diet. All were natural horsemen and their skill and accoutrements were marvels!

In all my sixty-mile walk to Los Angeles I did not meet a vehicle of any sort, and this was a main highway. A few horsemen or two were all I saw of human kind except the wild vaqueros galloping around and among the herds. The hundreds of cattle and horses pasturing the plain are well remembered. In day time, even, the cattle were dangerous to meet. But at night! I have reason to recall a rush of these across my path through the darkness as I passed over this same ground on my former journey. The landmarks were few; ranch buildings from twelve to twenty miles apart, an occasional live-oak and then fringes of stunted timber along the dry arroyas, or water-course. Only the high Sierra flanking the valley reminded me of my former visit. Cultivated land, orchards, fine ranch buildings, towns; who would have thought this the same country? A typical town was Ontario, near

The Cajon Pass. Mt. San Bernardino. MARCHING TO THE SEA.

197 whose site, or over it, I passed on my lonely tramp. It has 5000 people, a college, an electric light and trolley system costing \$95,000; and two holes bored in the mountain, back of it, one a mile, and the other a mile and a half deep, or will be when finished, from which water is pouring to beautify the town and enrich the country around. I give a view of Ontario and vicinity to show how the “desert has blossomed” since I passed over it on my pilgrimage of forty years ago—a sample of the sixty miles between San Bernardino and Los Angeles.

On the 21st we went to Santa Monica. This is a sea-side resort; but on account of the undertow, cold water and stony beach is not all those interested painted it. There is a large Soldiers' Home a mile back and, while my friends tried the disappointing sea-bath, I sat with a group of veterans listening to old-time fighting over of battles. There is a pathos about these left-overs of the wars, that struck me as never before. Although well clad and fed, and housed in “palatial style,” an almshouse is suggested as they listlessly saunter around the Home Park. Many of these veterans have drinking habits and when pension-day comes they go for the saloons of Santa Monica and scandalize the well behaved until the citizens look on the whole with contempt and seem to forget that these men once stood between them and national ruin.

Alas, the blue and brass! once the marks of proud comradeship and tokens for outside envy and admiration here seemed a badge of dependence and disfavor. Some of these almoners were content with their lot; but many complained of their food, the exactions of thier petty officers, in enforcing military discipline and other matters; in fact querulous old age seems coming on these brave men of yore. I could not help but think, as I looked on this group, a thought intensified when I saw the many hundreds—there were 3000 at the Home—grouped or wandering about when we stopped on our return, that the loss by bullets and sickness during the war was by no means all to 198 regret. Here was a number of men, equal to many an army division during the second year of the war, almost buried from society, save as it patronizingly or pityingly looked upon them now and then, content to rust away in premature old age; when many of them, numbers I might say, for a good proportion were between fifty and sixty years old, might have been, had they not gone into the service, in the active walks of life.

We saw a curiosity on the beach at Santa Monica in the likeness of two bathing machines. Readers of Dickens have known them as belongings of English watering places; but they seemed as incongruous here as a Chinaman driving a horse. They are houses, swung low on two wheels, in which squeamish people take a ride in the water, under the propulsion of quiet sea-horses; and quiet they must be or they might soon make mer-men and mer-maids of their fares in the unwadeable depths of the sounding sea.

On our way back we saw the “stubble” of a crop peculiar to Southern California. Both coal and wood are dear here, so it pays to raise trees. The Australian Gum, being the fastest growing, is most planted and the stumps of a woods of this I saw. An acre, four years from setting out, yielded forty cords, and as wood brings \$8 a cord the profit can be counted up. This yield was told me by a fellow passenger, but I rather doubted the story.

This night my companions left me for home *via* the Yo Semite; so for the balance of the excursion limit of near a month, I traveled alone. In my former journey lonely travels did not concern me, as long as my physical burdens were not too heavy. Sickness and accidents were not looked forward to; but now there were times when I was alone and entirely cut loose from those knowing me, who were thousands of miles away, when I felt a dread of some grim happening with speculations of what would follow. This fortunately occurred

ONTARIO. When the author passed by here forty years ago the site of this town was surrounded by leagues of semi-desert and broad stretches of chapparal. A companion picture to “Marching to the Sea.”

199 seldom; but it was at night, when doleful imaginings run riot. The morning brought calm; so mind-healing is the sun light!

On the 22d of July I visited the oil district of West Los Angeles, two miles away over the hills. The derricks stood close together—300 to 400 in a territory one-fourth of a mile wide and a mile long. They average 30 barrels of oil a day, worth \$1.25 per barrel. It is only fit for fuel or gas. The wells run from 100 to 1000 feet deep and while the above product was claimed the pumpage did not

show it. By a system of cables and cranks, the slack being taken up by heavy weights, ten or twelve wells were pumped with one engine. The soil is full of asphaltum, which oozes from the soil. It is a dirty place; this oil field, and I willingly left it to look at West Lake Park with its pretty lake and its surrounding of palms and flowers.

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## **XI.**

Up the California Coast. Farewell to orchards, flowers and palms! To nooks where reign perennial calms! Again to quest mid ruined walls— Once busy homes or stately halls— Where earnest monks their converts made And the swart neophyte plied his trade, Brown hills to climb, by shores to roam While each day brings me nearer home.

THE warning words on my excursion ticket, that I must be at Philadelphia by the 17th of August under penalty of having the paste-board confiscated on the named date told me that the time for parting had come, so I made ready to say good-bye to Los Angeles and its surroundings. The morning of the 22d, with the early mass bell of Our Lady, the Queen of the Angels making the air vibrant with calls to the faithful, saw me on my Northward road. Our route lay between mountains and much of the way along the Los Angeles river; half dried up between drowth and robbery for irrigating the neighboring lands. When I was here before there was much contention between the country and town about the water; but then it was the vineyards which were being watered at the expense of Los Angeles; now the orchards. The bed of sand, called river, fronting the city is anything but a thing of beauty, from the large amount taken 201 from it to sprinkle streets, water gardens and yards and for house use. It is simply wonderful what irrigation will do. All but the most sandy soil is responsive to water in luxurious crops; the trouble, as I have before said, is to market them. Efforts have been made to profitably ship green fruits to Europe; and they have arrived in London in fifteen days in refrigerator cars and cold-storage steamers, in good condition; but from expenses nothing was left for the shippers.

One of my side excursions on the road up the coast was to the old San Fernando Mission; less than two miles from the railroad. Among the many Eastern travelers few seemed to know of these ruins, or, if aware of them, rushed on to see travel-worn sights. Train men are inexcusably ignorant of many interesting landmarks along their lines and seem to think their duty done when the tickets are punched with more or less care. At San Fernando station I left the train and I started at once for the dismantled Mission, and was soon through the outskirts of the little railway town. Two school houses; one a small one, the other a graded school of some pretensions, halted my attention as being out of proportion in such a thinly settled neighborhood. Passing over a broad road, lined with eucalyptus trees, a half hour brought me to San Fernando.

After the establishment of the Missions of Santa Barbara and San Gabriel, it was thought by the fathers that the span of travel between needed a supporting pier; lest the mountain gentiles might break it; so in 1797 another station was laid out for the salvation and enlightenment of the savages. A fertile tract selected was known as the Rancho Reyes. Amid the usual ceremonies the Mission was formally dedicated under the name of San Fernando Rey; after the canonized king of Spain, Fernando Third. The present buildings were erected in 1806, and their ruins, even, show the skill of the Indian converts under the teachings of the Franciscan Fathers.

## 202

I found the ruins of San Fernando the most extensive and picturesque among the Missions. They covered, independent of the garden-walls, twenty acres. The main buildings alone, in an irregular way, were 420 by 175 feet, as one long structure continued or intersected another. The Monastery was 60 by 240 feet, with an ell shaped building cornering to it 120 by 180. Adjoining this was the roofless church 36 by 180 and bell tower 24 by 36 feet, besides a smaller wing. The church walls were six feet thick and thirty feet high. The inside showed pillars and niches for statuary and panels for pictures. The roof was gone except the ridge-pole and rafters on one side. The cross-beams were 12 by 18 inches and 36 feet long. The timbers were well preserved; in our climate they would have rotted long ago. How they were brought from the mountains and raised to their places with the crude appliances of those times seems wonderful. The choir-loft timbers were mostly gone and the

tiled floor, once thronged with worshippers, grown with weeds and scattered with debris from the ruined roof. The large Monastery where the Monks lived and the stores were kept, and spinning, weaving and the finer arts carried on was a noble example of early Californian architecture, as shown in its corridor of nineteen arches. The red tiled roof adds to its picturesqueness. A chapel occupies one end; but the Chinese ranch-cook could not let me in; in fact took as little interest in the ruins as two or three whites I saw around there, and was as little disposed to politeness. The connecting buildings were going to ruin fast. I noticed that the roof-timbers were in places lashed together with raw-hide ropes like those of Dolores, a common fashion where cattle could be had for the killing and iron was scarce. Coarse reeds made a bed for the tiles, which hung over the eaves so precariously as to endanger life for those walking underneath.

I give a bird's-eye view of the Monastery roof; showing how the tiles are laid; and giving the reader an idea of the immense

THE CHURCH OF SAN FERNANDO. From breach in monastery wall.

203 weight represented by a half acre of such semi-cylindrical specimens of burned clay. The rough bedding of the tiles was sometimes hidden by raw-hides stretched from rafter to rafter.

Fronting the Monastery was what had been a handsome fountain; but now mouldy and disfigured by age and neglect. The basin was twenty feet across and four deep, and rising from it was a series of carved bowls tapering up a shaft over which water brought from the distant mountains once plashed and sparkled. On one side was a well like the one from which the woman of Samaria filled her water jar and here the village women surrounding it once replenished their own as they recounted the neighborhood gossip, or their own perplexities one to another; and here in the cool of the evening the Monks paced to and fro in religious meditation, or planning the morrows duties; while the water melodiously dropped in the fountain. I think while the orchards, vineyards and gardens were in their prime San Fernando must have been delightful to look upon. Water was brought in pipes and open ways from the adjacent range, and from its application the earth yielded bounteously of its hidden stores. Grain, an hundred fold, pastures which made cattle and sheep wax fat, fruits of all kinds, gave San Fernando note; while the wine, trodden by the dusky feet of

the pressers, and aged for years, was the talk of travelers who freely partook of the Mission fare, as they journeyed up the coast from San Diego to far north Dolores. Ruined houses were scattered around; some mere piles of dissolved adobes, enough to have homed five or six hundred people. There was but one habitable, and that barely so, and in it dwelt two women, the remnant of the hundreds of dusky Indian converts who once gave the Mission busy life. One was Josafa—Hosafa—aged one hundred and nine, and her daughter Felicita whose years I did not ask. What pretty names! but sur-names they had none; 204 “el custombra del país”—the custom of the country, now as of old; but how few to whom it is applicable; for, the way they are going, the Mexican-Indian's passing will soon be. To think of Josafa being nine years old when Padre Lascuen, whose grave I saw at Carmelo, dedicated the Mission in 1797? and a blushing girl of sixteen at the erection of the present buildings in 1804. She was baptized, grew up, lived at the nunnery under the eye of its aged prioress, wove and spun; said her prayers at the ring of the angelus; passed through score after score of years, as others passed through decades; in which there was marriage, children and death, and now, a poor withered left-over, she was answering my questions through Felicita as well as her thick speech, dulled ear and mind of second-childhood would allow; an example of human endurance. Fain would I have learned direct from her the doings of the far past here, “When in their newness rose the Mission towers And white Presidio, Their swart commander in his leathern jerkin, The priest in stole of snow,”

but her infirmities and my indifferent Spanish, even when helped out by the giddy seventy-year old Felicita, prevented satisfactory quest.

Around the Mission garden, now a wheat field, was a wall, or its ruins, two miles long. That left standing was eight feet high and had been ten. The sun-dried bricks to build it, counting their size, 4X12X24, must have numbered 250,000, and taking a man's daily work at 100 bricks, a convict's “stent” was 70, it took 2500 days, for one man, to make them. There was another garden wall of half that length, and taking that, with the material in the Mission buildings and dwellings the item of bricks alone was great. Then the tile making, aqueduct building, and other work outside of farming and herding, show what these late wandering heathen could do. The records note that there were but

614 people at the Mission at the time of building. How the small number of men represented by this total did so much is a marvel.

## 205

Belonging to San Fernando in 1826 there were 57,000 head of cattle, 1500 horses and 64,000 sheep. This was about the height of the Mission's prosperity. Taking into account that this was but one of the many similar establishments scattered along the coast we can form some idea of the work of the early Jesuits and later San Franciscans.

In the old garden I saw some olive trees near one hundred years old. The olive is long lived; even to 250 years. In 1800 a large grove was planted at San Fernando; 500 trees in all. There are 400 of these left yet, in spite of the neglect following the dismantling of the Spanish Missions. They were seemingly in irreclaimable decadence in 1881, when they were closely pruned, and then so increased in bearing that they now yield twenty tons of fruit. Here are three palm trees, a hundred years old. Two of them stood together, their fronded heads sixty feet above the plain. One was three feet across the trunk. They are called the Palms of San Fernando and are noted landmarks. In isolation looking across at the distant ruins, and old enough to tell the tale of the rise progress and decay of San Fernando they seemed like ghosts of the dim past. With its fruits and flowers; trees and vines; fountains and shady walks; what a paradise this hundred-acre garden must have seemed! Why walled we can only guess. Perhaps to ward off the cold winds from some of the more sensitive vegetation; perhaps to keep off wild beasts. Two men I sought information from knew nothing. They were void of sentiment and look at me with tolerant wonderment as I questioned and walked off for farther research. With such Americans what could I expect from Mexicans and Chinese.

In looking around I saw a house among the trees and knowing there must be fruit about, and it being the time the rich call lunch and the poor dinner, and feeling content with hermit fare for my mid-day meal, I went to seek the same. My first greeting was the cry of a little girl of two years; the next the 206 bark of a dog. Children out in such wildernesses seem like to the young of wild animals; instinct shows them when danger is near and they cry for help. The young mother, pleasant looking, hastened out of the house and stilled the cry of child and dog. The family was from Kansas

where they had a farm, but drowth and hard times made them abandon it to seek another home. She told me to help myself to the fruit, be it apricots or oranges; they could hardly sell them. Though late for this fruit the oranges were a sight. I saw them four inches in diameter under the trees going to waste. Above were others as large mingled with the green and yellowing fruit. An apricot orchard nearby showed a large yield under irrigation. As the saying goes, "Tickle the ground with a hoe and it will laugh with a harvest." Pluralize hoe to hose and the change would meet the case here; for irrigation does wonders. It was a lonely place for this transplanted family, on the outskirts of these solemn ruins; but pioneers school themselves to their surroundings. Around the house were large sunflowers, the floral emblem of Kansas, the everyday sight of which must have done these exiles good. They were going East again as soon as conditions there changed.

Repassing the fountain I thought of the lively scenes at sundown, when the men and cattle came home from their work; when the women moved to and fro under their poised water jars, and the Ramonas and Francescas among them cast sheep eyes at the Pablos and Juans as they came in from their plowing and reaping. Then around again by flanking ruins to the roofless church with its displaced, leaning timbers and crumbling walls.

The columns once supporting the cloister-front were all down but one. These had extended a hundred feet and connected the church with the Monastery. The lines of these three buildings reached over 500 feet; and, except the last, were a mass of ruins, showing breached walls, fallen pillars and heaps of crumbling adobes and scattered tiles.

SAN FERNANDO CHURCH. As it was ten years ago, showing by comparison with another view of same—"San Fernando Church from Monastery Walls"—how the Missions are going.

207

In a side room of the church I noticed a wall-space painted blood-red, and on this, in black letters around a skull and cross-bones, "Texano! Who dares to deface these walls, beware!" There was so much of the dime-novel and melo-drama about this that I experienced a sort of a creeping sensation,

and unconsciously looked around for the Avenger who might mistake me for the desecrating Texan, and hence departed.

In the rear of the church was a small grave-yard; some of the graves surrounded with pickets, singly as is common in isolated burying grounds in the wild, far west; others with upended tiles, for head-stones, sanctified by once having covered the church, and now and then a freshly painted cross. There was something pathetic in the way these graves were crowded to the church-wall, as if the souls of the dead would rest more peacefully were the bodies in its shadow. The decoration of graves with flowers is a Mexican observance. The fierce noonday suns antagonize this, but the custom is kept up. In wreaths and in water jars these were on the newer mounds. The water was dried up and the wreaths withered; but doubtless the friends of the dead would replace them. Where these live I know not, for Mexicans are scarce around San Fernando. Two of the graves had head-boards and showed *hic jocet*. “Rafael Miranda Natural de Opodepe, Estado de Sonora, Mexico Fellicio El dia 27 de Mayo, de 1883, Al Aedad de 23.”

Also— “Dolores Bermudes De Santa Cruz, Sonora, Mexico Fellicio El dia 24 de Feb. de 1892, Al Aedad de 60.”

The expression— *Fellicio*, made happy, on the dates named—was touching, and Mexican in its idea of death. I would like to think they were lovers, buried together, by request, where they died, far from their homes; but their ages forbade the thought. The head-boards were fresh painted and lettered, 208 showing that the dead had been people of account in comparison with the lowly ones around.

But I must leave this melancholy place. The dropping tiles and crumbling walls; the weed grown floors, fallen timbers, and silent bell tower; the little grave-yard with its mounds of sand, leaning crosses and withered flowers are accenting my lonely feelings and fostering a depression which drives me away.

But before leaving San Fernando I must give some statistics concerning it. The original tract was 170 square miles in extent. After the dismantling of the Missions it was sold to one Eulogio Celis,

and the bulk of it afterwards to G. K. Porter and Brother, now known as the Porter Land and Water Company, who sell or rent the land with water privileges. This tract is made fruitful by irrigation. There are one thousand acres in with orchards; the rest grain and pasture lands. What seemed a broad, flat pile of straw in front of the Monastery attracted my attention. Examination proved it 30,000 sacks of wheat worth \$57,000, ready for shipment; covered with straw to keep off sun and fog. Rain does not enter the calculations of the California farmer in summer. Grain, hay and sugar beets are hauled on open cars, and farm machinery is "housed" from one year's end to the other in the "big wagon house."

Since I was at San Fernando the Landmarks Club has paid it a beneficent visit. To those who do not know this organization I will say that two years ago a few citizens of Southern California convened and formed the nucleus of an association for the preservation of the Mission buildings between San Diego and San Francisco. These were fast going to ruin and were marked by falling and bulging walls, roofs wholly fallen in, or with deeply frayed edges from dropping tile; collapsing arches and towers, and floors grown with weeds or full of rubbish. A picture of the San Fernando church taken ten years ago shows several columns standing where now is but one, and in a few 209 more years, for the loosening of the tiles were so exposing the walls that they were going in arithmetical progression, many of the buildings would have been past saving. Besides owners of large tracts, ranches of which the Missions were at one time the active centers, were closing in around the ruins, and it was a question of how soon these once sturdy walls of six foot thickness would be dynamited to their native earth.

Only those who have seen these immense buildings, designed by those who learned their trade under inspiration from the picturesque architecture of Moorish Spain, tottering to near-by ruin, can know what the efforts and accomplishments of the "Landmarks Club" mean.\* The size of some of these buildings is wonderful, considering the circumstances attending their erections, and show how full of hope for the salvation of the surrounding heathen were the San Franciscan Monks who planned and built them; for their initial success led the Fathers to think their Indian converts would continue to increase till the Church in Old Spain would be duplicated in numbers on the shores

of the Northern Pacific, and they built up to their hopes. The Monastery of San Juan Capistrano—near San Diego—shows corridors 400 feet long, with a church and connecting buildings of corresponding sizes. The roof of the San Fernando Monastery is a half acre in extent. Two acres of open buildings have been covered by the Landmarks Club since it started in 1896, when San Juan was repaired. It was almost past hope, but the church and Monastery, with its noble corridors, are roofed and saved, and the subordinate buildings are under care through clamped and buttressed walls. With but \$3000 raised, for this is a prosaic, utilitarian age, even in the Californian land of Romance, all this has been done. Where means fell short, wooden sheathing was applied whereon to place tiles when they could be afforded. The rescued

#### A MISSION RUIN.

THE CHURCH, SAN FERNANDO. Since the Landmarks Club re-roofed it.

THE MONASTERY, SAN FERNANDO. Roofed and put in original condition (10,000 tiles used, surface 1/2 acre).

210 buildings will last another hundred years and the others will be roofed as soon as the annual dues and contributions will suffice. The decaying buildings have a pathetic appearance and it will be a credit to California, whose people, Mexican and Anglo Saxon, for sixty years, actively and passively have been compassing their destruction, when they are saved and restored. Under the care of experts in the architecture of the period of their erection the buildings are to look as in the old Mission days.

I give several illustrations of the Mission buildings of San Fernando showing their decay, ruin and the results of efforts to save them.

Away from Mission ruins and memories and back to life at San Fernando Station. Then on to Saugus where the railroad forks, inland to San Francisco and westward to the coast. Saugus is a sun-dried place, composed of a station house and water tank. Mexicans and Indians work on the line for one dollar a day. Jesus, pronounced *Kay-suse*, is a name common among these people, and so applied jars on a “gringo's” ears; though the effect is modified by the Spanish pronunciation. A cut-throat looking fellow at the station, thus addressed, caused a startle from the incongruous

misnomer—the call sounded like an oath! Mountains are all around us. Pico Pico is the highest. On the east is the Sierra Madre; on the north and west are San Francisquito, Las Palomas—the doves—and San Feliciano. What sweet sounding names the Mission Fathers gave to mountain, river and town?

After a tedious wait at Saugus, a place all travelers for Santa Barbara will remember as being one of the most difficult places wherein to kill time, the Los Angeles train came at last, and was soon bearing us down the Santa Clara Valley, whose river starts from the 7000 feet-long tunnel, we passed through three miles back, and which we follow to Ventura on the coast. Before six o'clock we came to Camulus, and what reader of *Ramona* will not remember this; for here its leading character lived and loved, and here had their fictitious being the Senora Morena, Felipe and Alisandro, the lover, and Juan Can, Marda

#### ON THE MONASTERY ROOF.

211 and Margarita. Here is the cottage of Ramona. The guide-book says so. Alas! I did not see it. Too much intent on questioning a fellow passenger I missed it. But one cannot do and see everything. As to Ramona I can remark, in the words of Betsy Prig, “I don't believe there was no such person!” Therefore I did not “really, truly” miss seeing the cottage. A lady who claimed to know, in alluding to the author of *Ramona*, says her California neighbors did not think her all her admirers painted her; that she snubbed her own sex to give preference to literary men; that when her husband came home from the absences such men are driven to she found excuses to travel; in fact that she was the type of the traditional smart married person; when the party of the second part must take a back seat and be thankful for the conjugal crumbs which indirectly might fall from the marital table. But the time came, as it nearly always does, for a general shaking and evening up. The Spare man, a misnomer, I admit; for he spares none; came along with his scythe and did not pass by on the other side when he saw “H. H.” She died and Mr. H. H. didn't. It is better to be a living nobody than a dead queen—sometimes. He did more than live; he married again, and to her niece! Alas! another iconoclast; another idol, or rather ideal, broken! But great minds sometimes

claim they are laws unto themselves in morals and manners. Napoleon, Byron, Dickens—general, poet, novelist, are examples of these; and why not “H. H?”

But, making the matter impersonal, the subject of the author in *Ramona* is inexhaustable. Any one who has studied up the California Missions from their inception to their downfall, or traveled among their ruins, mural or human, must be impressed by the way Helen Hunt Jackson has handled her subject; so if I have treated my passage through Camulus lightly, I must add I would have been happy to have spent enough time there to familiarize myself with *Ramona's* home and its picturesque surroundings.

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You come across a varied assortment of travelers in California cars. A person who got on at Saugus brought along a combination of instruction and amusement. This was a woman, tall and angular; her gray hair cut short and topped off with an untrimmed straw hat. At one time I would have called her old, but when one gets in the decade before the Psalmist's fateful year he will realize that old age is a relative term, and only applies, like fever and ague in new countries, to sections “over the range.” She might have been sixty-five or seventy; what matter? If we are not there now we'll get there, if we live; at any rate I did not ask her age. There is, as in the sheriff's trade, a place to draw the line. One thing is certain, she did not “make up” to simulate youth.

Being neighbors we got to talking, when I learned she ran a bee-ranch; and interesting was her description of those hot-tempered, hot-footed insects; their habits, customs and manners. Her home was in a canyon—miles from a railroad, where her charge could have shelter from fog and wind; the foes of bees, and where there was plenty of pasture. Here they improved the shining hours by gathering honey all the day, if not from every opening flower, from locust and wild-sage and other more prosaic bloom which did as well. This she put up in sixty-pound cans and shipped to San Francisco, and made money selling it at four and a half cents a pound. There are 10,000 hives in the county, Ventura, and the annual product has been as much as 1500 tons. There is no rest for the bees, who gather sweets the year round.

My informant was an enthusiast on the bee question. She said she loved her proteges as she did her own family. I was at a loss to know whether my Bee-woman, as she is known in my memory, was maid, wife or widow, until she told me her husband ran a hog-ranch a hundred miles away, whom she saw every year or so. Whether he held the same sentiments towards his charge that she did to hers I don't know.

## 213

From bees we shifted our talk to religion; why, I can't say, except from some sort of conversational evolution, through them to idleness and thence to Satan. The Bee-woman was a Seventh-day, Second Adventist, a term ringing with numerical adjectives; and meaning she had a composite belief of Seventh-day Baptism and Second Adventism; I hope I make myself clear. California is full of religious isms. Sects which are rare East thrive there; in numbers if not in membership. This branch of the Adventist has a college in Sonoma county, which shows it must have some strength.

The Bee-woman was as full of Scripture as of bee-lore, and when I remarked her aptness at quotation mourned her Biblical ignorance, as a hostess does her poor cookery when she wants it praised; and, to prove it, fired a second volley of texts to show her belief was right. She certainly was posted on Scripture; especially that portion pertaining to the Lord's day, and in proof of Christ's second coming. One belief is all one cares generally to defend but she easily took care of two. Did they have Sunday schools in her church? No, but they had *Sabbath* schools! Living so far from town she rarely got to meeting, but when her loved Seventh-day came around she held service alone; except as her family of bees drove off loneliness, and worshipped the same God as did other Christians, and I feel certain, with as much sincerity. She said it was wrong to observe Sunday, a day ordained by the Emperor Constantine and not by the Lord. She arraigned the makers of laws which compelled her to keep two holiday a week; calling it religious persecution, and saying the Bible was her justification in her dual belief. She talked until the train reached her station and left for her mountain home. Now with such aural entertainment does the reader wonder I passed Ramona's home unheeded?

So much for my Bee-woman; undoubtedly a sincere, 214 hardworking, self-supporting person; but I did think it would be nice if a locality could be found where Hog and Honey could harmonize as well as the two creeds in the lady's religion.

The Santa Clara Valley was great as a producer of beans as well as honey. Ventura county in 1895 raised \$1,000,000 worth. The annual product of Limas is estimated at 30,000 tons. Think of a 2000 acre bean patch! I forbear mentioning Boston. But Ventura is a land flowing with much besides Beans and Honey. Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Walnuts, Olives as well as stone-fruit, grow in profusion.

At Statacoy we stopped for supper. From the excitement around the station and the water running down the street I thought an irrigating dam had sprung a leak; but a flowing artesian well had been struck instead, and its bursting forth had caused the commotion. These wells are the life of the country. There is much jealousy among rival settlements, and when one develops a copious flowing well it means beans, and walnuts; grain, vegetables and fruits, and the people shout with an exceeding joy thereat. They bite their thumbs at their envious neighbors and boast vaingloriously. This feeling is not known in the East, where the rain falls on all alike, and the land is all taken up. Here water rights go with the land, and when water in flowing quantities is found it means wealth to that section and the selling of land at good prices. Following down the Santa Clara we saw the sea at Buenaventura. Ever welcome, ever new the bright Pacific, whose waves I sailed over here in the far past! The town name is now shortened to Ventura; The “poco tiempo” Spaniards had plenty of time to pronounce it *in extenso*; the Yankees have not. Here I saw the old Mission church; now renovated; but I only had a passing glance; showing the same pleasing style of architecture of the other Mission buildings along the coast. There was the chapel and the usual corridor Monastery at right angles; built of stone 215 and in a good state of preservation. The old Mexican element is well represented at Ventura and on church days the gatherings are remindful of the far past. A flourishing Mission was once here; the live-stock in 1825 numbering 43,000, and in 1835, at secularization, there were 800 Indians. At Carpenteria, farther on, we come into an oil district where there is a refinery. Here, towards the mountains, there are immense beds of asphaltum; the amount

being estimated, in modest California way, at 8,000,000 tons. In Summerland, near Santa Barbara, the oil region invades the sea. Along shore and from the water 150 derricks arise; all in the space of a few acres, and looking in the darkening twilight like the masts and shrouds of ships.

It was dark when we got to Santa Barbara. Here I had friends expecting me; a pleasure in anticipation, and well realized. A pleasant evening was passed in their home circle. I was tired from my walks around San Fernando and my talks in getting information; so that jotting down my day's experience was a weariness to the flesh; but I got through by midnight, and the sleep of the weary which followed made me ready for the morrow's sight-seeing.

My friend, who on account of the health of a daughter, is for an indefinite time at Santa Barbara, procured a carriage and we had a delightful ride around this rare old town. One of the first places visited was Fremont's Headquarters. A town without this landmark is an oddity in California. Along the shores of Mission Creek, near the beach, is Burton's Mound; an elevation where the Indians one hundred years ago or more buried their dead, and cart-loads of pottery with them. Some of the vessels are very large. On the summit is a modernized adobe house. Here is a sulphur spring and the place was bought whereon to erect a hotel, but this never got beyond the plans. We saw many of the tiled adobes of Dana's time; some in fair preservation; some in ruins; all picturesque. It is a fad for 216 the wealthy to buy up the old tiles wherewith to cover their new buildings; making a boom in this semi-cylindrical, cinnamon-bark shaped earthen-ware. It will detract from Santa Barbara when the adobes with their tiled roofs and low porticos are torn down. This place had its boom, but it failed. It was an unnatural effort. It was intended for a sleepy town, where the lovers of the quaint and beautiful in architecture and nature, as well as invalids, could pass a section of their time, or end their days. But the boomers would not have that, so they tore down the red-roofed cottages of gray; widened the streets; built water-works and planned a fine hotel on Burton's Mound, Verily, "City lots were staked Where once were Indian graves."

A future metropolis was in sight; real estate went up, but the bubble burst, and great was the burst thereof; so the Indian bones rest undisturbed by cellar foundations. A resort for the wealthy and

unhealthy is all Santa Barbara aspires to now; and it is not disappointed; for hither these come from all parts; even from beyond seas; a pleasant place wherein to live or die.

Our drive continued to the shore and along the beach. The sea again, charming in calm or storm! Sparkling and bright the waves lapped the shore and in undulations stretched southward until they reached the outlying islands which make the harbor of Santa Barbara. The largest of these is sixteen miles long; they are private property and used as sheep ranges. Santa Cruz and Santa Rosa are the most important. The first eastward trend of the coast below the Alaskan Peninsula commences at Point Concepcion, and Santa Barbara being in a central point gets the benefit of its southern exposure; making it unsurpassed for climate and the surrounding country famous for fruit.

When I passed up the coast before, Santa Barbara had no harbor facilities. Goods were landed in small boats. The 217 town now has a good wharf; a pier extending 2200 feet to deep water. It is owned by a company. From this point the main street extends; starting in quietude and ending in peace. There is no blocking of the wharf with drays; no swearing of hurrying teamsters; no racing of ambitious horsemen. The most conspicuous object I saw was a tame Pelican. Other places have their Town Pumps and their Town Drunkards; Santa Barbara has its Town Pelican who walks the pavement with a conscious pride. "Have you seen our Pelican?" is a question asked of tourists. And the Barbarenos may well boast of him. Quiet in demeanor; large in bulk, and baggy of pouch, which for the benefit of curious strangers he allows the officious small boy to stretch to show its piscatorial storage capacity. No steam-whistles break on the ear, for there are no factories to need them; at least I saw none. There is a listlessness in the air which smothers competition among the storekeepers. *Dolce far niente* is everywhere; let us go fishing to day; to-morrow may never come! In our eastern cities existence is one continuous, life-wearing attrition. Here in lovely Santa Barbara it moves in smooth channels; suggestive of length of days and a peaceful hereafter. Were I a Californian I would dwell in Santa Barbara—if I had enough to live on. It requires but a short sojourn here to know why the restored to health become permanent citizens; but let these last words have no mortuary suggestiveness. "See Santa Barbara and die" is not the invalids cry; rather see it and live!

There are fine hotels in this town, as well as beautiful suburban homes; but the attraction, to all but superficial tourists, is the Santa Barbara Mission. With its spreading wings of church and Monastery and twin towers it is a conspicuous landmark, whether seen from the sea in white-filled outlines against the Santa Ynez Mountains, or from the east and west approaches. Visiting or departing it inspires the lover of the picturesque.

## 218

Its seclusion, together with the tact and forethought of its caretakers, saved it for a long time from the wreckage of secularization, and to-day it is the best preserved Mission on the coast. This is partly owing to a fund raised by both Protestants and Catholics residing here for its restoration; the one sect from religious zeal; the other to add attraction to the town. Extensive additions are now being made in the line of its early architecture; tiles being used for roofing. A convent of San Franciscan Monks is here established; some twenty of the order, with close cropped head; coarse gowns girdled with ropes, and sandled feet can be seen wandering about the buildings, cemetery and garden, and picturesque they seemed, and are ever kind and courteous to the curious traveler. The main building is substantially constructed of stone; the walls six feet thick. If my clerical friend from Monterey had been along he would have said it was built thus to be used as a fort in the coming time when the two prominent Christian sects will come to war, and that the monks in their kindness had some deep design; that in the dungeons below were racks and other machinery for conversion. Up the bell tower ran a circular stone stairway; hard to mount but the reward was great in the view obtained. The bells were quaintly inscribed and had been given near a century ago by pious devotees of Spain to her faithful missionaries in the California wilderness, and had since without interruption called the faithful to prayer and praise, for there have been no breaks here. Throughout the time other Missions had risen, prospered and gone to ruin these had swung and pealed; these "Bells of the past whose solemn, ringing music Still fills the wide expanse Tingeing the sober twilight of the present With color of romance."

There were painted images in stone, life size, about the belfry representing saints, quaintly carved; the work of Indian converts in the long ago. The roofs of the long wings are 219 tile-covered, as

well as the new wing being built for a college. The view from the tower was fine; to the South the sea and its islands, to the West La Patera—the duck-pond—with its placid stretches of water, and orchards of walnuts and olives beyond; to the North the canyoned mountains with their grand sycamores and live-oaks; to the Southeast Montecito and its beautiful homes and groves of oranges and lemons, and again the gleaming sea! A Monk showed us around. He was a young German; gentle, polite and instructive. Why he chose this æsthetic, secluded life it was not for me to ask.

Inside, the church was full of interest. Under the floor was the grave of Padre Garcia who did so much to save the Mission from the spoilers who were breaking down the other establishments; his official hat hanging on the wall above. There was an image of the patron saint, Santa Barbara, surrounded by six columns, and figures of the three Graces; all cut from stone and, as was the custom, painted. Another statue, life size, was Mary bending over the dead Christ. This was in a curtained alcove. Back of the pulpit were gaudy statuary and around the walls were numerous paintings. On the right of the altar was a picture, which in one frame, represented the World, Heaven and Hell. The first showed life as we see it about us; the second beatific scenes as the realistic Christian dreams them, and hopes to see after the dread shuffling off; green-shored streams, golden streets, winged angels with harps and trumpets; and the Father, Mother and Son in all their radiance. The last scene was Dante's *Infierno*. And such a sight! Imps of darkness as our childish fancies pictured them, from claw foot to grinning face and horned skull; from forked tail to pitch-fork; semblances of wicked humanity tortured in all ways; sulphurous fires and glowing lake. Such paintings as these did much to appeal to the hearts of the simple-minded heathen, and even our friend the Monk, used as he was to the surroundings, described with awe and in hushed tones.

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From a side door we passed out to the cemetery—Holy Field, as the Mexicans have it. Over the door-way a skull and cross-bones were walled in, in relief; naturally a shocking sight, but in keeping with the surroundings. Thousands of Indians had been buried here in trenches, and, as the bones were bared, dug up and stored in a gruesome building standing in a corner of the yard. The *elite*, the exalted, in two senses of the term, the notable dead, are in above ground tombs, strange in appearance, six feet or more high and as wide; looking like old-fashioned, out-door

ovens, with ornamental fronts. One was much larger, and with a vestibule; and back were twenty-one openings, like oven-mouths for the reception of the local friars, when done with cowl, gown and sandal. Four of these were filled and sealed; the last with a brother who was killed lately by a lunatic. An interesting time we had among these quaint resting places of the dead, going slowly to ruin, and none but the score of monks to care for them. Some one singing in a secluded nook called me there, in thought it was a chant of one of the brothers, but it was a young hoodlum of the town who had made his way in and was singing a ribald song, with a tomb for a perch. I took a glance at the Mission garden. Here, from some cause women are excluded, although exceptions were made in the cases of the Princess Louise, of England, and the wife of ex-President Harrison. The inscriptions in the cemetery were mainly in Spanish and began "Yacen los restos"—here lie the remains.

In the museum of the Mission we saw some interesting relics of the past. One was a volume of mass and song services—there were seven books in all, each with 218 leaves, and each leaf representing a sheep. The parchments showed fine workmanship and were 24 by 30 inches. The lettering was done with a pen and "in print." It must have taken the patient friars years and years on this black letter work; as musical notes and all were as well formed as if from type. The volumes were 221 near one hundred years old and it required a flock of 1500 sheep for the whole set of books, which were the reversal of "bound in sheep." We were shown handiwork of the early Indians; iron-work in spurs, keys, nails, bolts and hinges; woodwork in doors, implements and carving; samples of weaving and pottery; stones for grinding grain; a bed-frame, with hide stretched across, such as the monks used in their cells; an adobe brick dented, while soft, with a clear imprint of the foot of the mountain lion, and other curiosities. No other Mission has such a collection.

The corridor with its row of cool, shadowy arches brought to mind the wedding of the Senorita Gonzaga to General Morena, as told in *Ramona*; for there the feast was held. "The whole country far and near was bid. The feast lasted three days; open table to every body; singing, dancing, eating, drinking and making merry. At that time there were long streets of Indian houses stretching eastward from the Mission; before each of these was built a booth of green boughs. The Indians, as well as the Fathers from all the other Missions, were invited to come. The Indians came in bands singing songs and bringing gifts. As they appeared the Santa Barbara Indians went out to meet

them; also singing, bearing gifts, and strewing seeds on the ground in token of welcome. The young Senora and her bridegroom splendidly clothed were seen of all and greeted whenever they appeared with showers of seeds and grain and blossoms. On the third day, still in their wedding attire, they walked with the Monks in a procession, round and round the new tower, now being dedicated, the Monks chanting and sprinkling incense and holy water on the walls. After this they journeyed in state to Monterey, accompanied by priests and officers; stopping at all the Missions on the way and being entertained at each."

From this fine description I come to plain statistic. The church proper is 192 by 60 feet; the corridored adjunct 208 by 222 60, with thirteen fine arches fronting the plaza. The Mission was finished in 1820, and succeeded one shattered by an earthquake in 1812. In front is a fountain; one of several which were once about the Mission. It was now dry on account of shortage of water; so much being used for house use and irrigation.

There were, in the height of the Mission's prosperity, 250 adobe dwellings in the Indian village, floored with asphaltum, and more comfortable, travelers said, than the white people's at the Prisdio; picturesque in their whitewash and roofs of red tiles. These are all gone with those who dwelt therein; adobe to adobe; dust to dust. The skill of these Indians was such that their work was known up and down the coast. There were two hundred whose business was working on cloth and their dyes won admiration. They were skilled in masonry and carpenter work as well as in leather embossing, taught by artisans sent up from Mexico. The land from mountain to sea was fertile, and in 1828, when an "account of stock" was taken, there were 44,000 head of cattle and 20,000 sheep, while the Indians numbered 1000. In 1835 the decline, however, was noticeable, the number of the last falling to 742. From that year the native population fell away fast, on account of the loss of priestly control and care.

A recent writer thus alludes to Mission life. "At daylight, all was astir. Those who were able attended mass; then a breakfast of *atole*, or barley gruel, and at sunrise to their daily tasks. At noon came *atole* again, with mutton and sometimes frijoles, or beans. To the sick, or aged, milk was given. During the heat of the day a burro laded with buckets of sweetened water went around

among the laborers. At six o'clock the evening meal was served; similar to dinner, and with nuts and berries from the mountain added.

“There was much of the commune in Mission life. Each morning the Granary-master dealt out the day's food to each 223 worker. The unmarried took theirs to the cook, who prepared and served it on the common table. The married carried theirs to their homes. Here was the foundation stone of California civilization—the family circle.

“At five o'clock the labors of the day were ended, and man and beast plodded homeward. At sundown came the ‘Angelus’ calling the faithful to prayer, and priest and layman; monk and neophyte repaired to the chapel where the Litany was sung and the evening blessing given. The day was done.

“Thus the male converts. With the Mission was a nunnery in care of a trusted Indian woman. She watched the inmates day by day; at night she locked them up. This was necessary in the condition of society then.

“In the court-yard of the nunnery the girls weaved and spun; laughed and chatted and cast sheep's eyes at the Indian lads as they passed. This was winked at by the Padres if the girls were of proper age.

“All the cloth that was used at the Mission and much used at the Presidios was from the deft fingers of these swarthy maidens, besides all blankets, sheets, table-cloths, towels and napkins. Thus were they trained as useful house-wives.”

In the afternoon my friend took me on a drive several miles down the coast. He was agreeable, congenial and instructive; the landscape from sea to mountain to be admired and the horse a good traveler. The foot-hills—“falda,” as the Spaniards in their happy imagery called these convolutions from their resemblance to the trail of a dress—of the coast-range were slashed with rugged canyons; beautiful in seasons of rain, but now browned with drowth and with but little water in the stream-beds to brighten them. Sycamores and live-oaks were the prominent woods; the former so rough

and gnarley as to seem like another species from our own. The 224 air for a while was warm and the dust we stirred up annoying, but glances up the grand mountain side, at our shifting surroundings, and the sea and Channel islands, as rifts through the shore lines showed them, made us forget discomforts. Montecito, a scattered suburb of Santa Barbara, and made up of the residences of wealthy people, who ranch for the fun there is in it, is an attractive place, follows the country road until the mountain shoulders it to the shore line. In and out, up and down; sometimes on the public highway; sometimes on private grounds we fared along. There were fountains and ponds; orchards of oranges, limes and lemons and gardens of tropical plants. On a small lake was a summer house, floating at anchor. We here hitched our tired horse and went among the lemon pickers. The fruit is gathered green and stored in special houses until it undergoes a curing process before shipment. The picker carries something like a napkin-ring, with a handle, to gauge the size of the lemons, and with a pair of shears snips off the fruit which will not go through. Colonel Crocker, the dead railroad king, had a lemon orchard here and had just built a curing house, costing \$10,000. These beneficiaries of corporation-laws spend their gains right royally. We crossed one rustic bridge where the railings, as well as the posts, were of stone. The thousands of acres owned by the California millionaires, the lavish style in which their owners live and their moral escapades are anarchy-breeders among the thoughtless and criminal and sources of regret to the well disposed. The Pacific coast is lined with them; the owners occupying their palaces as the whim siezes them; then to San Francisco; the East, or to "Gay Paree."

At Magee's Ranch—La Parra Granda, how the name of the owner jars on that of his domain—we saw the king grape-vine of California. The trunk is fifty-two inches in circumference and the branches cover 5000 feet of surface and have born five tons of grapes in a season. And whence came it? One 225 hundred years ago a Mexican girl left with a party from Sonora for Santa Barbara. She was on horseback and her lover gave her a switch cut from a grape-vine. She carried it hence and being a practical woman stuck it in the ground at "La Parra Granda" instead of laying it away as a memento. Well! like Mr. Finney's turnip, it grew, and it grew, until it reached its present dimensions, and takes the local prominence of that "jolly good fellow," the Santa Barbara Pelican. There is a fig tree growing through the trellis and here Patrick McGee can sit and exemplify the

scriptural quotation. From this ranch we came to a fine view of the sea and were soon driving along the beach by and through the most charming gardens and orchards. Anon we came to Summerland, a Spiritual settlement of prominence once, but the discovery of oil has put religion in the background. The sect was flourishing, when, alas! the leader "struck it rich;" lost much of his interest, and now the colony is rent in twain. An entertainment by one branch was in progress in its hall. In rude contrast to the celestial the terrestrial oil-derricks, for boring and pumping, were standing thickly around. Even the sea had been invaded, showing oil and water will mix; the old saw to the contrary, notwithstanding. It looked odd indeed to see these rising from the waves, like the quadrupled "masts of some tall Amiral." The sea is shallow here and underlaid with oil, which is found at a depth of 250 feet. The derricks are on fifty-foot square lots, which sell for about \$250. There are about 150 wells here. The yield seemed small and some of the pumps idle; I judged for want of oil; but the owners had some excuse; the pumps were clogged, the engine broke, and so on. The oil is only fit for fuel or gas, and is worth from 75 cents to \$1 a barrel. There are large asphaltum beds back in the country.

We were soon on our way back to Santa Barbara by the shore route; and such a wealth of ornamental vegetation as 226 we passed through! Palms of various kinds, including those bearing dates, like promissory notes, as well as all sorts of flowering plants. There were trees of varieties unknown to us; Eucalyptus, Cypress, Camphor, Manzanita, Madrone and others. Then the orchards of orange and lemon! Their leaves of different shades of green; their fruitage peeping from between; a golden yellow and varying verdant colors.

The sea-breeze arose as we neared Santa Barbara and as the sprinkler had laid the dust traveling was pleasant. The view of scenes on either hand of mountain, sea and vegetation almost clogged our senses with its beauty. A glance at the Channel, and islands beyond, with thoughts of that Old Man of the Sea," the "Senator;" who years long gone reversed the characters by bearing me on his back, took me to the time when we halted here on our up-coast journey, when my prospects looked as blue as the Italian sea and sky around me; that "Senator" which swam the seas during the height of the gold excitement, popular and prosperous; now stripped of engines and a plebian collier; a Senator without his toga, as it were and a blouse-clad, sans-cullotte, performing menial duty. Then

up the main street, Mission-ward and on the home-stretch. The same delightful, quiet street, and the town Pelican, that loyal fowl, the national bird of Santa Barbara, waddling along the pavement waiting to have his pouch stretched for the amusement of strangers. I stopped at the stage-office to get "booked," English, you know! for the overland road up the coast; a stage ride of seventy-five miles. It is the thing to sit with the driver, so I engaged the seat beside him. Then to my friend's home; a pleasant evening with his family; an early awakening in the morning; a farewell to my kind entertainers and I was off through the foggy air.

The coach was a Concord, drawn by four bay horses and driven by "Dave" somebody, a typical "Hank Monk," wearing last year's straw hat cocked over his left eye: a gray 227 moustache and a stubby beard. Chary of words was Dave and seemingly so occupied with his team as to discourage conversation. I was promised a seat with him, fairly and squarely; but I found promises in matters of this kind, when there is a "drummer" booked, don't count. There is a flavor about the stories and cigars of a modern knight of the road that the average Jehu cannot resist; so I was put on the top seat along with a pair of cronies; getting a show for fresh air, hot sun and a chance for a fractured skull when a low limb thwarted the road. There were five inside passengers, and thus arranged away we went, through the Santa Barbara suburbs and up the valley, once the range for thousands of cattle and horses, in the prosperous Mission days. Orchards of all kinds, adapted to this locality covered the plain. The white walls of the Mission were in view for some time and its Angelus and early mass-bells seemed ringing in my ears as I heard them in the morning and evening.

There are two routes up the coast; one favored by the Southern Pacific, as we were going; the other across the Santa Ynez range. And here let me caution the tourist that to be *en rapport* with the people he must pronounce the name *Santinaze* accent on last syllable. Similarly he must call Las Olivos, *Loce Aleevose*, stress on the second syllable. And Carpenteria should have the i pronounced ee, and it accented. Thus fortified he will be less likely to be called a tender-foot. The road up these hills is steep; but in forty miles you come to the terminus of a narrow-gauge railroad, at Las Olivos, which takes you to San Luis Obispo, fifty miles above the terminus of the finished coast-line. But the S.P. does not favor this road, and that suffices; as our tickets were from that company. Over

this range came Colonel Fremont with his battallion in 1846, and on the slopes of the Santa Ynez perished one hundred of his draught animals in the winter floods.

The road was good, having been sprinkled in the night. 228 We soon came to the Hollister Ranch, which for miles flanks the high-way, and reaches from mountain to sea. The owner's home is hidden with tropical trees and shrubbery. The ranch is a mixed one; grazing and fruit; the last almond, walnut and olive. There are avenues lined with palms; some of them date-bearing. After the Hollister comes the "Elwood," the name of the Cooper Ranch, the largest walnut and olive farm in the state. It also runs from mountain to sea and for a mile along the road. There are hundreds of acres of walnuts and olives, and extensive works for expressing the oil, which is sent to France, mixed with cotton-seed oil and returned to this country, xxx pure. These ranch-owners are apparently rolling in wealth.

Flanked by mountain and sea we cantered and trotted along over the dust-laid road. Towns of any extent are watered night and day, and this system is extended to the country roads—unless the people are too poor. The supply first comes from corporation works; then from artesian wells, with wind pumps, sometimes from wells to which are attached horse-powers, which are turned by teams unhitched from the sprinklers. This comes high, but the people think they must have it, and I know we enjoyed the freedom from dust, while the luxury lasted. I saw several large fields of pampas-grass along the way; but that crop, like many others, is over-produced and the farmers were grubbing up fields of this plant at great loss. English walnuts are the "drive" now. The orchards are many; the trees in sections lining the road and the crop heavy. I saw limbs breaking under the weight of nuts. Silver poplar and Australian Gum are common road-side trees. Along the Cooper ranch the last lined the road for a mile. These trees were planted two feet apart, were six inches in diameter and sixty feet high. These were nine years old, and used for fuel when needed. Among the orchards were large patches of pumpkins; the yellow spheres shining among the greenery of vines and suggestive of my favorite pie.

At I o'clock we passed the town of Elwood. This had been the starting place of the stage; but the railroad travel did not pay, the stage replaced the cars and a retrograde to first principles, in the direction of the pack-mule, was made; so now the Concord coaches roll along side the rusting rails, and I could imagine a horse-laugh from our quadruple quadrupeds at the change.

My information came like tooth-drawing from David, who from his knack at reaching his leaders with pebbles was properly named from the slayer of Goliath. Naturally taciturn, he devoted his limited conversational powers to his comrade, the drummer; as if saying to the fare, perched aloft behind him, "You are no regular; you have no cigars; so ask no questions and I'll tell you no lies." I however got his smoke; he could not deprive me of that. David, as I said, had an unshaven beard; besides this neglect his shoes were unblackened and one was cut open to relieve a mashed foot; as over roads like ours accidents will happen to the best regulated coachman. His trouble was last spring when he was upset crossing the Santa Ynez river. Of course the Sphinx-like Dave did not tell me this; it came from a subsequent driver, who I think had an envious mind. This son of Nimshi also knew Hank Monk; the drivers all knew Hank, or said they did to accommodate enquiring green-horns. He said "it was luck ailed Hank; he was no slouch of a driver, to be sure, but luck it was got him along. Just the same with Dave; but I've nuthin agin Dave; but a man wants suthin besides luck. Did he tell you about his upsot on the Santinaze? Reckon not! I was with him; told him jist where the rock was; but Dave jist natterally went on; trusted to his luck, you see. Wall he trusted to it once too often. Over he went; hosses, stage and all. In gettin out one of his hosses got on top of Dave, and that's what ails his foot. The hosses was saved. What became of the passengers? Oh they was only two of 'em, and they 230 scrabbled from under. They always float, like corks." I won't say what adjectives were put before "luck" but trust the Recording Angel's tears will efface them when the time comes. Sad the day when these entertaining Sam Wellers go the way of other extinct curiosities.

Dave had staged thirty-eight years and had soured on curious passengers; answering them in monosyllables generally; his yes, sounding like "Yarp;" his no "Nope;" so his yea was not yea, nor his nay, nay, though perhaps a truthful man. He was all right with the drummer, however; who had

traveled up and down the coast so often he need ask but few questions. He was a careful driver; albeit, and could flick a fly from a leader's ear, if occasion demanded. To manage a four or six-horse team on the sharp curves at gulch crossings, when you went down one side, turned short and came back the other, required a steady hand, and a foot ever ready for the lever. To give the coach a start up the opposite bank the brake, often a "dead" one, must come off before the bottom is reached; when away go the horses on a trot or gallop; soon to come down to a hard slow pull. But David was equal to such crisis. He had crossed the Plains; knew what a road agent was, and was a good, all-round-square driver; but I could have wished him more free with his tongue. His coach had crossed the plains, also, to and fro. It weighed a ton; had been thirty years in use and cost \$1500. There were twenty layers of leather stretched from front to rear bolster; the best spring for such roads, as steel would certainly break with the jolts we were subjected to, and made the ride bearable. The best coaches came from Concord, N.H., and are therefore rightly named.

The stage line was one of many owned by a man named Wines. He had 150 horses and 20 coaches. He pays \$10 apiece for his animals and does his own breaking; or rather his drivers do it for him. A pair in the, "swing" of a six-horse 231 team would be conquered in a day's drive. I need not note the snub-ful reluctance of Dave's information!

We at last got out of reach of the sprinkler, and for awhile were in clouds of dust; but much of the way was adobe, as hard and smooth as asphalt. We saw many ground squirrels; growing more numerous as we advanced; until they were always in sight, scurrying right and left for their holes. They were brown in color, often with white shoulder-capes. These and gophers are the pests of the farmers. The tough adobe, even, is perforated with their holes. Jack-rabbits are not bad here, but over the range, about Fresno they are such a pest that they are impounded and killed by thousands.

Beyond Elwood we climbed a steep hill where last year an insecure brake caused the death of a driver, and the injury of two men and the death of three horses; encouraging information for us. A large sign marked "Naples," around which were laid out streets, but there were no houses to show the town we should "see and die." Large beds of asphaltum lie at the foot of the mountains and this shall be the sea-port for its shipment—when the good times come. At Naples proper, a sun-burned

town of a few houses we changed our mail and horses—a brown, dun, bay and gray for our “solid” team. We were now coming among that pest of grazing lands, the Tarplant, and the noses of the cattle were brown and sticky with its exudations. There are still left stretches of chapparal hedge in vogue before the era of wire fence; a ragged, unsightly enclosure. We soon came to the edge of the sea; which made our ride more interesting. A broad, purple margin near shore showed a bed of sea-weed or kelp. This is so dense it breaks the surf and makes it difficult for boats and even larger vessels to land, as recorded in the journals of early voyagers. A tall crane, standing on the edge of the water in one-legged meditation attracted our notice. We passed a bunch of 200 cattle in charge of mounted herders, then a 232 small flock of sheep and goats; some of the last as big as donkeys; and afterwards a large drove of sheep, changing pasture. There were 2500 of these and they for a while blocked the road. Then the herdsman went among them uttering unearthly cries and alternately slapping his thighs, and, presto! the waves of wool parted and let our human Sphinx and his precious freight through. An intelligent dog rendered much assistance to the herdsman. The sheep were brown with dust and looked distressed from thirst. At Arroyo Honda we again changed horses; four grays replacing the mixed team. Here the mountain crowds the plain to the sea and trouble begins for the proposed shore-line railroad; for there are but two routes, along the beach or across an almost impassable range. We were sorry to lose sight of the sea, but fate, with topography, pointed across the mountains. It also caused us to lose Dave; his unwilling tongue, dilapidated hat, and tell-tale shoe; the last ever gaping at me on my perch above. I did not care much for his loss for he was getting so he would hardly answer a question, save from the drummer.

We got dinner at Arroyo Honda, a hill-locked, hot place, with dust arising at the slightest pretext and settling on every thing. The weather was hard on butter, or rather soft on it; but it need not have affected the coffee and meat. We were glad to get away. Parting with Dave brought a new driver. He was a grass widower, by unconscious admission. His wife had gone off with a more or less handsome man, to be lost in the vortex of gay San Franciscan life; but he was optimistic, and said, as he happily put it, “there were as nice pebbles on the beach as were ever picked.” This made fun for the cynical drummer who was not one to see sermons in pebbles or good in anything, and he more than guyed the new whip; illy repaying his marital confidence. This was much enjoyed by my

fellows on the high seat whose sympathies ran with the road knight and who enjoyed his yarns in proportion to their 233 seasoning. We had now left orchards and cultivated lands behind us, and were in a grazing country; a type of that of old seen around the Spanish Missions; abounding in flocks and herds.

The soil was so parched and seamed by the sun that it was a wonder how the sheep avoided broken legs. We were now nearing Gaviote Pass, a long, deep and winding canyon, and the only means of reaching the upper coast. There were high, over-hanging rocks, dusty roads and gulches many; horse-shoe curves and crossings steep, which our young, marital-troubled-driver took us through and over safely. The Pass was tenmiles long. At the Mexican village of Santa Cruz our tired, dust-brown grays slaked their thirst at a rustic fountain. Santa Cruz was typical of the herdsmen villages of the far past; low houses, dark-featured men and women; and horse equipments and ranch paraphernalia hanging or lying around. We were in the heart of the Santa Ynez mountains, a grazing, sparsely settled region; the land-marks with Spanish nomenclature, which again took one back to the days of the Missions. We were in the land of *ranchos*, *canadas* and *canons*; *arroyos*, *rios* and *Sierras* and we saw types of the original people, some in quaint attire; but not a school-house or church. We got out of the Gaviote Pass at last, and came to the Rancho San Julian, owned by Dibble Brothers. Through canyons and over “grades” we followed the ranch for sixteen miles; a holding so large that the county road passes through it only on sufferance; to such condition has it come at last. No wonder the people remonstrate, when the carrier of the United States mail has to get out and open gates at each end of an obstructing ranch, as large as some counties. The road was an expensive one to build on account of side-cuts and bridges and was made by the ranch-owners. Vehicles pass through free; but not sheep or cattle. On the Rancho San Julian are 1000 horses, 10,000 cattle and 15,000 sheep; figures remindful of the old Missions; but of romance there was none. Saying nothing of the swings and 234 lurches of the coach the road was dangerous for the high-seat riders from the gnarled limbs reaching out from Sycamore and live-oak, and threatening skull-fracture; so we became artful dodgers to the amusement of the drummer below whose warning cries of “low bridge” we tried to think funny. This gentleman was entertainer for the crowd—outside his present victim. His attention was divided between the wife-bereft driver, two

ladies inside and the out-reaching limbs, from which he was safe. Between talking to the insides, in a familiar, know it all way, narrating experiences on the road to his near companions and guying Dave's successor he seemed to enjoy himself. Underneath all he showed keen, business tact and was successful in his calling. One of my high-seat companions was of the "Smart Aleck" variety. The note-book I frequently brought in use much amused him, and he would cutely call my attention to scraps in the conversation and *outré* points along the roadside as good selling reading in the book I must be getting up. He said he did not need to take notes, and significantly, if not comparatively, tapped his forehead, and remarked that "what got there staid."

Animal life in this strange region, of the wild kind, was limited to squirrels and gophers; the first always in sight hurrying for their burrows at our approach, the last only seen at rise or set of sun. Buzzards were plenty; sitting on the ground or circling and soaring high on the look-out for dead cattle or sheep.

We climbed a hill so steep that we frequently had to rest our horses and in three miles wound to the top, and finally reached a lonely place called Summit, remarkable otherwise for having an English name. Here we again changed teams; this time to all-around bays. Here we saw an old time Mexican of the century-ago type; handkerchief about his brown forehead, with sugar-loaf hat thereon, and "serape," or holed-blanket, thrown across his shoulders; a picturesque sight. We now saw cattle 235 and sheep in plenty dotting the uplands and valleys. We came to a stream called the "Sals Puedes"—literally "get out if you can." It is a dangerous ford in winter. More dodging of the gnarled limbs which reached out like the tentacles of the devilfish for destruction of life, and which suggested our being converted into quiet "insides," and more "dinner-settling" joltings of the Concord, and we were on the farther slopes of the mountain. Through another gate and we were inside the Sals Puedes Rancho of 7000 acres. Again among flocks and herds; some of the "vaqueros" having the tall, conical hats, jackets and horse accoutrements to match this class. More permeations of rugged canyons, crossings of narrow bridges and avoidance of threatening limbs, going at a sharp trot, and our road led us over a high hill. From here we had a smooth down grade and were now leaving a country full of suggestions of the misty past in its flocks, herds and vaqueros, and, cantering and trotting, were soon among cultivated fields and civilized life on the

level plains of Lompoc. The town of the same name was reached before sun-down and here we abode for the night.

Hearing there was a Mission ruin near here I walked to where it lay, a mile away, at the foot of a range of hills skirting the sea. I felt I must see the remnants of all such establishments within reach of my route and I could not miss this, the most dilapidated of all. It was once known as the Lompoc Mission and its ruins cover fifteen acres. A part of the church is standing; isolated walls and mounds mark the rest. After 1790 one of the “Temblores,” or earthquakes which threw down or injured several of the Mission buildings along the coast caused the destruction of Old Lompoc. Its name was of a tribe of Indians, the only Mission thus sponsored. It had been prosperous, as the valley is rich. Water was brought from twelve miles among the mountains in a cemented “accequia,” which irrigated the crops and orchards and supplied the fountain, the remains of which fronts the ruins. This was a 236 necessary adjunct to all the Mission buildings and was a daily center of attraction; for here the villagers got their supplies of water and the home-cattle quenched their thirst. The cement used in the construction of this fountain was solid as ever. The open ditches to carry the water from the mountains were of concrete also. To thus bring it required some engineering skill. After the *temblor* the padres sought another location for the Mission. This was some four miles away, on the Santa Ynez, and was called La Purissima, “The Purest.” A second earthquake destroyed the new buildings in 1812, together with the convert's houses, and in 1817 the Mission was established on a new site, whose ruins still rise above the plain; but not in the sad dilapidation of the original ones at Lompoc, where swine root around in the remnants of the neophytes houses and cattle bawl in the chapel. Twilight came on me as I wandered from ruin to ruin, where once was life and prosperity until the merciless earthquake heaved down the walls, and thinking it no fit place for a lone traveler I left and crossed the fields to Lompoc.

The new town is a California rarity, or rather was, as the business element has so far undone the work of the original incorporators as to have a new election ordered by the Legislature. It had been a Temperance town, and was so incorporated in 1874. A strong moral element prevailed, kept up by several religious organizations; but now the “wets” hope to quench their thirst on something stronger than tea. Awaiting the election two saloons have started but the hotels have no

bars attached. My informant, a business man, said the women and church-folks generally mixed up too much in politics in Lompoc. There are eight churches here, a good showing for a town of 1200; that is, if the congregations are of any size; but there are so many "new lights" in California, and so many divisions of these. Between the Seventh-day Second Adventists and the old style; the Methodists North and South; two 237 branches of the Spiritualists and other church divisions there must be slim audiences. The split of the Methodists in a Northern State borders on the ridiculous, as there are Republicans in the South branch and Democrats in the North!

There are good hotels in Lompoc; Temperance Houses because the license fees are too high, and not from principle. I had made a street car conductor's day of it, as it was midnight before I got through, and after jolting since early morning in the stage, looking about the old Mission ruins afterwards and writing up my notes I felt that tired feeling to the utmost and that a hodcarriers lot was not so unhappy. I was up by four o'clock the next morning to go to Surf, nine miles away. There is no railroad here so we went by stage. Although our Concord weighed 1500 pounds our two grays took us through in an hour; but then the road was level and in fine order. It was surfaced with gravel and kept sprinkled with water from artesian wells one mile apart. Through the chill of early morning and a foggy air we whirled by field after field of beans, mustard and alfalfa and an occasional pumpkin patch. I won't trust my memory as to how many tons of those yellow spheres they got from an acre but the total was immense. The mustard is threshed by horses treading it out in the old Scriptural way, though on broad strips of canvas. A heavy roller is passed over the straw first; then, four abreast, the horses go their weary rounds. Ordinary threshing machines will not work at all; the straw being so coarse and seed so fine. This year, however, a combined header was used with good effect. The trouble is with the shattered grains.

This section, like Ventura county, is great for beans. The yield is 1500 to 2000 pounds per acre; the price two cents per pound; mustard 800 to 1000 and worth three and a half cents. Hay was very low, even down to \$2.50 per ton. On account of lack of rain the following winter this price raised to \$12 per ton in Southern California; while at San Francisco it went to 238 \$20. Last summer was noted

for large yields and low prices in the South. Barley around Lompoc gave 120 bushels per acre. This is a great apple country; the fruit having an Eastern flavor.

Surf is at the northern end of the break in the coast railroad. When this will be filled is a question; the difficulties along the sea being so great. The road is but little traveled. After Oceana station was passed there were but two passengers in the day coach. The country was uninteresting and the weather foggy. At 7.30 we reached my next halting place, San Luis Obispo. I stopped here one day and night; mainly to see the Mission. It is one of the few put in good repair, although the inner decorations are tawdry. Italians have replaced the declension of the Mexican population; so the church has quite a congregation. I give a view of the restored Mission, in conjunction with the roofless corridors of San Juan; one of the grandest ruins of California, from its extent and evidences of artistic design and skilled workmanship.

The priest was pacing the paved front to and fro. I asked for a sight of the Mission relics. "Stolen, all stolen along with the land," he said. "By the Mexicans during their rule?" "No, by somebody since then." Others besides the Senora Morena, in Ramona, have an unfriendly feeling towards the American spoilers, who took what the "Commissionados," deputized by the Mexican government to secularize the Missions left. He told me when in the boom time they ran a new street through their grounds the bones of hundreds of the faithful were dug up to make way for the improvement. In part of the old building the Catholic young men hold social meetings.

The Mission was established in 1772, near the Canada de los Osos—Bear Glen—so named from the number of bears killed the year before to satisfy the starving colonists at San Carlos; a band of soldiers having been sent here for that

RUINS OF CORRIDORS OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO, SINCE RE-ROOFED.

SAN LUIS OBISPO.

239 purpose. Not knowing the motive and rejoicing in the riddance of their Ursine enemies the Indians took kindly to the Mission founders, and the friars, under the leadership of Junipera Serra, had their hearts made glad by their success in saving the red heathen's soul. San Luis was the fifth

Mission on the coast. By the year 1800 the conversions numbered 700; this was increased to 840 by 1814; but in 1835 there remained but 350. In the height of its prosperity San Luis had 100,000 cattle and horses and 9000 sheep. After the downfall of the Missions in the year last named the cattle were killed for their hides and tallow, and the horses ran off or were stolen by the gentile Indians, while the converts, gathered and civilized with so much care, for a period of sixty years, died off or sought their native wilds to such an extent that few were left and the Mission of San Luis Obispo de Tolosa and its work was of the past. Times were dull, pathetically dull in San Luis. They were good before the coming of the railroad down the coast; but when the "S. P." ran the back road southward, 50 to 100 miles inland, the old town's fate was sealed. Its port, Harford, was the only one for miles and there being no place for a town there, so abrupt is the coast line, San Luis was an entrepot for fifty miles around. Here the big "trailers" came in loaded with grain and wool, and returned with store goods and lumber. People, now idle, tell with regret about the good old times. With eight or ten mules they would haul twelve tons of freight. The big wagons are rotting or broken up; the mules sold; the teamsters at other work, or idle. "Lead-eyed dulness" shadows the town. The only steam I saw rising from San Luis came from a pump filling a railroad tank. There had been a flour mill; it did not pay, and is now an Electric-light plant; so the farmers ship their wheat and buy their flour. The hotel where I staid was in size 175 by 75 feet, and could accommodate a hundred guests. The landlord was obliging, but the names on the register numbered but three. The fashionable resort, the 240 "Ramona;" a hotel 250 by 150 feet, seemed poorly patronized. The boom was on; it was off. It is not the people; it must be Luck, as the California miner hath it. They talk the town up; they write it up; they loyally exaggerate. They claim 6000 population; there is hardly half that. If the "trailer" times could return the citizens would forego railroads, street cars and electric-lights. Let us hope for better days for San Luis Obispo without eliminating these.

My hotel had been built up from some old Mission building; a part showing walls six feet thick. The town has its Spanish quarter, and here I was pleased to wander to wile away the lagging hours, for trains here are like the visit of angels. The low adobes with their shrubbery and palms and dark eyed, swarthy descendants of the original people had an attraction I could not resist. And there are picturesque mountains and peaks around the town. San Luis Peak and Bishop's Mitre, rising

abruptly, a thousand feet perhaps, from the western outskirts, are elevations which strike the sight. An hour in the quiet library; a talk with old citizens about the happy past and dull present; a stroll around the city in vain search of matters of interest and I was ready to leave San Luis Obispo.

In the morning I pursued my way up the coast. Who should I see the first thing on the car but my trio of companion-outsiders of the Santa Barbara coach? They were deep in a card-game and oblivious to surroundings. At Santa Margarita station we saw a picturesque tiled building going to ruin. It had belonged to the Rancheria of the same name; an outlying tract of the San Luis Mission, and once had its proportion of life in Indians, flocks and herds. Like other crumbling ruins along the coast it had the effect on the imagination of a skeleton “revisiting the glimpses of the moon.” The roof-tree sagged; the columns leaned and the tiles were dropping one by one, and soon this last vestige of the Rancheria Santa Margarita will sprawl athwart the plain. Then relic-hunters will buy up the 241 tiles for buildings imitative of the Mission style of architecture, the adobes go to fill wash-outs and the hide-bound timbers for fuel. *Sic transit!*

Farther on, 208 miles south of San Francisco, are the Mission buildings of San Miguel. They were quite extensive and also going to ruin, and suggestive of mournful thoughts; with their scarred columns, cracked arches and sunken roof, and the dropped tiles, corded up as if for sale to the new made rich of that country. A large bell swung on posts near the church—a bell which had called the faithful together for scores of years as a matter of pious obligation; now hung up as a relic of the past to attract the curious. The iconoclastic steam train tears through the plaza where the adobes of the converts stood and the fountain played, and, for all it cared, through the place of dead neophytes bones. This church was finished in 1820 and it was a hospitable stopping place for north or south bound travelers. In 1814 there were about 1100 converts. The Mission was rich in stock. The records state in 1821 there were 91,000 cattle, 4000 horses, 2000 mules, 47,000 sheep and 170 yokes of oxen. In the next year the census showed 600 Indians, which number, contrary to the experience of other Missions had increased to 800 in 1835. I give these figures to impress the reader with the work of the Spanish Padres in reclaiming the savages from barbarism and enriching the country. I saw ten of the twenty-one Missions in my travels, visiting eight of them, and two separate churches. It may seem a false sentiment that devotes such time and space to these passing

landmarks of California, but I am in good company. Poet, novelist and historian have dwelt on these Missions until they are a part of our national literature. I have seen them from San Gabriel to Solano; from Santa Barbara, well preserved, and even making additions, to Lompoc in its roofless ruin. The reader will perhaps feel relieved to know I am done writing about the California Missions but whoever ignores these 242 evidences of the past of the state misses much. A system which extended its operations along the coast for 600 miles in twenty-one establishments, rescued 30,000 people from savagery, changing them from gentile *bestias*, or beasts, as they were called in the language of the time, to passable Christians; making them self-supporting members of society; farmers, herders, artisans; even carvers, sculptors and painters; erecting buildings which, though mainly in ruins, are marvels, considering the antecedents of the builders, and planting orchards and vineyards that yielded richly and beautified the landscape, besides stocking the land with hundreds of thousands of cattle, horses and sheep, which before had known no domestic animals, is certainly worthy of extended notice. And what became of the work of these Missionaries? The lustful riffraff from the Presidios demoralized the converts and the instigations of the land-hungry caused the home government of Mexico to give away or sell the Mission holdings; and to day we see but the ghost of what was once an active body. That this thing had to be made easy the march of civilization we, as patriotic citizens, must admit, but it might have been accomplished more honorably.

We soon passed through a forlorn looking place called Salinas; a small town but with eight saloons. These looked necessary adjuncts for drowning in stupefaction the sorrows of the surrounding people; the country seemed so poverty stricken. But since then Claus Spreckel has waved his wand over the valley and good fortune has come to Salinas. A large sugar plant will start here. Contracts have been made with farmers to take their beets at fair prices and happiness succeeds discontent, for their leagues of sand were bringing them nothing. Irrigation is to make the change. A water system is now under way which will supply the tract abundantly, and all this came from experts finding that this region was adapted producing sugar to an exceptional degree.

At Gilroy I stopped to see a soldier friend. My acquaintance with him originated years ago, when I learned he was a sort of an esquire for that doughty old Knight, John Burns of Gettysburg, whose history I was writing up. The Sergeant was a blacksmith, but much of his time was devoted to his orchard of ten-acres, where his home is, two miles out of town. His trade has enabled him to beat his sword to a pruning hook, to be used when needed among his trees of apple, peach, apricot, cherry and almond. Long before he bought the tract his wife had expressed a wish to own it, and one day he surprised her by saying he had bought it. The first need at such times is a well, wind-mill and tank; and these they have. Without irrigation orcharding would be a poor business. Iron pipes carry the water among the trees and the furrows around them do the rest. Pending the time the house comes the family are living in a plain building which will then be the barn. With a war experience any soldier might be proud of, and which he modestly tells when requested, the Sergeant awaits the time patiently when fortune will favor him as he deserves it. I found his family, in three generations, picking, cutting and drying apricots. The ranch was along the dry bed of the Carnadero river. Water is nicer than sand for scenery, but for fruit-drying the last is better. The apricots were picked and in boxes slid down a long schute from the high bank to the cutters and dryers below. These halved, stoned and spread them on wooden trays five by six feet. When full these were placed on a little car, one above another, to the height of five feet, and then run into a canvas chamber for bleaching. Then the doors were closed, the sulphur fired, and by morning the fruit was of the desired whiteness. Next the frames were spread over the hot sand, and under a scorching sun, in two or three days the apricots were ready for shipment.

Dinner at my friend's home after our stroll around his little farm; an exemplification of "ten acres enough," as far as 244 contentment was concerned; then a social hour wherein were told events worthy of record; then a drive around the country among orchards and beside large harvest fields where "headers" were doing their work of decapitation, and I resumed my home-ward journey. On our way we passed another settlement of Spiritualists, called Edenville—the last was Summerland. A wealthy woman is at the head of affairs at Edenville—a medium; I trust a happy one. We were now in the Santa Clara valley. The odor of Tar-weed pervaded its pastures; its yellow flower poorly off-setting its unpleasantness. Nearing San Francisco I passed two types of water elevation,

and side by side; a wind wheel and old fashioned well sweep. We were now in the truck section, and hundreds of wind-engines were fanning the air, raising water for the Chinese to irrigate their gardens. Although but four o'clock the fog was creeping through the Golden Gate, and shrouding the near-by hills; there was sunshine around us however. More truck-patches and wind-mills, and then cemetery after cemetery for Christian, Jew and Gentile; their remains partitioned off as many think their souls will be hereafter, and I was again in San Francisco; glad to see it again, but with the old feeling about one when entering a strange city alone.

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## XII.

Again Around San Francisco. From mountain jaunts— By sea and plain To the City's haunts I come again. Whose veins with Klondike fever throb From water-line to Hill called Nob! Her thronging marts with tumult rife— Her Park-lands scenes of quiet life. Oh! City, rising hill on hill I knew thee in thy early days— I see thee now with mind amaze, With here a good and there an ill.

WHEN I got to my lodgings I found all my companions gone. Sickness and business engagements had caused an unexpected hegira during my absence. I confess to a lonely “left-over” feeling; a feeling which haunted me that night; intensified by comparison with companionship hitherto prevading my temporary home; where our evenings had been times of mutual reminiscences or narrations of individual experience in travels around the city. It 246 was a reminder of my loneliness of long ago; but the reading of accumulated letters from my far home, and the inevitable “writing up” drove off my waking night-mare at last, and by morning I was ready for the sight-seeing which my limited time drove me to hurriedly finish. About the wharves, the squares, Chinatown, on Nob Hill and across the Bay “I might have been seen,” in the language of the late G. P. R. James, from morn till night, and into the night.

A view by lamp-light of the extremes of San Francisco life was one of my last experiences in the Queen of the Pacific as Californians love to call their chief city. Climbing Nob Hill has an Alpine suggestion about it. I had wondered how loaded wagons and fire engines in their emergencies

mounted some of the built-up elevations about the city, but found it was by indirect, easier grades, and then descending the steeps. My guide, who was a friend as well as a philosopher, took me to the heights where what is known as the Quality, with a big Q, live—when they are at home. They were once the culmination of sand hills, bleak and wind-swept. I recollect the pavements in the built-up approaches were made more accessible by steps at intervals. The view from Nob Hill over the city, spreading far below and brightly lighted, was impressive; but the homes of the millionaires were more so. A series of fine residences were around—homes, I would like to call them—costing their hundreds of thousands, each; and few but had grinning skeletons in their closets. These rich people, and, as Dickens said, their greatest enemies could not deny they were rich, are human in their ways. They are tempted and tempt; sin and are sinned against; and for their opportunities worse than the people around Chinatown. About us were the palaces of financial kings; grown rich in railroading, manufacturing and speculation. Some were empty; some occupied by servants; others might have had a portion of their belonging families inside their portals. In the empty house how lonely must have been 247 the skeleton? In the inhabited neighbor it might have a ghastly, boney enjoyment of the family troubles. Death, prodigal sons, divorced daughters, faithless wives; well the rich have troubles of their own, like the common herd. One had a wife so plebian that the rest of his corporate associates would not notice her; another's wife had been a laundress. It is related that when she and her daughter came to look at the finished house she said, on seeing no back yard, "It's very foine Norah, but where be the grounds for the clothes line?" The old folks are now dead and past worrying about non-paying mines and the weekly wash. Nora is married and gone East. It is the worry of the loyal Californian that so many whom his state make rich waste their substance abroad. The palace succeeding the laundry was dark and empty. The house of another Nob-nabob, a grasping millionaire; but dead; as even the rich must die, was also silent, as was that of his son, who had just followed him to where stations are reversed and Lazarus can mock Dives. A daughter married and living East comes filially annually and airs the house. I said married; so she was when I wrote that; she is divorced now. These monied kings, at the height of their worldly fame die; when married and apparently living happily they are in the divorce courts. Another Nob Hill man succumbed to fate. He left a widow amply endowed and a palace. A decorator, while refurnishing her home, fell in love with her, or her endowment, and, though in ages as mother to

son, they married, and, they say, lived happily. It was a sort of marriage on the endowment plan, for she accommodately died, leaving much to her youthful spouse. Of course litigation from the heirs; but compromise followed and the “unearned increment” produced serenity. Then there was the Ralston tragedy. Socially and financially that rich man had reached the apex of success. His home was the resort of people on their travels, and his literary guests who partook of his fare wrote him up. And 248 the ending? A bloated, suicidal body; of the class described by Mr. Mantalini, floating aimlessly about the Bay! Oh, the poor rich! But people will go on striving for gold for all this hackneyed moralizing. Leland Stanford was in one way an exception to these unhappy people, for he lived for others besides himself. He was the good man of the Southern Pacific and the detractors of that corporation, which has such a cinch on California, halt at Stanford. His trouble came when his son died. Then he lost all interest in worldly affairs and thought only of perpetuating his name in an institution which would be a lasting benefit to the cause of education in his state, whence came the University at Palo Alto. His Nob Hill palace now has but a few servants for tenantry. As for the rest on this envied eminence, the originals, heirs or assigns, further comments would be unprofitable. It won't keep mortals from assuming the risks connected with riches, yet as I looked from these gloomy heights on the city spread below; so ablaze with artificial lights, and even at that late hour so full of sound and action and compared it with the gruesome residences about me the lack of real happiness connected with wealth and station came before me and I cannot help but give it expression. The less favored localities showed light and proofs of enjoyment; here on the isolated heights were the homes of the envied rich, but really a place of darkness, discontent and absenteeism.

The road to Nob Hill's summit was toilsome; to our next destination, Chinatown, the way was as that to Hades; dead easy! Who visits San Francisco and views not this locality is as one who goes to see Hamlet and misses the Dane, and, on his home-coming, is voted a traveling failure. Its main feature can be seen in a mild form as groups of Christian Endeavorers saw it; as the salacious viewed it in its most repulsive phases, or as by passers along the open street, where night and day are seen abominations, such as received the warning curses of 249 Biblical Prophets! But warnings, at least those of the seismotic order, all fail here; for earthquakes come and earthquakes go, but

man's evil doings go on indefinitely. To see what is meant by Chinatown needs no slumming. From lax laws; bad laws, or the non-enforcement of good laws Vice is abroad—not the Creature of hideous mien described by the poet; but so inviting in appearance that Pity and Endurance need not precede the lapse to shame! An American city is certainly an anomaly which allows social sin made a commodity, and its female accessories displayed in apartments, in shameless reiteration, along the pavement; labeled with pet names, and seated under the glare of electric lights; while policemen pace back and forth; not to repress these public outrages on decency, but to see that the hoodlum element attracted does not grow too disorderly. I dare not amplify description of this San Franciscan sink of moral corruption!

The Chinese stores were remarkable for their varied displays and mercantile indifference. The merchants do not seem to care whether they sell or not. It was nearing midnight when we got among them; but they turn night to day in this city; particularly in Chinatown. The curious drugs in the stores for warding off diseases; consisting of jars of unguessable things; looking like dried insects, pieces of snake-skins and animal viscera; as well as roots and herbs, and as if capable of either killing or curing, called our attention. There were pigs and chickens ready roasted for the living, or the dead in their sandy beds near the Golden Gate, and dried abalone, dessicated duck-meat, flattened out like cod-fish; sharks-fins, skewered shrimps and duck-eggs preserved in oil, and suggestive of loud odors. There were dried fruits and nuts unknown to us; ginger and other conserves. Seeing all these things mentioned, and much more, we wended our way homeward; my mind full of the marvels of our evening stroll; not so my friend, who had lived too long here to wonder at anything.

I visited the Chinese quarter again, by daylight. I noted the rich dresses of the wealthy, the comparative small number 250 of women and children; the head-shaving barbers in the cellars; their “patients” looking about as comfortable in their rude chairs as convicts undergoing the garrote, and the coolies carrying their burdens around on springing poles, as our old school books pictured them; though there was a notable absence of rats and puppies on sale. An odd sight was a mandarin-looking fellow, with the typical stage hat, flowing, silken robe and long queue, leading an up-to-

date, Little Lord Fauntelroy sort of a boy along a thronged thoroughfare, with nothing Chinese about him but his face.

I took a walk along the wharves, so different from the old style landings, where we travel-worn ox-drivers stepped ashore on Christmas, day 1858, after crossing the plains. Here my comrade “Scottie” and I had wandered around hunting work, and here we debarked to cross the Bay to seek our fortunes. Many memories crowded on me as I looked over at the plains and mountains of Contra Costa where we began and continued our wanderings. A huge landing-house, where all travelers by sea and the continuous railroad lines North and South disembark, takes the place of the old Oakland Ferry.

I give an illustration of the Plaza as I saw it in 1858; then the main city park. With neatly kept sward, tropical shrubbery and plants and graveled walks, the excursionists of '97, who thus saw the square, will not recognize the picture. Grassless, roughly fenced, uncared for, it played its part in the early history of San Francisco, and was the scene of many a tumultuous gathering. While it is so beautified from its old time appearance its surroundings are of the worst, for it is in the limits of Chinatown, with all which that name implies. The elevation shown in the distance is Telegraph Hill; then isolated; now built around until its steepness becomes such that steps are required in the pavement.

The markets were a sight. The profuse display was to be remembered, as well as the cheapness of the fruits and 251 vegetables. Boxes holding a bushel took the place of baskets in the East, for the solid fruits, while cherries, berries and the like were sold in flat baskets and boxes holding two or three quarts. The production seemed unlimited and the market restricted so there could be but the one result; low prices. Nothing is sold for less than five cents at the retail stands; sixteen peaches or other fruits for a nickel, when a penny's worth would stay the temporary hunger, was the rule.

THE OLD PLAZA—NOW PORTSMOUTH SQUARE—TELEGRAPH HILL IN THE DISTANCE.

Why sixteen I know not; it might have been the number seven, which fits to so many things, or its multiple; or a dozen, or a score but it was the figures named; a “sixteen puzzle,” truly. From itinerant vendor to merchant on the high street, for all the dull times and keenness to trade, it was considered mean to sell or try to buy an article for less than five cents. Some 252 however, doing business on the ninety-nine cent plan, will give you a penny. Too loyal to the nickel creed to sell a paper below that standard price, and yet needy for sales, the newsboys will give you two papers for the price of one. In my early California days the dime was the unit; the despised cent will yet be common.

I will here name a disconnected fact. In the early days of California, as a state of our Union, the mail service was so inefficient that private enterprise came to its aid. This was the Wells-Fargo Express, which had more stations than there were post offices; consequently could reach more people. As is known the mail department tolerates no opposition; being what's called a Monopoly; so Wells-Fargo bought stamped envelopes from the Government at three cents, and sold them at ten at the Express offices, thereby carrying mail-matter to scattered communities which otherwise would get it with difficulty.

#### THE KLONDIKE CRAZE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

It so happened that my wide-apart visits to California were in periods of gold excitements; one at the collapse of the Frazer River bubble; the other at the commencement of the Klondike fever; a febrile complaint whose only remedy is that used by Keely for a different form of the disease—the Gold-cure. With the first event I was personally connected; if having personalities cast on me has that meaning. When I first landed in San Francisco it was at a time when the disappointed gold hunters were returning by sea from Frazer River. Like my companions I was, from roughing it across the plains, sadly in need of repairs; in fact we looked as if we had been run through a stamp mill with the process of washing the “results” omitted. Individually I was barefoot except as that condition was modified by a pair of moccasins as soleless as the Popular idea of a corporation, and as I walked up the wooden wharf at San Francisco a juvenile hoodlum bawled out “There goes a Frazer River feller who had to pawn his 253 boots.” At my second visit the air was full of

“Klondike.” On the mining exchange; the steamboat wharves; at the ticket offices; the stores for the sale of miners' supplies; at the street corners; in bar-rooms; at the club, it was Klondike! Klondike! Some were preparing to go in groups, many in couples, or as “pards,” in which latter case the disposition and temperments, not to say financial standing of each needed as much scanning as if they were matrimonial adventurers. At “Smith's Cash Store,” whose manager and originator was from my own county, near the Market street wharf, and the landings whence the Klondikers slipped their cables and steamed with their loads of living and inanimate freight to the frozen North, was a good opportunity to see the miners making ready for a year's sojourn in their hyperborean homes. Here they were in numbers; some in their substituted rough clothing; others, as intent, who had not shed their genteel raiment, laying in their supplies from the suggestions of professional miners or expert clerks. Their purchases were of course made to suit their means; for the sales were necessarily for cash, but were mainly warm rough woolen clothing, mining tools and provisions; not forgetting tents and rubber blankets, and remembering “guns” and amunition. The general cost of these outfits per man was \$200 for a year's stay. These were packed in boxes and bags of suitable weight for donkeys and Indians to “pack” over the portages and passes of the Chilkoot and Yukon. The bags were oiled and painted so their contents would withstand the weather. The earnestness of the buyers, seated around different tables listening to suggestions as to their needs, was interesting to students of human nature.

The show windows, before the gold excitement filled with samples of general merchandise, now displayed “Klondike Goods” exclusively. Picks, shovels and gold-pans, jostled testing-tubes, mortars and pestles and other paraphernalia for 254 proving “finds,” and the delicate scales for weighing the dust. Near these were pyramids of canned goods; among which was “soup-stock,” suggesting the warmth it would generate in the “cool, bracing air” around the Passes of the Chilkoot when placed where it would do the most good. Amid the required hard-ware were whip-saws, such as were used hundreds of years ago before saw-mills were common. These were to cut the boards for building the boats for the descent of the Yukon, so that the “top-sawyer” and “pitman” of the far past were again realities. In another window was the clothing; from the fur mask to protect the face from the mountain blizzard to the long boots for wading slush and ice-water.

Every time I passed those windows the curious or interested in eager groups were looking at the contents; most of them wishing they had the necessary \$500 to take them to the goldfields, while they commented on and criticised the goods. The cartoons in the windows were home-drawn but attractive. One I recall represented a Klondiker ascending a steamer's plank, dressed for Alaskan weather, and remarking in words, which floated in the air, whence he got his outfit. Behind was the man who "did not think it would be much of a shower." On his head was a straw hat, and his raiment, from linen-duster to low-cut shoes, was suggestive of summer. In one hand was a flat carpet-bag; in the other a water-melon "done-up" in a shawl-strap. On his face was that "pleasant smile," between a smirk and a grin, such as the photographer evolves from his patient. Remindful of "before and after taking" was a companion picture: Scene—the summit of the Chilkoot Pass involved in a furious snow-storm. *Dramatis Personae*; the man who got his outfit *here* trudging sturdily upward like him of the strangely devised Banner, before trouble came upon him, and laughing the blizzard to scorn; behind him the chappie who dealt at the store over the way. Behold him; shivering, icicles stalactiting his straw hat rim; his carpet-bag collapsed and his water-melon gone; a forlorn party, indeed.

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The scenes in the offices of those who were getting up excursions to the new El Dorado were no less interesting, and full of sadness withal, when we think of the probable results of this wild immigration. Here were schemers, apparently irresponsible, making arrangements with the gold-hunters to carry them thousands of miles on an ocean journey; over difficult passes and down icy currents of swirling lakes and rivers. The listeners, with mouths agape, took in eagerly all that was said, in this strain: "Only twenty-five vacancies left; good grub and sleeping quarters; have to walk over the mountain of course; but the burros will carry your stuff; 1300 pounds apiece, if you want." "Can you take a set of blacksmith tools?" "Certainly; anvil, bellows and all"—this to an enquiring Vulcanite—"and I will personally conduct you." Don't listen to what these "sissies" tell you about the dangers of a Klondike trip. Some want you to cut down trees, and make portable saw-mills of yourselves for boat stuff. Not if you go with us. You will find the boats all ready when you get to the lakes, and you can step right in. All nonsense about the cold and dangers of the Pass of

the Chilkoot; been over it myself, lots of times. These yarns are got up by the steamer companies who want to take you four or five thousand miles, when we can take you to the same place in half that number.” So the confiding Klondikers advance the required sum and start on their journey to be deserted, quite likely, long before their alleged destination is reached. Sights like these were common and the results have shown broken contracts, disheartened passengers and much suffering.

A sequel to what I had seen and heard was the outfitting and loading of a Klondike steamer, with its varied freight. One of these, the “Willamette,” lay at the wharf near Market street and to see the busy sights within and without I hid me thence. This vessel had been a collier and was being altered to a “Klondiker.” She was 340 feet long, 40 beam and 30 256 deep and carried 2000 tons. The interior had been renovated, swept and garnished, and from lower hold to upper deck was fitted out with tier on tier of bunks, which the carpenters had not yet finished. These looked like shelves in a huge pantry, or, to make an uncanny comparison, like a vast vault waiting its silent lodgers; seeming still more sepulchral when the steward put on the linen. The perpendicular space between bunks was not over two feet, and “cabined, cribbed, confined” in these close quarters the Klondikers “must sleep o’nights.” There were some 800 of these sleeping places on the steamer, not counting the stalls for pack-animals and draft-dogs on the open deck. The work of the carpenter, steward and the loading of freight, with the rattle of the hoisting machinery, made things lively indeed. Barrel after barrel and box after box of solid and liquid provender were swung off from the pier and placed in the dark recesses of the hold. Pork, beef, flour, sugar, dried-fruits, molasses and vinegar; not forgetting whiskey and beer in quantities out of all proportion, were among them. Then there were the bundles of picks, shovels, drills and other mining tools. A small mountain of life-preservers and a dozen life-rafts were a suggestive feature of the cargo.

When I made a second visit the starting time was so near that policemen were guarding the wharf-gate to keep out all who were not Klondikers.

The freight was now loaded; that is the inanimate, and the pack-animals were being hoisted to the upper deck in cages. These the mules and horses entered with comparative resignation. Then the gates were closed, the lashings tied across the top, and at a signal the living freight

went aloft; dazed and like Peterkin “wondering what it was all about.” The burros were contrary, notwithstanding their cited patience. Seemingly from intuitive knowledge that in the cold regions where they were going they would soon end their days they kicked 257 against the efforts of the stevedores; or maybe it was because they felt their keep because of the large demand for pack-animals for the Klondike; burros having jumped from \$10 to \$40; and hence grown rebellious. But the donkey engines were too much for the plain animal and away they went to join their fellow packers.

Through delay in starting I did not see the “Willamette” off; so with confusion around her I left the wharf, as the shades of night were falling, to hear through the morning's paper she had parted her moorings later on and was now well on her way towards the Arctic circle.

From scenes of high life on Nob Hill; low life in Chinatown; the rush and roar of Market street; the varied sights along the wharves, and the novelties and attractions of suburban resorts to the quiet of a Friends' Meeting was a change indeed! Such a gathering would have been unthought of in the fifties, though I recall an appropriate event in my early visit which I narrate. Going to the office of Sathers & Church, then prominent San Franciscan bankers, to get a draft cashed, I could only identify myself by comparing the writing in a letter I had from my father with his signature on the draft. This was insufficient and I was starting away prepared for a longer sojourn in California, when I was called back. The firm had been thinking over my case when one of them said “I see by his style of writing your father is a Friend; that society is hardly known here; but what I know about it satisfies me to give you the money.” Now there are several Meetings of Friends, or those so called, on the Pacific coast. That at San Francisco has been in existence fifteen years and is a welcome resort to the followers of Fox visiting that city. The time of my home departure was on First-day and I went there in the forenoon. After my weeks of continuous travel and mental strain the opening silence of the gathering was 258 soothing to my senses and when the spoken word came I was in a receptive mood. Then the “breaking meeting” with its hand shaking, and kind words from my San Francisco friends, and I left strengthened for future labors.

The time had now come for making my second departure from California. That I had an interesting and enjoyable time there goes unsaid. It had been a wish for years, and one I feared would never be realized, to visit the scenes of my early wanderings, and now that it was gratified, though partially, I was ready to leave them. My travels now would be on new ground, bare of associations as well as differing in appearance from that passed. No more tropical trees and shrubbery. The palm and the orange are left behind with the Land of Sunshine, and a familiar local nomenclature replaces the Spanish names of town, mountain and river, which gave them a sentimental interest and took me back, to California's days of romance. I am now to go amid scenery scarified by mining and deforesting; now, as well as fifty years ago, full of aggressive Americans, while that South of San Francisco was the land of *Manana* Mexicans and the mixed race under them. Now North and South the American holds sway, enterprise is universal and the unprogressive days of Castilian rule and influence are forever gone; and yet a tinge of regret comes with thoughts of the passing to the Californian of to day; much as the married and well fixed look with yearning to their lover-days; a time full of dreams and lacking the practical; yet leading to a substantial present!

My friends all homeward bound, I confess to a lonely feeling as I packed up my belongings; sending some of them home in advance, and then went among the ticket offices to arrange for my eastward transit; for there were routes to select from and agreements to be ratified there. The business was not the most pleasant, for over questioning by prudent tourists had 259 made the officials ungracious. Then to the busy wharf line; changed from of old but full of remembrances, and, as the shadows of night were darkening nature I crossed the ferry to Oakland. I felt like again apostrophizing the "Queen of the Pacific," as her prominent buildings and hills faded from my sight; but I said nor wrote nothing. An oral address would have provoked comment from the unsympathetic passengers on the steamer; it was too dark to see to write. So I went my way with the rest of the practical crowd, sawing wood mentally and saying nothing.

#### THE SOLANO—LARGEST FERRY-BOAT IN THE WORLD.

For the third time by rail where "Scottie" and I plodded along and we were soon at the straits of Carquinez, and crossing them on the monster ferry-boat "Solano;" so quietly we did not know when

we left shore, were on our way through the darkness and up the Sacramento Valley, and again over our old tramping ground. I could not help thinking of the two ill-clad 260 figures going from ranch to ranch in vain search for work while the pitiless rains soaked their clothing and the slippery mud made them tired. I was now traveling plain; no beds to wait making up; no contributions to enrich Pullman; no tips to the colored porters, nor high-priced meals in high-toned hotels; just a common day-coach; almost too common I thought at first, when I found some of my companions a little drunk and noisy, and some were Chinese. Annoyed by songs and loud talk until near midnight I found room in a better car ahead and could not complain of my associates thereafter. When daylight came we were above Sacramento, rolling over a dry country; partly farmed; partly given to orchards and grazing.

We got to Redding, a mining center, in the morning. I found it an active place, on the shores of the Sacramento, with water-works and electric lights and stage-lines running in many directions. Wishing to see gold-mining operations I took a four-horse coach for Iron Mountain. The trail was the worst I ever traveled and in my overland journey I wagoned over some rough roads. There were six to eight men in the stage; all miners, and though honest fellows not the best company. They swore like my old friends and companions, the ox-drivers, and in a general way their conversation was not of the drawing-room class. It was a long road; thirty-two miles there and back, horizontally and vertically; sharp grades and curves; narrow track and dust! I can hardly describe it. The Gaviote Pass, and succeeding grades were not in comparison. Up the river the road was good; fair to Keswick, where the ores of neighboring mines are smelted; the tug of traces came afterwards. The bed of Middle Creek had been washed for gold since the fifties, and from where we struck it, as it enters the Sacramento, to where we left it shows washes and rewashes; first by Americans, then by Chinese. The hills were pitted and scarified by tunnels and hydraulic mining.

A cloud of vapor showed our approach to Keswick. A 261 narrow-guage railroad runs to the summit of Iron Mountain; twisting and squirming like the snake whose direction could not be known, as it "doubled on its track, whether it was going home or coming back." This brings the ores down from the mines at the summit to Keswick for smelting, and joins the broad-guage at the river. The vapor from the copper and arsenic, mixed with the other metals, not only injures

permanently the health of the men in the works but so kills the foliage on the surrounding mountain sides that it suggests a heavy frost. Evergreens as well as deciduous trees suffered alike. Fires had also blackened the slopes; for the dead timber is easily ignited; so between dust, vapor and these the ride was not an inviting one. On the way we passed hydraulic pipes, crawling up and down the hills from reservoirs to orebanks; mines and reduction works, idle from want of water, tents and shanties of miners, and scant patches of vegetables gasping for rain. The trees were the long leafed pine, scrub-oak and manzanita; the last with its glossy red bark and laurellike leaves; beautiful to look on when not blighted. Shanty after shanty, houses they call them here, were being built at Keswick, and the chapparal cleared off to make room for more. Saloons were multiplying and the typical booming town was apparent, but church there was none. We were soon climbing the side of the mountain and getting above the sulphurous and arsenical vapors which fumed up from the reduction works—veiling the landscape and poisoning the air. But dust was all around; it arose, descended, pursued and met us. The rickety Concord coach which looked as if it might have crossed the plains time and again and been subject to periodical hold-ups from road-knights, and upsets and runaways down grades, lurched and jolted as we swung corners and dived into gullies. On some slopes I thought we needed a “hold-up” different from the conventional one. Sometimes, as we shot down a hill, I felt as shaky as the Concord was. Oh, Charlie! boasted 262 linesman, and all around Sam Weller, bear they bursted shoe harder on the brake as we go down in the gulch! On this curve, when we double the deep and steep ravine, hold the wheelers heads more to the bank, and, rounding the bend, don't run so on the point! I thought this; I said nothing. 'twere best so. Your Hank Monks want no interfering. So I held on to the post and trusted to California Luck. I sat with Charlie at the start. I generally tried to get with the driver but I got enough of my wishes this time. It was a hot day; a dusty day, and a sweaty day; there were three on a seat, and I was in the middle. There were counter currents laden with the odor of distilled fruits and grains passing before me as my companions swapped stories which needed a fumigation which their cigars did not furnish. Half way up I asked to be excused and went inside. Meeting teams was dangerous work on the narrow road. At one point we met a man—a mining sport—and what Bret Harte would call “the female of his species,” in an open wagon. There was but the one thing to do; so with Charlie's help they ungeared and lifted the wagon out of the way down the slope, when by making themselves as thin

as possible, horses and all, we got by. Then Charlie helped them to rights again, when they took a triangular, woman's-rights sort of a drink; after which libation we all went on our way; our informal "insides" shouting adieux to the couple. The sun glared down while the dust arose until our four grays were the color of the road. Soon a six-horse log-team blocked the way from an accident, and we had to wait, as we could not lift them to one side like the others, until damages were repaired. There is no passing of heavy teams except at wide apart sidings on the "grade." At last we came among tents and shanties and rough characters, and the typical mining town was before us in all its wildness. Just beyond this the canyon closed in so we could go no further. The narrow-gauge was below us, at the foot of the ravine, while up the mountain slope was a tunnel 263 whence came the ore that fed the Keswick reduction works. Three hundred steps led to this, enough to tire the men before going to work. It was too near noon and the tunnel too wet; so I did not enter the mine, but sat down and awaited the coming of the miners. At a signal they came filing out; wet and grimey; looking like gnomes; two hundred of them; greasy lamps in their hats and brass tags at their belts, whose numbers answered for names. Coming out they seated themselves on the steps, when at a second signal they went down them, "hop, skip and jump" for dinner.

The Iron Mountain Company, owning this mine, was an English organization and its holdings included other mines, a railroad leading down to the river and the reduction works at Keswick. The superintendent gave me an order to see what I wished to, but between the heat, dust and the fumes from the foot of the mountain, I was too near "done up" to avail myself of the kindness, and hunting a shady spot waited anxiously for Charlie's going. I much regretted the turn affairs had taken, but I was glad when we were ready to start down the mountain, with four passengers; two of them a man and wife. The man was a miner; his wife a laundress, whose dusty "wash" we had seen out. They were going for an outing to a son's claim on the Trinity; fifty miles away, and were making it a practical pic-nic, as along with their bedding and cooking utensils, they had pick, shovel and pan along—a California affair throughout. The woman was plucky. Though suffering with a felon, which had made her content to leave her laundry in her daughter's hands, she held to her post, literally, while the stage rocked and surged, without ever an Oh, my! The man rode with Charlie; marital politeness being honored in the breach rather than in the observance in these mountains.

Soon away we went. I was going to say “crack went the whip round went the wheels,” but I believe I have said it before. “Round went the whip, crack went the wheels” sounded more like it; as the 264 grays let themselves out, under Charlie's stimulus, and tore down the dusty way. We swung, we rose, we fell on our bed of leather; until the old saw, that there was nothing like it, came to our senses. Sometimes we were on three wheels, sometimes on two, and sometimes it seemed as if we were as aerial as Mahomet's coffin. But my mining *vis-a-vis* said that was the way with Concord coaches; but they always came down right, like a cat. Once we met a similar, and a rival team, but, by backing a ways, we let it by and all went well. It is interesting such times to note how each driver considers the down-hill side of the road the post of honor and with what courtesy he asks the other to take it in passing. A glance down the hundreds of feet below induces this Chesterfieldian politeness; for there we saw great possibilities of ground and lofty tumbling. All the while the woman picknicker showed an absence from stage-fright, and a serenity, which her felonious finger scarcely marred. This came natural to one like her, who had crossed the plains at ten years old; when Indians were Indians, and bears and mountain-lions growled and fought as was their nature to, and the wolf's lone howl came at night from the prairie. The husband, for all his stage-manners, was considerate in his way; for at Keswick, he got her a glass of beer, while he made up for the wear and tear of tissue on the “grade” with something more manly. The speed of our descent soon brought us down to the sulphur and arsenic strata, and a lung-taste of the vapor made us understand how the poor smelters in the works below coughed their lives away. Again we were on Middle Creek, whose shores and hill-sides, scarred and rent, seemed in mute protest against man's greed for gold. We changed horses at Keswick and leaving that sun scorched collection of shanties, and sham-fronted buildings of higher pretensions, soon came in sight again of the bright waters of the Sacramento. On this stream I saw the two extremes in modes of placer mining, or washing gold from beds of streams. Near 265 the shore was a steam-dredger scooping up great hods of sand and gravel; screening out the coarse and washing the gold from the fine. Just below was an old-fashioned miner's cradle which a man was rocking to separate the precious metal from the sand he periodically shoveled in. This last was going back to old times; the days of the Argonauts.

At the Redding suburbs our picknickers got out at a friend's to await their son's coming from the Trinity, and where a "strike" was soon after made which I hope they shared. They had quite a formidable "outfit," which Charlie passed down to them. I had a genuine invitation from the miners to accompany them on their outing, but my limited ticket and time made me decline it with thanks. We soon, under Charlie's guidance, whose motto was to save the gallop for the journey's end, drove to our hotel, which I left the next morning on our way North.

Our route was still up the Sacramento Valley. Another gold-dredger took our attention and the river shores and beds of hill-side streams were rent by the claws of the gold demon who, like some fabled monster, had scratched and tunneled and smote the forest until the face of nature was unpleasant to look upon, and whose sulphurous breath fumed from the smelters. Around here there is much litigation among mine owners about water rights; resulting in injunctions and shutting down of mills, cutting of dams and tapping of pipes. A mining country is not a land of peace; for when the companies are not fighting one another they joust with the farmers who resent having their land covered with their washings. The river grew narrower and banks wooded. Now and then abandoned saw-mills showed themselves; their roofless, bleached frames representing the skeletons of dead corporations. Near noon we saw Castle Crag, a remarkable turreted rock surmounting a hill. We passed several cultivated patches along the narrow valley; the abiding places of "squaw-men"—whites who had married Indian women. 266 A man who would be content to live here would be satisfied with a squaw-wife. At Shasta Springs, where there is a hotel, a fine cascade comes down the rocks.

## MOUNT SHASTA.

The timber grows larger and saw-mills again appear; the logs coming in wooden flumes around the hills. At Sisson we sighted Mount Shasta, a noted land-mark, near 15,000 feet high. The summit is fifteen miles 267 from the station and can be reached in from one and a half to two days. What I thought were strips of yellow sand reaching half way down from the peak was snow; why so colored I don't know. This feeds hundreds of streams coursing down the mountain sides. Here are

bear and deer in quantities to gladden a hunter's heart. Shasta is an extinct volcano; so is Black Butte we saw farther on.

We were now rising Siskiyou Mountain. By heavy grades we made an S, and slowly reached the top through a tunnel. Had I not been sated with grand sights I would have been awed with the scenes around me. Mountains on a level with us and spreading valleys far below! The system can only take in so much, and the mental digestive apparatus revolts at more. We saw the trail from Yreka to Goldburg winding over an adjacent range and a four-horse stage coming down the slope. The first name recalls a baker's sign in that town in the long ago, which, lettered "Yreka Bakery" read back and forth the same; so with open work, it could be utilized coming up or down the street. The timber about us was white and red pine and fir, manzanita and madrone. The foliage of the last showed glossy leaves, green and yellow, and the red berries glowing between made it a beautiful tree. There were large alders in bloom. The farms we were now passing looked home-like with a growth of timothy; the first grass of the kind we had seen since leaving Nebraska.

Humanity, in its different phases, was again prominent in our day-coach; more so than in the Pullman, where it was more evenly graded or there was more repression used. With us were the well to do as also the needy; for some were prosperous Californians on a visit East and who were used enough to hard knocks to not mind six nights sleep in a car seat. The closeness of one eastern tourist, who boasted of his wealth, was amusing. His meals were doughnuts and the fruit of the country passed through; the dry food moistened by coffee from a 268 can replenished at halting stations. What he had not seen was marvelous in its non-importance. And then the slumming he had done in San Francisco! He was one of those who thought it his duty to study up the lowest life that he might learn how to put the innocent on guard, and as inclination seemed to walk hand in hand with duty it became all the pleasanter. His sons, who had similar tastes in the way of humanity study, said to him at parting, "Father! you are going to visit a city where nothing is hidden from those who wish to see. They say it is equal to Paris. We cannot all go. Learn all you can and report when you get back." He certainly had not wanted for object lessons in San Francisco, and had conscientiously made the most of his opportunities. With a formidable society badge, almost equaling a policeman's in size, he had passed it as a detective's, and thrusting assumedly necessary

guides to one side had freely gone where he listed. By a sudden exposure of this toilsman, which he exemplified for his listeners benefit, he had scared remonstrant Chinese dive-keepers and impressed Americans until Chinatown to its revolting depths was an open book to him. Catch him paying rascally guides while he had that badge? But he put this to legitimate uses in getting hospitality from Californians; many of them ready to be imposed on when desirous to show off their pet state. The attentions he had and the sights seen, and all free! His experience would fill a small book. But enough of him.

There was another character; an Oregonian youth who had the distinction of owning two living fathers and as many mothers with sisters, cousins and aunts in proportional quantities. The parents were all divorcees. The young man talked familiarly of his quadruplex parentage and each individual *causus belli*. He seemed a sort of go between among the warring factions, although he expressed a preference for his own individual mother, whom he had just visited, over his father's late venture. He was lately from the mines, where he had got so used to 269 riotous living he had concluded to take the chances at home, where he could look a little to his interests. For one so young, he was but eighteen, he had seen much of life outside family matters. He was a well spoken, happy-go-lucky sort of a fellow, and his unconscious confidences and descriptions of the country pleasantly passed the lagging night hours away. He seemed to think the state of Oregon society not unusual, and only wrong from its inconveniences, and his family experiences not so much of a shower, as one of his neighbors had a fourth wife; the three antecedents "not lost and gone before," in the obituary sense; but still in the flesh. They had been taken from him by Oregonian statutes especially made and provided for such cases, and were mostly married to other bereft men.

The excuses for nagging in such families must be many in comparison with those in the East, where the husband can only allude to his mother's cookery and the possible superiority of some former sweetheart's; but here, in the far West, he can remind his third or fourth matrimonial venture of the extra bread-baking attainments of his first, second or third wives as well as those of his mother and previous flame. The capabilities of turmoil in such a household are fearful to contemplate.

Society in the extreme west seems on shaky foundations—in some sections, at least. Between free and easy divorce laws; Mormonism spilled over the borders from Utah, and allowed immoralities there is great need of moral disinfectants. Another young man in our car was an example of *ennuyed* life—unless he was playing me for a gullible tender-foot. With a father assessed at \$15,000,000 he had wandered the wide world over, seeking a remedy for the presence of “Consumption's ghastly form” which had siezed him and devoured one of his lungs. From his Wisconsin home he had gone to Oregon, where he spoke of his investments in townships of valuable timber lands as if they had been quarter-sections; then to Florida where he reveled in the ownership of orange groves, 270 next to Southern California to other citrous ventures. A frugal mind to a frail body was his status, and he had at last found that to when he crossed the dark river was only that uncertain, certain question, a question of time. That settled, the next one was how to get the most pleasure out of life's remainder. So he tried Germany with its scenes and people; gay Paris and its sodden pleasures; foggy London with its gas-lit, uncertain antidotes for trouble; but he wearied of them all. He was now a rough clad miner from the Trinity on his way to his timbered kingdom in Oregon. A blaze, life-drained-to-the-dregs sort of a man he seemed, and a cynic and misanthrope withal. He gave his future and present addresses that I might verify his financial statements, but I never tested them, so whether D. F. Smith, his given name, was telling an “ower true tale” or not I don't know, nor care. Wearied with his exertions, or simply bored beyond endurance, he sank back in his seat and our interview ceased. Other characters were mining couples with their implements, changing locations, an exemplification of the restlessness of California life. Their look and talk reminded me of the “pards” in Bret Harte's stories.

My fellow passenger's conversation did not absorb all my attention. It was dark without, but distant mountain fires assumed proportions grand, indeed; though valuable timber was going up in smoke. Two tall trees—pardon the alliteration—which were ablaze looked like immense candles for the mountain altar rising darkly above them. At another point, where we halted, the dry timber crackled until we could hear the burning, while the sky was lighted as if a volcano was in irruption. Two mountain elevations could be seen on fire at the same time.

At Albany was an agricultural exhibit on the station platform, and whenever a train-load of tourists halted for lunch a “literary feller” connected with the local paper was ready to exploit Oregon's advantage as a farming state, and to invite us to help ourselves to the fruit—as long as it lasted. It was simply wonderful what crops they raised; wheat, barley, oats and hay. “What about corn?” asked a smart tourist. Now corn as on the toe of the average man, is a tender subject with our Pacific-slope farmers. The soil is too hard; the rain too scant, or the frosts too early; so it is not a brag crop. The Albanian “barker” was ready for the questioner, however. He said “Give us our climate and take your corn!” Timothy heads thirteen inches long, buckwheat so tall the bees fainted with weariness before they could reach the blossom, and other strange yarns were told.

We dropped our entertaining passengers as we sped along; the cynical, cosmopolitic consumptive, and the wandering miners. Just after passing the California line, and near Salem, Oregon's capital, we left the multi-parented youth. We parted with the windy Economical-scientist at Portland.

The scenery and vegetation showed we were in a section where there was an abundance of rain the year round—the Siskiyou mountains seeming to mark climatic bounds. The moss on the ranch roofs, the green grass and larger timber were in evidence, while stump-land made manifest a former wooded country. We were also in a region of hop-fields and orchards; the last illy cared for.

To Portland on the Willamette, twelve miles from the Columbia, noted for its water-power and saw-mills, we came in the afternoon. We ferried the river on the “Tacoma,” a large boat on which the whole train was run. The Columbia was a fine sight; in Bryant's early days under another name, when he wrote “Where rolls the Oregon, Monarch of the hills and hears no sound Save its own dashings.”

But it now hears the splash of screw and paddle wheel; the 272 “salmon-catcher,” the shriek of locomotive and factory whistle much more than “its own dashings.”

Our ferry-boat landed us at Tacoma where our route made a right angle—from North to East. We left at 5 o'clock on August 5. The “hoboes” who had been following us from San Francisco now left

us; perhaps for the Klondike. Their persistence was wonderful. They rode on the trucks as on the outward route; jumping on and off as the trains slowed up or started, at the risk of their worthless lives. I don't think the train hands cared to disturb them though so ordered by their employers. How they escaped death was a miracle.

By morning we had passed prairie and forest, and were rolling over, what on our westward trip we would have called a desert, with a low range of mountains in the far North. Villages of scattered, weather-beaten houses and "dug-outs" we saw now and then. Grease-wood abounded in the wire-fenced range, and shallow lakes were seen in the distance. These, when drained, make fine timothy land except, as sometimes happens, their bottoms are covered with moss. Then came more cattle-towns with corrals and brown houses, where we could see round up "vaqueros" of the "Hair-trigger Jim" species, and now and then a real "blanket Indian," with long hair, turned-in toes and bowed out knees, and apparently ready for the stereotyped grunt, "Big injin me; want much firewater!" At noon we passed a fine mountain lake—Pokolallah, and then rolled over a stretch of unsettled country. A beautiful body of water was Lake Pen d'Oreille—Ear-drop—whose arms we twice crossed. We were a half-hour along its borders. There were rude houses on its shores and beautiful islands rising above its surface. A little steamer plows its waters. High mountains on its further shore make Lake Pen d'Oreille a thing of beauty and a joy while it is in sight. At Hope, near its eastern end, we sat our watches an hour ahead.

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We were soon on Clarke's fork of the Columbia, a rapid stream lined with high mountains, whose edge we wound along above the river's brink for many miles. We came from its valley to a wheat country—the straw still green, although the 5th of August, and afterwards passed over large tracts of cattelands. We were now in Idaho. In this section the descendants of Indian ponies, no longer needed, are getting to be as much of a nuisance as rabbits in Central California. They are as wild as deer and only come from their mountain pasture grounds when they want water. In so doing they meet barbed wire fences. The leaders are young stallions; but like army generals they lead by pushing from the rear. When the front ranks strike the cruel abattis of wire they hesitate, but hundreds of eager, thirsty horses are forced against them until the ground is covered with the

wounded or dying; for all the world like the result of a cavalry charge. It is in vain the settlers strive to keep these pitiful pests from their own horses. A company is now being formed for their slaughter and conversion into canned beef for the European market. They will pay one dollar and a half apiece for them. When we think that the antecedents of those poor brutes were the war and hunting horses of the red-rovers of this land there is a pathos about the story.

The morning of August 6 found us in Montana, passing over a broad semi-desert plain with isolated mountains around it and a range, sharply serrated, in the distance. The land was sparsely settled, and soil gravelly or swampy. The houses and few buildings for the protection of stock in winter were roofed with straw or sods. Many of the mountain peaks were white with snow; while the plain was in spots yellow with dwarf sunflower. We at last came to a range of mountains, and tunnelling them, arrived at Livingston at 7.30 in the morning.

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### XIII.

Around Yellowstone Park, and Home. Oh! Land of lake and rushing stream; Of mimic mountains belching steam; Of "Yeast-pots" brewing odorous leaven And sulphur-pools which smell to heaven. Where Nature lies in primal state, Aweing or pleasing to the view; Where big game mock the hunter's lust And fishers tales are ta'en as true! We enter now thy realms so grim, To leave heads full and purses slim.

AT San Francisco we were warned at ticket offices that you must buy these paste-board tokens at once for the Yellowstone Park—to go early and avoid the rush. My experience has been, from side-show to grand opera, that those who have the money can get the cake always, and that knocking off the persimmon is only a question of length of pole.

There are three ways of going through the Park; with the Yellowstone Park Association, which owns four large hotels—it had a fifth which burned down—and one permanent camp. Its conveyances number eighty-two four and six-horse coaches and three to four hundred horses, as the season demands. 275 Next comes the Wylie Transportation Company which has stationary camps,

during three months, of wall and dining tents; after these come the go-as-you-please, two and four-horse teams, carrying from four to a dozen passengers, with wagons going each day in advance of the stages, with provisions and camping outfits, which are suppositiously ready for eating and sleeping when the passengers arrive; but often failing. To go with the first costs \$49.50; the second \$35.00; the third from \$20 to \$30. The Association has fine hotels and coaches of the Concord brand and its patrons look down on the Wylies and their canvas homes and inferior turn-outs. The Wylies retaliate on the Independents and the last for lack of some one else take pity on the poor bicyclists and emigrants wending their way through the Park. I traveled with the Independents.

Getting off at Livingston, the sea-port, as it were, of the Park, we found plenty who wanted passengers for their coaches. This place is just half way between Saint Paul and Tacoma; 1000 miles from either. From Livingston to Cinnabar, where the stages start, is a railroad fifty-one miles long, following the Yellowstone river and through canyons whose slopes rise 2000 feet from the water. At noon we came to Cinnabar, a weather-beaten, verdureless place, but full of life for three months in the year from tourist traffic. The coal mines and coke furnaces in the neighborhood lend it some importance. Now there is a difference between drivers and cooks as to the origin of this town's name. Some say, from the back-woods pronunciation of bear, that it comes from *skin-a-b'ar*; others, as well posted, say *seen-a-b'ar*; while others still derive it from a contraction of Cinnamon bear. The name really comes from some streaks of reddish mineral on the side of a nearby mountain resembling Cinnabar; whence comes mercury. Coming to this place, four of us made a bargain with an "Independent" to take us on what he called a 150 mile drive. Our wagons numbered two; one for ourselves, the other for the camp-outfit, and 276 driven by the cook. The terms were \$27.00 each; time five and a half days. Our way at first was up Gardiner river on whose canyon-wall was an eagle's nest 1500 feet above us. The next sight, and a big advance, was Mammoth Hot Springs. Here, near a government, "two-company" post is a large, "Association" hotel. The soldiers, cavalry, are trim looking fellows and their business is to take the names of all visitors, see that they have no guns and patrol the Park from end to end, so far as travel demands. Emigrants can carry arms through the Park, but the hammers must be sealed, so that succeeding guards can see if they

have been fired. If they have the owners will be fired—from the Park, but not until after trying government rations in the guard house, for a more or less time, and paying a fine.

I don't want to dwell too much on the wonders of the Park. The guide-books are full of them and lecturers have dwelt on them time and again; but I must say something, for the place is full of marvels. Around the “Springs” there are many interesting formations. There were “Liberty Cap,” “Devil's Thumb,” “Devil's Kitchen,” “Minerva's Terrace,” and numbers besides. We climbed the Terrace, scalded our hands in boiling pools, sweated in the darkness of the Devil's cooking apartment, slid the “slide,” also belonging to the same gentleman, and did other acts and things required of tourists. One remarkable circumstance, considering the immense calcarous deposits, a hundred feet high sometimes, and the logical hardness of the water, was that when this water was cooled off it was good to drink. The thinness of the shell, as shown by extinct springs, looks as if it must be dangerous near the pools, but we heard of no accidents. Minerva Terrace was a grand affair in its semblance to a series of cascades suddenly arrested in their descent and petrified. But it is not my mission, as I intimated above, to go into statistics or in raptures over scenery. There is one thing ever changing, ever new—incidents along the route and I shall devote much of my space to them.

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Leaving the Springs we passed up a mountain road. We noticed an immense amount of dead timber standing, leaning or down, caused by a fire which, nine years ago, swept for miles through these mountains. The trees would have made good fire-wood but the Government, for its Posts, and the hotel company, for fuel and lighting, prefer to haul coal from Cinnabar at \$9.00 per ton. The hotels in the Park are electric-lighted and have all the conveniences of Eastern summer resorts.

Passing a portal called the Golden Gate, cut through the solid rock, we rode over a wooden causeway, projecting from a hill too steep to cut a road from. The rocks were highly colored which arose above us. For eight miles we went up a canyon; the rise being 2000 feet. At an elevation of 7200 feet above sea-level we came to a mountain-circled plain, in the middle of which was Swan Lake. We saw none of those fowls whose song is sweetest when dying; but there were ducks swimming on its surface; tame enough, for they had never heard the report of a gun, unless

from some sneaking poacher, and the Government shows such scant mercy that such is rarely heard. We soon came to Willow Creek, from whose surface we saw trout leaping, which set our sporting passenger wild for a chance to hook them. He had just been tantalized by the ducks on the Lake; but shooting being tabooed his nature had to explode in another direction. You can fish till you get tired. There were deer all around us, but even if seen they were as safe as duck or swan. Out of the fine herd of buffalo once in the Park but few are left. Some are killed by poachers in remote corners, while many wander over the boundary to surrounding states and are mercilessly slaughtered. Of about 400 of these harmless, picturesque animals, which it was thought with care might be perpetuated, but 80 remain. Boundary stones are being closely set on the Park lines that hunters can have no excuse for trespassing, 278 but the time for the extinction of the Bison, which on my former journey over the plains roamed in countless thousands, is near at hand.

It costs near \$30,000 a year for the Government to keep its 150 miles of Park roads in order. The spring floods wash them badly and the wood in the numerous bridges and hillside fenders is so perishable—mainly spruce—that there must be renewals about every three years. Uncle Sam is certainly a careful guardian of his Park tourists' safety, as well as of his animal wards; a paternal uncle, if the bull is allowable. For this the road-makers toil and the soldiers go their watchful rounds.

The July snows on the mountains, the sparkling streams coursing over the natural meadows or down ravines, the rapids and waterfalls, excited our attention as we went our way. As far as was possible everything was in a state of nature. The nation has reserved a portion of its broad domains, 60 miles by 70 in area, which man shall not disturb; whether he be farmer, miner or town builder. The Park Association can erect necessary hotels and graze its horses on the natural meadows; but nothing more. Mountain, valley and plain must be left as near as can be when Coulter, one of Lewis and Clark's hunters, saw the wonders of the Yellowstone about 1809. His stories of spouting geysers, ponds of burning mud and steaming water condemned him as the champion liar. It was not until 1871 that a general knowledge of the Park wonders were confirmed and justice done the abused discoverer; to change him from a Tom Pepper to a "Truthful James."

The land was withdrawn from settlement and reserved for public use under severe restrictions. The incrustations around the springs must not be disturbed, nor any matter thrown in the vents. Growing timber must remain uncut. The killing of birds or wild animals is forbidden unless to protect human life. Loose stock will be seized if found; in traveling through the ground all must be driven, ridden or led. Drinking saloons or bar-rooms are not allowed. Those violating Park rules will be summarily evicted, or fined and imprisoned not exceeding \$1000 or two years; as they may have offended.

We encamped on the shores of Willow Creek. Our cook had preceded us but had made poor headway. It had been thirty-four years since I had experienced camp-life and here was I, at an age when its discomforts rob it of romance, trying it anew. But it was more like my wild life of forty years ago when I looked at the snowy mountains, grassy meadows, wooded ravines and bright streams around me.

There were several camping parties about us, and the fires shooting through the darkness, the tinkling bells of the grazing horses, the laughter from the near camps and the coyote howls from the distant mountains were as echoes from the past. The horses numbered thirty and were tired after their weary way over hills and through dust. As the darkness increased I foresook my note-taking for a seat at the fire; the other passengers having gone fishing. The mosquitos were plenty, though never mentioned in the guide-book—sort of thrown in for good measure. Our fishermen returned with usual luck, and then came supper at last. Ham, bread and butter, beans—Boston-baked—canned apricots, coffee—here was “richness” that beat Squeers' *menu* at Dotheboy's Hall. Eggs were on the list, but there were so many failures to successes in the testing that our cook gave them up. We had no table; an oil-cloth spread over the undulating ground took its place. We envied the more “toney” passengers in the adjacent camp their clothed tables and civilized setting. Not even a candle to light us; the camp-fire was thought sufficient I longed for the old-time baqyonet stuck in the ground, with its candle flaring from its socket.

Our first camp-meal was a disappointment. The plates were tin as well as the coffee cups; the ham lacked flavor; the 280 condensed milk spoiled the coffee, the butter was Samsonic. On the principle

of “If you don't like the meat eat the mustard” we fell back on the apricots and made out a supper; but on the whole it was a failure and I wished myself with the Transportation Company, or the Wylie folks in their hotels and permanent camps. But when the journey was over I was glad I went through the Park as I did. The others had the comforts; we had an interesting experience. The cook said he was glad I had been a camper; wouldn't be so particular; last gang he cooked for was rather too nice; wanted cut-glass, China and pie!

For my fellow passengers; one was a retired Washington gentleman, the other two a Baltimore school teacher and his pupil—a Modern Mentor and Telemaehus on their travels. Our driver was Jo Cain; a character. He was about thirty years old, good-looking and well built and with a Mark Twain drawl which was natural but fetching. He introduced himself with, “Think of the man who killed Abel and you will know how I spell my name; that is if you have ever read the Bible.”

“There are bears”—he should have said “b'ar,” to have carried out the unities, but he did not. “There are bears around here,” said Jo. “I noticed where they had been clawing around our camp for grub; but they won't hurt you; stick their heads under the tent and nose round; that's all; no more'n so many hogs. Then there's mountain lions; some folk's afeared of 'em. They're cowards; a dog'll run 'em. But wild-cats! Zounds,” (he didn't say zounds) “Look out for 'em. Chaw and claw you up in a minute. Do you hear them sounds from the mountains? One's a wild cat; tother's a Ki-yote.” You wouldn't believe how smart a Ki-yote is; he's got more savvy than some white folks I know. I've knowed one of 'em in the early mornin' to go one direction from a ranch and howl like sin, and have the dogs after him. Then his pard would 281 come in from tother side and rake in a young lamb and drag it off to the hills where the other Ki-yote would soon meet him. Then the dogs would sneak back lookin' simple enough. Who's that coarse voiced feller? Oh! he's a bull-dog over at camp. You want to know some of my experience on the plains! Well! I had it young. When a ten-year old in New-braskey, I was caught in a blizzard huntin' cattle and snowed under. I was brought home froze. When I was comin' too I suffered so I begged 'em to let me die. I won't forget that blizzard for another reason. It was a thin-settled country but we had our schools. That morning

our young woman teacher started for hers, but never was seen again alive. Got dazed by the flyin' snow and lost her way. Didn't find her till the drifts melted.”

We took turns riding along side of Jo, and a whole-souled, entertaining man he was; full of his experiences and acquainted with the Park from previous journeys; and with such a drawl!

That night we were treated to echoes of the last political campaign—the bi-metallic battle of giants. The old saying that “speech is silvern; silence is golden” won't do now days. The silent one gets left. So our Democratic advocate of the yellow metal used his tongue; so did the Democratic upholder of free-silver, and they smote one another, hip and thigh, until the welkin rang and neighboring campers came to see what was the matter. Telemachus and I held our peace. As no one's mind was changed neither good nor harm was done. The driver and cook, like nearly all people in that section, were for the white metal and plenty of it.

The next morning we passed Obsidian Cliff, a glass formation. The narrow road was quarried out in a novel way that reminded me of Hannibal's engineering feat in his famous crossing of the Alps. The obsidian formation being too hard to blast, fires were built at the base of the cliff and water 282 thrown against it with a hose. The result was a cracking and disintegration which accomplished its object and is plainly shown in the debris of black glass along the roadside.

We next passed some beaver-dams and the stumps from which the trees had been cut to build them. The tops were gnawed in conical form, and some were six inches across. Now Jo was as well versed in the ways of the lower order of animals as of men. “Do you know how them fellers go about buildin' their dams?” said he, “well, its just this way. First they fall a good-sized tree across the creek. They know how to fall one just same as a wood-chopper. You ought to see 'em walkin' round a tree, lookin' up and squintin' at the lean of it just same as a man, to see if it will drop right. Then when its down they cut it off the right length; trench the ground at the ends and let it down. Next they gnaw off stakes; lean 'em agin the cross-log and drive 'em in the mud. Then they line 'em with brush and grass; plaster it with mud and that jobs done. They build regular houses too. Use their teeth for saw and jack-plane, auger and broad-ax; and their tails; they use 'em for trowels. Once I

seen a funny sight. The young beavers wasn't workin' just to suit; sort o'shacklin', didn't seem to have no git. What does the boss beaver do? Paddled 'em with his tail, he did, same as a shingle. I tell you beavers are curious things. You darsent let 'em see you though. If they do, ker-plunk they go in the water." Now this might have been so or it might not; but, as he told it, this misnamed Cain's face was as bare of emotion as the Sphinx. Two of these dams were called the Twin Lakes and from some cause had no fish in them.

We met several bicycles as we went our way; some ridden by women. According to law all dismounted when a team was met on account of the many dangerous places where horses might get scared and accidents follow.

A belief in a personal devil seems to have prevailed with 283 the sponsors of the objects in this Wonder Land. We saw where he cleaned his fish—devil fish, I suppose—for there were the scales; saw his Frying Pan where he cooked 'em. Then there were his Thumb and his Elbow; his Paint Pots and I don't know what else under his possessive name. We soon came to Norris Geyser Basin. Here is vent after vent steaming and throwing water and mud of the foulest kind. They are evolutive; commence by springs and slowly grow to periodic spouters; some remarkable for their regularity. In time they die out; leaving cavities on the surface and mimic caves. The "spouters" sometimes go off each minute; some every hour; some hours and days apart. They throw to the height of from 40 to 250 feet. The "Giant" equals the last figures. Its eruptions are from two to four days apart, and last ninety minutes. "Old Faithful," in the Upper Basin, spouts every sixty-three minutes to the height of 150 feet. This is the most popular geyser—always being on time; so is not disappointing.

Still emigrants traveling the old way, despite the Pacific railroads. The fine National highways in the Park draw travel through it to adjoining states. I saw one group on its way to California. It had a special outfit in shape of a "house-wagon." Girls riding their ponies man fashion; children and the aged in the wagon; loose stock; donkeys, horses and cows; all led, however, as the laws require, were sights to attract our attention.

At four o'clock we came to Fountain Hotel; one of the "Association" hostelries. A unique feature was its being supplied with natural hot water by gravity. The heat in the soil keeps up the temperature. The style there prevailing; with *menu*, waiters and Concord coaches, was a rebuke to our humble rig, and the tableless, chairless, meals and help-your-self way of dining that prevailed in our camp. But we comforted ourselves with Jo's assurance that, while the others were 284 either missing out of the way sights or paying out large sums to see the same, we were taking them in gratis. Black gravelly roads; periodically spouting geysers; foul smelling pools and vapor-whitened trees were characteristics of the journey. We waited until four o'clock to see one geyser spout and were well rewarded. While here we were again halted by a soldier for our names; reason, rocks are so defaced by signatures of tourists it was thought if these were recorded they would not be duplicated on the scenery. It was the old story of "Fools names, like their faces, Always seen in public places."

Around Fountain Geyser we saw the largest formations yet seen, and still growing.

We now passed to the Upper Basin. This was circled by a low mountain rim with thousands of acres of verdureless plain spreading between. Above this rose mound after mound, showing active or extinct geysers. In some instances the formations were pulverized to dust by the stage wheels; in others they were glistening with the impregnated water running over them, while now and then we saw the eruptions which relieved the pressure underneath.

Passing to the south edge of the Basin we crossed the Fire Hole river and encamped in the darkness on the edge of a wooded hill. We were beginning to find out that in addition to the extra rides granted us on account of our inferior accommodations we were to have some extra camp-life experience in chopping wood and carrying the same; or wait indefinitely for our humble fare. We did not object so much to this on account of scarcity of wood, but of the dullness of the cook's axe. We did not grow enthusiastic over our meals; canned goods, ham, bread and butter and coffee; which in the dim fire light were like Faith, the substance of things hoped for, but unseen; which we felt for rather than selected from observation. For all that we were getting reconciled to our life and had quit 285 envying those who slept in beds and had pie for dinner. That night it was

picturesque around us; the wooded slope; the surrounding camp-fires lighting up the night with groups of men and women around them and their *al fresco* cooking and eating; the pasturing horses and their tinkling bells; the river murmuring below and the periodically spouting geysers seen in the moonlight beyond it. Our neighbors, men and women, were of the rougher, humbler class; emigrants or people from adjoining states on an outing; with candor in their talk and habits. I began to think our camp-life was not so different from that in the fifties.

Our driver was a serious fellow and funny also; in his way of eating particularly. Your *bon vivant* takes a bite of this and a bite of that, back and forth, as it were; with drinks in between. Not so Jo Cain. He would eat all his meat; then finish his bread and butter, next his potatoes, then his beans; making a sort of layer-cake supper. Then he would submerge this with drink!

But let's have some of his talking. Jo's company more than off-set the luxuries of our fellow tourists, in their hotels and big tents, and with their napkins, tooth-picks and colored waiters. "Talking about grit," said he; but he had not been; only thinking about it, like the rest of us; for we were working well towards the peck of dirt allotted to man before he gets his six foot of mother earth. "Talking about grit, let me tell you about Jack Smith. He was the grittiest man I ever seen, and I've seen 'em as full of sand as a gizzard. I rode with Jack on the range in Western Newbraskey. Jack's pard was a 'greaser'—Mexican—tricky as sin, like the rest of them yeller angels (only Jo didn't say angels). How Jack ever came to go in 'cahoots' with him's more'n I can see. Well, one day, on herd, they had a nasty quarrel, from callin' one 'nother liars, or cowards, or about a woman, it don't matter; all leads to the same. The greaser afterwards, over a game of cards, made up 286 as Jack thought, but it was just his orneriness; for all at once, takin' Jack unawares, and afore he could git his gun the greaser reached under the table, pretendin' to pick up a card, and slashed him. Then he run for the stable, jumped on his hoss and loped off. Now here's where Jack showed his grit. The cut wasn't killin'; least ways not for Jack; so he laid down; drug himself to where he could cut some cloth into bandages, replaced his insides; bound himself round and round; went to the stable, got on his hoss and chased the blest Mexican. Would you believe it? Jack caught up with him, pumped him full of lead, and come back. Then he rode forty-five miles for a doctor who sewed him up and got him well. Livin' yet? Guess not! Died with his boots on near the borders of No Man's Land.

Lots of these sort of fellers in the cattle towns. I know a cowboy-bully challengin' a tender foot after teasing him the wust kind. The tender-foot had lots of sand but was no hand with a gun. So as the challenged party he chose that they should stand left hands hold of each end of a handkerchief and pump away with their guns till one or both was killed. I helped bury 'em both in our family graveyard over the range.

“It was high fun for these fellers to guy strangers by shootin' off their hats, or at their feet to make 'em dance. I once saw a gritty drummer watch his chance, jerk his tormentor's gun out of his hand and made him dance till he was tired. I had my feet shot at when I was only thirteen years old, but they didn't skeer me.” Thus did Jo entertain, amuse and instruct us.

The 8th was spent until two o'clock taking in the wonders of the Upper Geyser Basin. To see the dozens of gay Concord coaches and hundreds of passengers driving or sauntering around; to watch the different Geysers spout, or look at the many pools or formations was interesting. We saw “Old Faithful” do his “turn,” time and again; the Bee Hive buzz, the Lion roar and the Lioness and her Cubs do likewise. We behold, the Cascade pour and the Castle beat off imaginary besiegers by 287 the old plan of deluging them with scalding water; the Mortar belch forth, and the Riverside Geyser send steam in the air and throw water in the Fire Hole river. We also saw the Devil's Pump and the same gentleman's Punch Bowl, and where a trout could be caught in cold water and boiled in a hot spring a yard away from the river's brink. We also scented the worst smelling water and, per custom, drank the same. We saw, heard, smelled and tasted all these like good tourists, and then started on the way up the Fire Hole river.

#### BEE HIVE GEYSER.

The road wound along through the woods on a grade that worried our half-fed horses, to whom Jo was a merciful man. To our passengers impatient urgings, he would get up a little equine spurt; then tactfully let it subside. At Keppler Falls we rested our beasts by inspecting this wild cataract. It was a sight, and our horses enjoyed it as much as we did. A striking object was Lone Star Geyser, which we left the beaten road to see, and rather enjoyed the knowledge that the “bon-ton” tourists

were not taken there; such is man's selfishness. "Lone Star" was a truncated cone ten feet high, from which at intervals came a seventy-five feet column of steam and water. In this wilderness we found two camping parties; one of whom was fishing for a hotel; anyhow he said so; but he might have been a poacher. He had a fine string of brook-trout; a part of 288 which we bought. They came from five miles up the river. He said there were lots of big game there; buffalo, elk, deer and bear. This fisher was a sort of Leather Stocking in wood knowledge. In hot weather the elk seek the snow-line on account of the gnats, which drive them frantic; causing them to loose the rich pasturage of the valleys. The buffalo are fast disappearing under the greatest care. Bears are looked on as so many hogs, coming around camps and nosing among the garbage. Deer and smaller game abound. It was a land to stir up the blood in a hunter's heart; but if he had a gun he would find a seal upon it, whose removal meant hard luck for him.

We left the Fire Hole by a new road which followed a small trout stream. The ground was strewn with dead trees, while tall spruces and hemlocks towered along our winding way. Those Evangelic lines beginning "This is the forest primeval," came before me.

There are boards every mile through the Park noting the miles and elevation; our last marked 8400 feet above sea-level; our highest point, and higher than the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains. Thence our tired horses were forced to a trot on the down grade. Jo told how he had driven six horses around such curves, and there was almost a smile on his stolid face as he spoke of the scared passengers. It was now raining, and through the mists two of us saw bears up a ravine; but as two did not, our show of telling the home folks of the wild beasts we saw was poor; particularly as Jo's casting vote was non-committal. At last we debouched onto a natural meadow, level and oval in shape, and circled by wooded hills. Seeing a fire shooting through the mist we drove to it and found it was our camp. And what a supper our cook had prepared? It was too late to fry the brook trout we caught at the Lone Star Geyser; but he had ready for us hot biscuit, doughnuts, ham, fruit, jelly and coffee. The cook—I never got his 289 name—had done himself proud and was in a good humor. He was often the reverse; not from our criticising his cooking, or from telling of the dainties our mothers use to make; but rather from natural contrariness; partly occasioned from his difficulties in getting nerve tonic, and sometimes from super-abundance of the same. Theoretically

the Yellowstone Park is clear of the cup which combines cheerfulness and inebriation; practically it can be had by those who want it bad enough, and have the money to pay for it.

After supper we got a lot of wood, and building a roaring fire were soon dried off; the rain having well moistened our clothing. There were four camping parties in the meadow, and our fire drew the individual members of them like moths. Mainly these were government road-builders, prospecting miners and chance parties going through the Park. They were typical back woodsmen, and it was not long before a heated discussion arose; commencing with a criticism on the ways of the people of the East, and ending with a wordy squabble among themselves. The leading topics were gold, silver, women, anarchy, monopoly, socialism and labor unions. They could agree on each until it came to the right to work if one wanted to. Then the noise began, and I was glad when the motley crowd scattered. Contact dissipates much of the glamour with which novelists, like Bret Harte, clothe their wild-west heroes. In action they develop traits which excite a certain kind of admiration; but in repose, and their repose is of a lively nature, one marvels why they are here, and have not passed with the buffalo and other animals on the way to extinction. Their talk that night was repellant to any one with a bit of refinement; sometimes so vile that swine if gifted with human speech would hesitate before its utterance. These fellows have courage, and all that belongs to it in its lower sense, and in their pushing ways their cloudy lexicon may have no such word as fail; but, when it comes to the department of synenymys, virtue corresponds with hypocrisy; religion 290 with designing motives; profession with lax morals, and true manhood with their style of life; and their actions are guided by it. As I saw these fellows grouped around the fire and heard their talk it only needed the circle of white covered wagons to take me back to my life on the plains forty years before, and as the midnight hour came on I almost heard the voice of the wagon-master roaring out "Roll out Steve. Wake up your men and git round the cattle!"

The next morning the weather was clear, and saw the campers going their devious ways, and in advance of us. Our cook again let himself out, and with flap-jacks and trout added to our fare, we enjoyed our breakfast. We passed up Heron Creek over a fair road. We looked in vain for the promised wild animals; but saw only squirrels; the talk of the past night probably had frightened them off. As I said the government is doing its best to save the characteristic large game which once

roamed the west. The sound of a stray shot is heard around the Park, and is the signal for a hurrying to and fro to trace its origin, and when found summary punishment follows.

It was interesting to notice the spruce limbs, which were set slanting towards the ground from their winter loads of snow. In Rocky Mountain fruit ranches the trees must be shaken when under the same covering, as the limbs would be broken. Jo told us of these things, and fortunate did the passenger consider himself who rode with him. His varied knowledge of the country; his many experiences and all-round good-heartedness made him acceptable company. He was loyal to his team and section. One horse had the heaves badly, but Jo would not admit it; "no hoss ever had the heaves in this climate; sort of cold; nuthin' mor'n azmey anyway." He would rather buy oats, in that dear land, with his own hard earned money than his horses should go hungry; he would rather steal them. Every night he would hunt up the best pasture; generally difficult, on account of the great travel. Not satisfied with that he would help fellow-campers, new to him and the road, to find grass; and one night, hearing the stroke of an axe through the darkness, and missing Jo, I knew he was getting wood for a late comer, an emigrant, with a family going through the Park. He had his peculiarities; one was he would never ask a man his name. He did not know the cook's. He said in Butte, where he passed his winters, asking folks names meant fight. Their names, and some had duplicates, were their own and it was no one else's business. He carried this notion so far that his horses even were anonymous.

From our last camp it was my turn to ride with Jo. "You said you was from Philadelphia," drawled he," "I was raised on Lombard street. Used to be lots of colored folks there. I was a bad lot; wouldn't go to school, and full of mischief. Me and a chum used to like to plague 'em in their church; turning bags full of cats loose among 'em, and the like. My daddy give me no end of lickins but it done no good. We moved first to Pittsburg and then to Newbraskey. I was a bad boy still; fightin', breakin' hosses, and the like. When I was about eighteen I most killed a man. He played a mean trick on me; don't suppose he meant to, but he did. I could lay out a man in them days without need of a gun; so the first thing he knowed he didn't know nuthin'; dropped like a cold wedge. I

thought he was dead; didn't come to for four mortal hours. I was frightened and quit fightin' after that.

“I had a sister who was tryin' to fit herself for a school-marm; but her money run out. Now I was dumb; couldn't take learnin'; but I was bound my sister should have an education. I was workin' as stable boss for a miner, up to Butte, who also run a saloon. Work was slack and boss said I must tend bar; all he had for me to do. All my savin's went to my sister and not wantin' her to leave school I concluded to work the rum-mill. Now as you see I'm neither a preacher nor the son of a 292 preacher, but I was cranky about sellin' rum to people who was drunk. I refused 'em and fired bums out into the street. Found I was doin' wrong; got conscientious about it. When pay-day came around the men wouldn't go to work till the last dollar was gone. So I changed my plans; filled the empty ones full and the full ones fuller and encouraged bums. Boss started a crap game and let me run it. I played fair, only kept twenty per cent; but it wasn't long before the miners were all at work. I expect Eastern people would think me on the road to the bad. It's the way they're brought up. They have their idees what's right and I have my idees what's right, so I guess we're even. The main thing is my sister got her education and is now teachin' school. I never told her how I got the money; always was sort of particular; she was.”

We were driving along a dangerous road. “If you ever git upset,” said Jo, “jump out on the lower side of the coach. Most people scramble up hill when she goes; all wrong. I suppose in case of accident the Association would be more responsible about damages than us; but if you're killed what difference does it make; but their drivers are not much account; make a great flourish when they start from the big hotels, but when it comes to rounding a pint or holding the tongue hosses agin a curve they aint there. You may get no damage if I upset you; but I won't upset you.”

While ascending Heron Creek, at a point about half way from Upper Basin to Yellowstone Lake, we had a fine view of Shoshone Lake, a beautiful body of water; mountain rimmed and fringed with timber. It is off the line of travel and about it large game may be found; buffalo, elk and the like. In its efforts to save the Bison the Park officials built a stockade for them here and kept them fed; the heavy snows, however, filled the corral so deep and became so packed that the animals got out and

wandered away. What preserved the buffalo in its natural state was its freedom to move at will from north to 293 south as the seasons changed; now the Park's "pent up Utica contracts its powers," and its passing will soon be witnessed. The same way with the elk. They come around the hotels in time of deep snows so starved and weak they can be pushed over. There is a sadness about the going out of our noble game, and the vain efforts to arrest it, that forcibly strikes the traveler.

From a point on our route can be seen, on a clear day, the Three Tetons; isolated peaks 14,000 feet high; remembered as landmarks in my old atlas. Our ride was for awhile uninteresting, when suddenly there burst on the view the waters of the Yellowstone Lake; noted as the highest in America of equal size. The absence of settlements, nature unadorned or unmarred by men surrounding it, adds to the interest. Our approach recalled the lines: "The traveler, As when, lone wandering in a tangled wood, Shade after shade that scarcely lets him pass, He comes on reedy fen or spreading lake Rimmed with the shade of trees that fringe its brink, And hails the glory of the wave and wood."

Our camp was on the "Thumb," an arm of the lake, so called from it being one of three shore indentations resembling fingers of a spreading hand. Here is a canvas lunch station where the Park Association people stop. While they sat around their tables and gorged the inner tourist with delicacies, we, a few yards away, partook of our canned goods and were happy; Jo eating his "layer-courses," as usual; between whiles drawling forth an anecdote, information, or words of dry wit.

Our camp was amid "formations" of hot water springs and miniature mud volcanoes, which threw pastey splashes at the onlookers, to the detriment of their clothing and at a risk of scalding them. These were disagreeable features of the shore line. By the edge of the lake I saw a washer-man dipping water from a pool so hot that he had to cool it with one-third 294 Lake water. It was soft. Within a few feet from shore was a mound, made by formations some three feet high and eight in diameter. The crater was bowl-shaped, and filled with water so scalding that the fish seen in catching distance could be boiled in it. Near the steamboat landing I saw an aged Frenchman, Charles Choteau, who claimed to have been one of Fremont's voyageurs. He had a pack-horse and was prospecting for gold. This metal seems to brighten as time takes its flight. Chateau must have

been eighty years old, and his going, he scarce knew where, with his animal loaded with gold-getting accountrements, was the old, old story.

From the “Thumb” passengers go two ways to the farther side of the lake; by steamer across, or along shore by the same stages they came in. The water fare is \$3.00 extra. The steamer was named the Zillah, after the mother of Tubal-Cain. “The Vulcan of old time, Of sword and falchion the inventor claimed”—

as our difficult parsing lesson quoted. She, the steamer, was brought here in sections.

The freight rate from Cinnabar, alone, is \$15.00 per ton to the Lake; so the Zillah cost a pretty penny by the time she was launched. The Captain was a popular man, which means being all things to all men. He could fight his battles o'er again with war veterans; was an all round ladies' man; fencing off too close attentions, however, by telling them he had a dear little wife at home; while he hunted with the hunters, and fished with the fishers. He had a small hatchet to grind, however; having boats and fishing tackle to hire out at the end of the journey. It was interesting to see men, children of a larger growth, keen to make contracts for one dollar an hour for boats, tackle and bait; to find before sunset that between fractions of hours, at each end of the time, broken hooks and extra bait, their bill was five dollars. And then the Captain would allow the women to “take tricks at the wheel,” and show how 295 they could guide the mighty Zillah; so he pleased all and reaped many shekels.

The engineer was a professional hunter, and I don't know how many contracts were made with him for outings the coming fall at high figures; hundreds of dollars per month. The state of nature surrounding us seemed to strike some of our tourists silly, and made them imagine themselves Nimrods, with a calling to destroy; but the contracts were doubtless forgotten as soon as the spell was off.

While waiting for the starting of the steamer I was amused and annoyed by the actions of a young man who was fishing from the lower deck. He was one of those overgrown spoiled boys; sometimes allowed to run at large. The trout were contrary and avoided his professional casts; which came

nearer hooking the clothing of the onlookers than the intended victims. To help him out his father, from his vantage ground on the upper deck, made repeated suggestions. These the son bore for a while in scowling patience, until, provoked at last, he let out on his parental advisor, to the latter's mortification and the disgust of the spectators.

The ride on the Lake was an event; its bright surface, its islands; the rim of hills and bleak, notched mountains beyond, and the little Zillah, with its chattering or absorbed passengers, churning through the disturbed water made it so. There were silhouettes on the uneven horizon, resembling a sleeping giant and other objects, which the Captain showed us, and which we all saw, or pretended to see, which did just as well. At Frank's Island we disembarked to see what we were informed would be large game running wild. It was nothing more than a one-horse, or rather six animal Zoo; two buffalo, two elk, a fawn and a mountain sheep. The Bisons did their part to entertain; pawed the ground and roared; but the rest were tame, wild animals. The mountain sheep was a sickly affair; but they had a fence about him twenty feet high to show his capacity 296 when well; and he could truly cry like Sterne's caged starling, "I can't get out! I can't get out!" The fawn was so frail that when he confidently nosed among us the Captain, who was our guardian, warned us not to touch him. The elk were as tame as oxen. We were cruelly deceived; but for all that we let on it was a great treat to see wild animals roaming fancy free and trembled when the Bison roared. Doubtless much was made of this sight when the tourists, of the average class, got home; they had seen buffalo and elk and such running wild, and heard 'em, too. As for me I was happy to mount the Zillah's decks and sail away; and as for the Lake, it was a thing of beauty if not an eternal joy.

As soon as we landed at the Lake Hotel our sporting passengers commenced putting out in boats to fish for trout, and came home at sunset satisfied with their luck, but grumbling at its cost. The bears which come from the woods in the evening to act as scavengers around the cook house are the hotel attractions. Several of these we saw prowling around and it was amusing to see the mother of two cubs hustling them away towards the woods as we approached. Some of the bears were large; one would have "dressed" 300 pounds or more. How these fellows would have been in their homes I don't know; but they were harmless here; as Jo said, "like so many skeery hogs."

Our camp was in a grove near the Lake; I could not have conceived a more picturesque place; the waves rolling up the beach and receding; the hills and snow-clad peaks beyond the far shores, and the woods about us, with camp-fires lighting up the gloom. Belated fishing boats were homing from the Outlet and wild-fowl were flying and screaming over head.

The other members of our coaching party got in after dusk with a fine catch of trout. Our cook had expected to outdo all previous efforts in his line that night. The biscuits started 297 well; the men admitted them equal to their mother's make; ladies sauntering around from adjacent camps owned they could not beat them, and promised to test them when ripe. Some side-dishes were also promised, but before our party got back things went wrong with the cook. The biscuits which had risen like the near-by waves had subsided even as they; and he got mad and threw them away for bear-food. The trout came so late he fried them under protest; the potatoes went too much to grease; but by splicing out the fish with the inevitable apricots and dry bread, and adding some moonlight scenery thereto, we made out fairly well. After supper the rest went up to the Hotel leaving Jo and me to sit by the fire; he to talk; I to listen; as was our way.

“You've heard of people comin' West to grow up with the country,” drawled my companion, after arranging the fire; “well I grewed up independent of it. Comin' at ten years old, with but three weeks' schoolin', I naturally took to the woods and prairies. To go out in company with some hunter or herder, or to run with wild fellers of my own age, was better than goin' to school; even if there had been one near. Breakin' broncho colts or lassoing young steers was my delight. I once put a girth on a colt; bucklin' it so tight as to make him buck. Now that comes as natural to a young broncho as pie does to me. The colt I was teasin' started by puttin' his head down between his fore legs and then sashyade up and down until he was strained beyond mendin'. Now the only part of schoolin' my daddy took stock in was the gad; so when he found how the colt was he larruped me round the corral till I was done up. But I paid my daddy back one day; we always was havin' it back and forth. I let him mount one of the wust bronchos we had, makin' believe I'd broke it. He come out wuss than I did. A rough way to use a feller's own daddy, you say; well it's all in the bringin' up of the boy!

“Ridin' on the cattle range and ‘bustin’ bronchos was my 298 trade till I lost my courage. What does that mean? Well it takes nerve to ride on the range and meet cow-boys in saloons where some old score is brought up and you've got to face the music, or git called a coward. I wasn't afraid of cow-boy or orneriest mustang; but there comes a time when you lose your courage. That's not sayin I'd put up with much now, but to be on the range you must be active, or git out; puts me in mind of the old buffalos on the Plains; once they were ready to head the herd and tackle a locomotive; then they lose their grit and savvey, as age gits 'em; next git hooked back to the rear by the young fellers, to be teased by the wolves and then ham-strung: lost their courage! So now I'm content to drive stage, stable boss or mine.

“My main business was bustin' bronchos for a hoss raiser. For this I got fifty dollars a month, and five dollars a head extry for each hoss I broke. One day my boss fooled me into mountin' a mustang which he said was all right, I had a “spoon-bit” bridle, one that'll conquer any hoss if nothin' breaks. The bit came out of his mouth just as I drove my spurs in for a start. That hoss seemed then to be possessed of a devil, and bound to have his revenge. Such a joltin' no man ever got. He bucked and run until I ‘thought he'd never let up on me. If I'd had sense I'd got off at the start. When they found me I was carried home half dead, and so crippled I'm afraid to look at an ornery hoss; let alone ride one. That means I'm done with the range and I tell you, with all the risk, you hanker after it. So I cut off my hair, took a reef out of my hat-rim, and here I am; drivin' a pair of old baits that's got no more spunk than a yoke of tired oxen, instead of bustin' the worst bronchos, or lassoing the wildest steers. I hate to think it, but I've lost my courage.

“But its a wide world, and if I can't do one thing I can do somethin' else. As the Mormon boy, I'll tell you about thought, its bigger'n you think for. When the railroad got to 299 Salt Lake there was an excursion got up and this boy and his daddy went on it, after biddin' their wives and mothers good-bye. They went East for 250 miles. When they got home, says the boy, ‘Daddy!’ if the world's as wide towards sun-down as to sun-up she's a whopper!”

The Lake Hotel is a fine affair, for the country; with modern accommodation and a fine view of the Lake and mountains beyond. It was now full to running over with tourists; the over-plus sleeping

in large tents. The rates are necessarily high on account of its cost; the material having to come so far. But, while having water and an electric lighting plant, there was no barber, save a saw-bones, who run the engine. His baited breath, dull razor, *garrote* chair and don't-care-if-I-shave-you-or-not manners, coupled with a twenty-five cent charge, are my reminiscences of that "saloon."

The next morning was a bright one, and while the cook, who was cross from last night's outing, was getting breakfast I took a saunter along the Lake. The sun had supplanted the moon, which had so glorified the scenery the night before; lighting up mountain, water and shore. Not a hundred yards out a big pelican was fearlessly floating, while smaller fowl were flying or swimming around. The Lake was full of trout which now and then leaped from the water; while an early fisherman was seen rowing towards the Outlet. Now who is this coming up the shore of the lake? It is "Calamity Jane," for so she introduces herself. Who about the Park, from tourist to road-mender and soldier don't know her; the Woman Scout and Female Spy for General Miles in his Indian war-fare; the *fille du regiment* in more than one campaign, though her age would suggest her as fitted for its matron; the all around adventuress? In time of battle in front where bullets flew and tomahawks gleamed; in Peace's piping times in the rear; there was Calamity Jane; hale fellow well met with soldier or civilian! Brevity loving mountaineers call her 300 "Calamity," but why such a general utility woman should have such a name, while the dictionary contains an antisynonymal adjective is past knowing. "Jane the Beneficent" should be the title of this Joan d'Arc of the Rockies, if we can believe her modest biography. Time has dealt gently with her, if her career goes back as far as she says; for in accumulating adventures in different campaigns she fears not the years of age they may suggest—in fact, as this thoughtlessness shows, there is not much that is feminine about her; but from what is said don't infer that Jane is attractive. In fact she is a faded flower. This is in reference to the outward. Mentally she is as good as ever, and, from accounts, she has a tongue that neither road-maker, stage-driver nor Park soldier can match in retort, and I can't say more for it. Her mission among us was to sell her picture and a small book containing her adventures. There is nothing bashful about "Calamity," and she should have made a good book agent, but both her history and photograph fell flat on us that morning. She said she had reformed from her youthful follies and we trust she had. Failing to make a sale she left us for more impressionable tourists—her

bare head erect and with the march of a grenadier—and so passes out of this narrative “Calamity Jane.”

We broke camp at 9 o'clock on the morning of August 10th and struck the Yellowstone just below the Outlet. Here are fine fishing grounds and a string of fifty or more of one to two pound trout are caught in an hour. Our route was down the river, a swiftly flowing stream, full of fish which frequently leaped in the air. We passed a party of emigrants; the women riding their horses man-fashion; the stock looking poor; and went near a game enclosure where a final effort is being made to save the big American game—Buffalo, Elk, Deer and Mountain sheep; whose last refuge is the Park. The Bears are taking care of themselves.

On this part of the journey was the greatest amount of dead 301 timber yet seen; the whitened trunks lying in all positions; “as if some giant had been playing Jack straws,” as one of our men remarked. Jo told us of a dyspeptic passenger who grew daft over the wood-waste in the Park. He was from Germany, where every stick of timber is utilized. Each wind-fall of bleached, barkless trees stirred him to stranger expressions on the Governmental neglect in letting its timber go to waste; but when he came to the last forest-wreck he could not do the matter justice; but stared silent and open-mouthed.

There were fine broadenings of water along the river, and beautiful meadows. At last we came to the Mud Geysers, the reverse of attractive. Here from one crater, or cave, thirty feet deep, periodically rises a volume of foul smelling, lead-colored mud, which suddenly culminates in vicious splashes, from which the too curious get disagreeable reminders of their visit. A dull roar accompanies these outbreaks. The surrounding foliage was covered with a deposit from the muddy steam. Hayden Valley, where the river widens before the canyon entrance, was a charming place. Sulphur Mountain, yellow with “color,” and surrounded with vaporing springs, has an odorous remembrance. The landscape had made startling changes from the grand to the disagreeable.

We were now getting amid the wildest scenery in the Park—the Rapids and Falls of the Yellowstone. The first swirl amid rocks and through narrow passages and soon reach the Upper

Falls, where a 140 foot leap is made. The next drop, 400 yards below, is 360 feet—figures which startle you till you compare the watery flights with the height and depth of mountain and canyon around them, when their grand consistency stills the doubting tongue. The V shaped gorge zig-zags from side to side in a depth of from 1000 to 1500 feet; the sides tinted in brilliant red and yellow; the latter color so predominating that the region, lake and river, thence takes its name. There is much to strike the eye, while the ear is 302 greeted by the roar of the far-below waters and distant Falls and the novel sounds from the scream of eaglets in their rockcranny nests. These can be heard throughout the day and their shrill, peculiar whistling will be remembered, and the lines of that old song of the Plains, in reference to the patriarch of the fleecy flocks of Darby, and his altitude of wool:— “Which grew so mortal high The eagles built their nests there, For I heard their young ones cry.”

The Grand Falls of the Yellowstone are of course the great attraction. Dizzy pinnacled heights are railed off where visitors can see them in all their grandeur. One of these eyries is 1200 feet above the river; half of which height is of almost perpendicular, jagged rocks. These views, after the manner of similar localities, are named Inspiration Point, Artist's Point, Grand View, &c. For the present the National road is diverted from the completion of its circle down the Yellowstone by great obstructions and turns off to Norris Basin; but it is in process of completion along the river to Cinnabar. The Government is spending much money to allow additional wonders of the Park to be seen, as well as for the salvation of its animals.

A rain came on in the afternoon, but not before we had seen the chief attractions. This sight-seeing was tiresome to pedestrians as well as horses, from steep paths and roads. Jo, ever faithful to team or passenger, took us all around, fearless of curves, jutting points or heavy grades and brought us safely back. His guiding hand and forethought were not all his fund of experience, anecdote and dry wit his three fares will remember; and so mayhap, will the reader.

Our camp was in a damp grove and from the rain our wood was in bad shape for drying clothes, cooking our ham and potatoes or frying our flap-jacks. Our cook was wearing out; growing ill-tempered and was occasionally loaded down with

## GREAT FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE. YELLOWSTONE CANYON. MUSHROOM ROCK.

303 the wine of the country. This, like our elevation, was high but cook must have it. He could only get money through Jo, but get it he did under various pretexts in the line of culinary wants, and converted it into stimulants which made him first joyous, and then ill-contrived; much to the detriment of his work. He was rather entertaining at the start. The narrative of his boyish runaway from a cruel father; his cooking experience, from the rough and tumble of a logging camp life to the cuisine of pretentious hotels, and odd stories were doled out to us while awaiting the rise of biscuit sponge, fry of trout and ham; or during wash of tin-ware. The secrets of the kitchen of hotel and restaurant he gave us; mercilessly laying them bare to our enquiring minds. He was a socialist; down on the rich; the money lender; the tariff; the minister; the professor of virtue; but, like his class, prone to make general assertions instead of giving proof. He drank more and did less as the journey progressed, and when he left us next morning, it was for good and all; leaving us to get our lunch as best we could.

We had several camping parties of men and women that night in our damp halting place near the Falls. They were of all sorts; sleeping in "A" tents or wagons, and with manners which collided with our ideas of refinement. They were touring the Park, and most of them had followed us for three days, in wagons, and on horse-back and bicycles. On land-travel women look at their best in Pullman cars, and in the parlors and dining-rooms of hotels, like those in the Park. Traveling as these did, and seated around their camp-fires, sometimes in drizzling rains, and partaking of their rough fare, rough fashion, they are not an æsthetic success. The parties seemed to enjoy themselves, however, and their style of traveling was their affair; not ours. They left us the next morning and our parting was anything but regretful.

With our mattresses on the wet ground we passed our last 304 night of tent life; an experience, short-lived, to go with a longer one of the far past, when I was much younger and more capable of enjoying open air living. We ate our last out-door breakfast on the morning of the 11th, and, ascending a long hill, left the Yellowstone Valley and passed over to Norris Basin. We overtook

one of the emigrant parties who camped with us the night before and which was on its way to Wyoming. What a restless people, these Westerners are; always moving; a procession of the aged and children in wagons, and men and women similarly riding their horses, with hungry dogs and sad-eyed cows, held in leash, as ordained by Park laws. Loose animals meant a halt by the ever watchful guards; a send back to headquarters and loss of valuable time. We saw one party going back under arrest for leaving part of his stock loose, and it seemed hard lines for them.

A pretty sight was Virginia Falls. The rapids, above and below our road, paralleled until by an acute angle it diverged. This is called Devil's Elbow. In coming down the grade a few days since, from the lock breaking, a driver was killed. Dead timber and stretches of meadow, with a military post on the margin, were features of this part of the journey.

Descending to Norris Basin we encamped on "Gibbons Creek," a beautiful stream winding through a mountain bordered plain. Our faithless, nameless cook, who should have been in waiting, with our last open air meal in readiness, had passed on with his appliances; his Dutch-oven, frying-pan and coffee-pot. A long deprivation of his regular fire-water allowance had made him mindless of whatever duty he owed us, and he had hastened onward his sorry team to Cinnabar, where he could quench his thirst; which surreptitious drinks on the way had merely whetted. Drivers were plenty in the Park, but cooks were scarce; hence the independence of the last. Jo, however, happened to have some left-over bread and a can of those tiresome apricots in his wagon; so by drinking in the 305 scenery, in place of the usual coffee, we made an apologetic dinner. Our team was in bad plight also; for while water was plenty oats was scarce; the frugal owners having only furnished half rations of that equine stimulant; so Jo could hoard up no gallop for the journey's end—a snail's pace taking its place when we came to Cinnabar.

At this camp we had "swung round the circle" and coming sights had to lose their novelty. How commonplace they grew as we resumed our journey. It was even as too much quail on toast—we had seen it all and were disillusioned. The pretty trout stream had lost its eddies and ripples; Obsidian Cliff no longer glistened; the beavers seemed to have been foolishly busy in their creek damming; Swan Lake had dwindled to a duck-pond, and the Golden Gate post grown dumpy; while

the Rustic Cascade was but a common waterfall. The Gardner Canyon was a tame affair to the Yellowstone Gorge, and the “Eagles Nest” no curiosity after the eyries of the Grand Canyon. As for the Mammoth Hot Springs, which had so impressed us; when we saw fresh tourists climbing from point to point; from Minerva Terrace to the heights above, we felt like Dickens' custodian of London Tower, who chuckled over the fools who daily climbed the high stairway, instead of resting at the foot as he did, on a comfortable bench. We pitied them; toiling and sweating up the slippery heights at the risk of breaking through the treacherous crust, and, falling into some future Devil's Kitchen, their remnants to lend it additional interest to succeeding tourists. As for our coaching party, the boredom of continuous enforced companionship was upon us; and even Jo, our faithful guide, and of course philosopher and friend; his status was working towards the general common-place level. Quadruplex pumping had run his well of information dry, so that it was irresponsive to the stroke, and the novelty of his character was wearing off; but by a supreme mental effort we lifted him into his proper place; so that our parting was measureably consistent with our expectations.

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But don't let the reader misapprehend. Our cynical feelings were temporary, and to be changed in near-by time, when the conditions of body and mind became normal; so we could truly say of the Yellowstone Park that there is not its area in American of equal sublimity and interest. Its eruptive wonders; its mountain scenery; its falls, lakes and streams and its untamed wildernesses will forever be held in our memories!

Again at Cinnabar. A ride to Livingston, and we were on the through line eastward. But what is this stream that goes meandering, wallowing across the weed covered plain? Is this uninteresting, low-banked river our “airy-fairy” friend of the mountains; an ever delight? It is even so. Well, if the “Big Muddy” is the Father of Waters the Yellowstone must be the son, and if the comparison is not irreverent, the prodigal son. Its career certainly resembles his. A pure childhood in the heart of the Rockies, a quiet youth on the bosom of the Lake; the start of a noble career at the Outlet; a pastoral life around the meadows of Hayden! Then come the effects of bad company, when the neighborhood of the mud-slinging Mud Geysers and mal-odorous Sulphur Mountain is reached; a

rapid career, ending in successive down-falls at the Canyon, from which, like Lucifer, it could never rise! Next a low career on the plains leading to the Missouri, where it falls on the bosom of that stream. But as it never left the Father of Waters my simile has no legs to stand on; so we will let that pass, and, leaving metaphor, attend to facts, which, though mulish things, are more instructive.

While waiting in the dark morning hours at Livingston for the east-bound train; sauntering back and forth, in time-killing efforts, I came across one of the interesting characters frequently met with in the far West. This was a young man out of work and ready for it in near by mines or far away Klondike. He was intelligent, and in a burst of confidence told me his tale of woe. Coming west to grow up with it, he had accumulated \$5000; when, thinking it not well to live alone, he found a female Barkis and was married; to find that while lovely woman stoops to folly man sometimes finds, too late, she can betray. Under pretexts this one had the \$5000 made over to her, and then, in western parlance, “shook” her venture. He went into the courts; but it was too late; a chivalrous western jury was too much for him; so, leaving the gay deceiver, he was going to try his fortunes anew. This man, who doubtless had looked in the throats of Derringers and teeth of blizzards, gave way as he told his marital troubles and choked down with a sob. Then came the west-bound train thundering in; a halt; a getting aboard of our man of sorrows; a surge ahead, and he passed from sight; but not from memory.

For 350 miles we followed the Yellowstone, until at Glendive it passed into the Missouri. The country along its shores was poor; stretch after stretch of pasture lands fenced with barbed wire and covered with sage. The houses, on ranch or in village were of sod and log. The ride was uninteresting, so entertainment had perforce to come from the passengers. And varied these were; from children on the mother's lap to aged men and women. These last were mainly Californians on their way East, and I thought they felt worse, after vain efforts to get sleep in their uncomfortable seats, in the morning than when in youth they crossed the plains and crept from tent or “prairie schooner” to greet the sun. Naturally they never complained and were full of reminiscences. One old gentleman had just revisited old scenes and it was interesting to hear him tell of his efforts, after so long an absence, to locate the scenes of his long ago successes and failures in the mining country, among abandoned tunnels and placer washings. I felt a fellow-feeling for him, when he

told of his efforts to find those he once knew; nearly all “over the range;” scarce one to recognize him.

The country improved as we neared the Red River Valley, 308 and soon we were in a fine wheat country; the grain just beginning to yellow. The stations were cluttered up with new reaping machinery on sale. Owing to carelessness this only lasts three or four years; it being left exposed to all weathers. At Little Falls we saw the Mississippi. Here is quite a water-power, utilized for lumber and paper mills. It is a country of lakes, swamps, and free-silver sentiment. This last abounded on the train. You could hardly find a passenger but what was steeped to rudeness with ideas it was supposed were buried past resurrection in the election of 1896.

At 6 o'clock, August 13, we reached Minneapolis, and the next day was utilized in visiting the large Flour and Lumber mills of that place. St. Anthony's Falls are 45 feet high and from these come the power which makes the city prosperous and rich. The Pillsbury Flour Mill, “B,” interested us much. Here a turbine wheel fifty-two inches in diameter and sixty inches high, through a belt 250 feet long, 36 inches wide and weighing 2000 pounds, drives machinery which produces 6000 barrels a day. A fund of information can be gathered here from persons whose business it is to show strangers around, and who are very obliging. Most visitors feel relieved when, on offering their cicerone a fee at the close of the tour, they are told it is against rules for them to take anything but thanks—which cost so little!

Then among the saw-mills. To see these hungry giants chewing forest-products would sorrow the author of “woodman spare that tree.” Six logs a minute come up the ways on an endless chain and three band-saws and one gang-set shred them to lumber. Steam piston rods drive the carriages, and six cuts a minute are made through a sixteen-foot log. These are handled automatically by pressing a lever, when huge cranes or jaws, swing around, or jump through the floor and without manual labor the logs are placed and started on their journey, to come out boards or plank. In three seconds a log 309 is transferred, from the endless procession coming from the ways, to the carriage. The different processes are seen from a high, railed platform and are intensely interesting. The men ride back and forth on the carriages, moving the guides, and tossing the slabbed logs off to where

they are siezed by huge calipers and placed three deep before gang-saws, which in a minute's time make them into boards. These go forward on rollers, or sideways on endless chains, in a continuous procession of one a second to out-door sheds, where they are sorted as they go by, and loaded on cars to pass to the piling yard, or the planing mill; where the narrowest boards are made into flooring. In the meantime the slabs are going in another direction; the best cut up into shingles, paling and lath; the refuse going to firewood, which is hauled away in huge carts. Large towers, 80 feet high, are built to burn the surplus shavings and dust; but these are so utilized for fuel and the ice-houses that they are no longer used. The saw-dust is almost like the fiber called *Excelsior*; from the rapidity the saws go through the logs. Huge fans blow it on to mimic mountains, where it lies until the ice-houses need it; or to the boiler furnaces, which receive it automatically. The lath-edgings are tied in bundles and sold to bakers for fuel. All the waste is utilized, instead of being cast into the river as formerly.

In the loft, above the rush and roar, the saws are mended, straightened and sharpened. I counted two hundred new gang-saws still unpacked; and as many ready to sharpen. There were twenty or thirty band-saws. These were fifty feet long, and have three hundred and fifty teeth each. They are sharpened by machinery; being stretched on pullies, and pushed with a rachet under an emory wheel, which rises and falls as the teeth pass. It takes ten minutes to go once around; although it requires from two to three revolutions to finish filing. These saws frequently break, when an expert brazes the severed ends together; grinds the splice down evenly, and they are again ready for use. The gang-saws are sharpened in the same manner.

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Thus are the trunks of the tall pines, which last winter made green the plains and mountains of the upper Mississippi, torn and slashed by the greedy saw-mills, which daily turn out 500,000 feet, each, of lumber; to say nothing of the bi-products. The sight of this, to say nothing of the noise and turmoil, is a not inappropriate following to our other experiences.

From the saw and flour mills of the city to the urban beauties at Minnehaha is from prose to poetry, indeed! but we weary tourists made the journey in a perfunctory way; for we were sated with sight-

seeing. But to view the Laughing Waters is the proper thing, and when that can be accomplished at an expense of five cents in current coin and ten minutes of time my motto is, do it! Minnehaha Falls is an enchanting and romantic spot. I won't say the town children cry for it; but lovers sigh for it, and poets descant on its attractions. But for us; fresh from the Wonders of the Yellowstone, with its Canyon, and Falls that dive to depths abysmal, while, amid sullen roar the vapors rise to meet the screaming eagles in their rocky eyries, our senses were sated with their glories. It was a case of "*beaucoup de perdrix*"—too much toast, with quail trimmings—an embarrassment of richness. We were not like the conventional Gradgrind, who, when shown the wonders of Niagara, said, "Well, what's that to do? You could not expect water to do anything but fall down. If it was falling up it would be worth seeing!" We were simply full and running over with grand sights seen. The Yellowstone Falls were the effervescence of the Wine of Delight; Minnehaha as the heel-taps of exhalted hours; but don't blame us for the falling flat of this last cascade; but the scenes which overwhelmed our senses in the heart of the Rockies!

Now as the Yellowstone rushes down its Canyon, or as the waters of Ladore went their rapid descent, so must I hasten to my journey's end. We went our way from Minneapolis the evening of our sight-seeing, and the next morning were in Chicago; at which point I had "swung round the circle." Thence, eastward, I was on familiar ground and on the fiftieth day from my departure was at home.

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